The Saturday Evening
POST
March 25, 1961 – 15¢

Dean Acheson on the Russians

Jackie Cooper's Own Story

Stewart Alsop: The Real Africa

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RAMBLER EXCELLENCE

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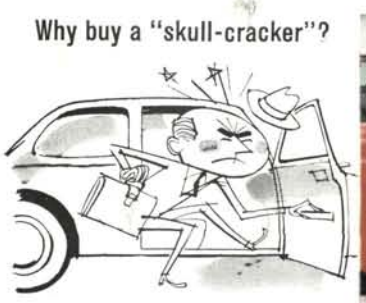

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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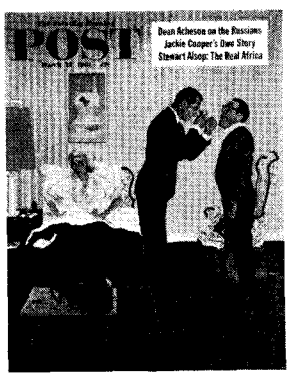

THE COVER

The scene: a bedroom in suburbia. A doctor is searching for someone in need of his services.

Lady patient (*seething*): "Grrrrr."
Lady patient's husband: "Aaaaaa."
Doctor: "H'mmmmm."

Our diagnosis is that the gent with his mouth ajar has a scratchy throat plus a case of exogenous adiposis. (he eats too much). His wife is suffering from a bruised ego. She looks fit to be tied; maybe if she *didn't* look so fit she would get more sympathy. All this is very funny indeed, but for the benefit of those who imagine that cover artist George Hughes is not a serious painter, we would point out the delicate still life over milady's head. We call it "Flowered Platter, Decanter and Glass of Blue Juice on Soiled Pink Tablecloth."

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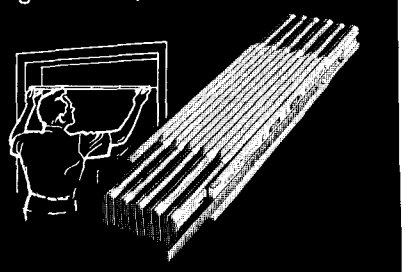

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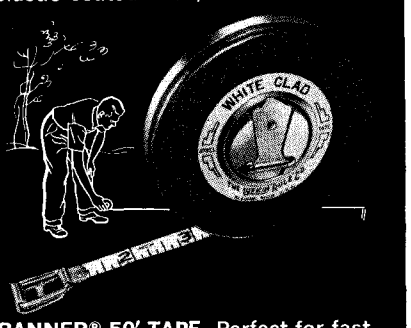

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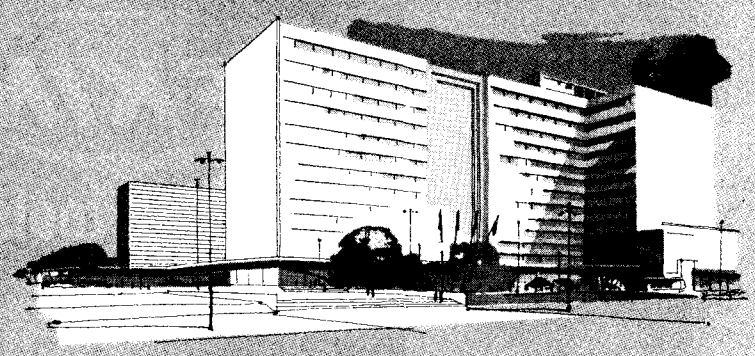

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Letters

Do Frenchwomen Have it Better?

Dear Sirs:

In a discontented mood I sat down to read Toni Howard's Feb. 18 article, THE WOMEN OF AMERICA . . . AND FRANCE. I am now *quite* content. I wouldn't be a Frenchwoman for all the centuries of French clothes sense and feminine strategy I've always wished I had.

BETTY B. PARKER
Port Angeles, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

How happy I am to be an American woman, treated as an individual and as a helpmeet to my husband, with inalienable rights as an intelligent human citizen. What a contrast to the necessarily sex-ridden *françaises* who are still ranked with idiots and imbeciles, and forced to use sex to obtain their ends.

NAN M. COMSTOCK
San Clemente, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

How I wish I'd been born French!

KAREN FROLUND
Fargo, N. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

I am a Frenchwoman—one of the downtrodden, near-martyrs, near-slaves described by Toni Howard in her superficial and repetitious article. . . .

Her parallel between the hard-working American family woman and the frivolous French lady of leisure—that is just too ludicrous for comments.

GERMAINE MONJAUZE
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The stand-on-your-own-two-feet and take-care-of-yourself attitude was a necessity for American women in the early years of our country. You had to

be tough to survive. . . . I can just see Madame Pompadour in a covered wagon!

RITA S. BREHM
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

To the author I should like to say that all in life is not sex. If Toni Howard and many others like her would stop making excuses for Frenchwomen, it could be that they would stop envying us and get out of those beds and fight for their rights as we did.

MRS. D. MOSS
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

What about America's "average"—I hate that word—wife and mother? *I* adore all men, flirt like mad with my perfect husband, look my best when he arrives home, keep a pleasant home, budget *our* money, know what he's speaking about when he's discussing work—if I don't, I pretend to!—go along with his decisions and love him to pieces. . . .

Tell Toni to come on back to the good old U. S. and take a better look at the millions of American gals who play the *scène d'amour*—not because they have to, but because they like to!

VIRGINIA A. BERBERICH
Provo, Utah

Dear Sirs:

When I see an article titled "Read These Symptoms—You May Have Cancer of the Solar Plexis!" I experience the same irritating necessity to read it as when an article such as your THE WOMEN OF AMERICA . . . AND FRANCE appears (or Spain, Japan, Italy, England or Lebanon. We American women are all evidently inferior in the arts leading to the bedchamber to any woman, anywhere, anytime). . . .

I am breathlessly awaiting your next article on how women with ranch-style homes compare with split-level women.

GERALDINE TARMICHAEL HIGGS
Bay City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Miss Howard is the perfect example of an American woman trying to do a man's job. Only a man can appreciate Frenchwomen.

WALTON B. BISHOP
Boston, Mass.

"Good Guys" and "Bad Guys"

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's article WILL AFRICA GO COMMUNIST? [Feb. 18] is magnificent, forceful, clear and impressive. . . . The timing could not be more appropriate.

MILTON W. ARNOLD, *President*
General Aircraft and Leasing Division
General Dynamics Corporation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I consider the article one of the most significant jobs of political analysis I have come across in many years of political reading. After all the guff and misinformation in our newspapers, it was like a breath of fresh air.

I plan to insert the article into the Congressional Record at tomorrow's session. I am also proposing to the Foreign Relations Committee that we convene in executive session to take Mr. Alsop's testimony on what he saw and learned in Africa.

THOMAS J. DODD
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop refers to colonialists as "good guys," to Communists as "bad guys." Seems to me the "proper guys" to distinguish between good guys and bad guys should be the Congolese people (not to be confused with the "Uncle Tom" triumvirate of Kasavubu, Kalonji and Tshombe).

THOMAS CANNON
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Believe me that the African "nations" (your quotation marks) have their own ideas of what is good for them and the

(Continued on Page 6)

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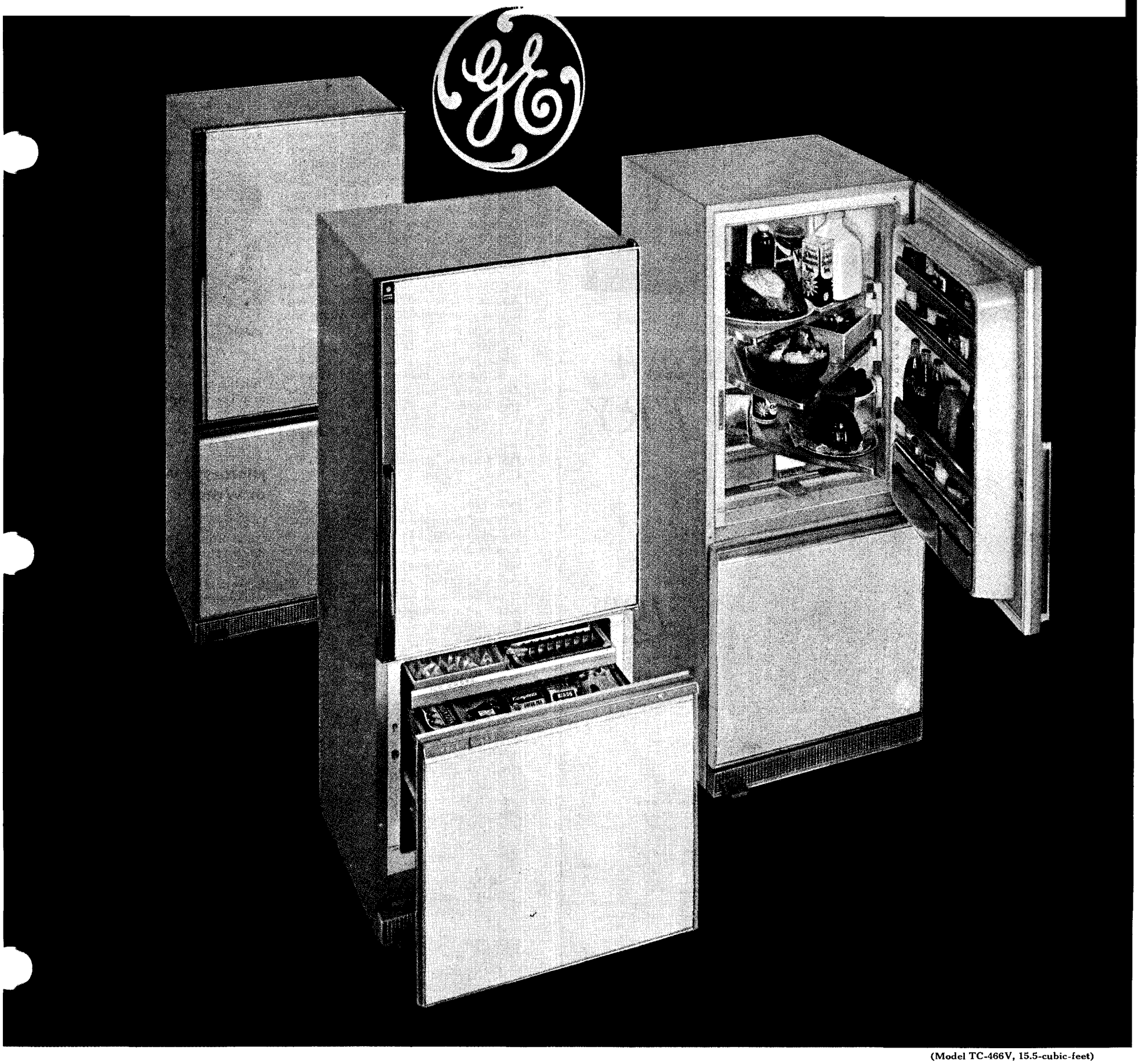

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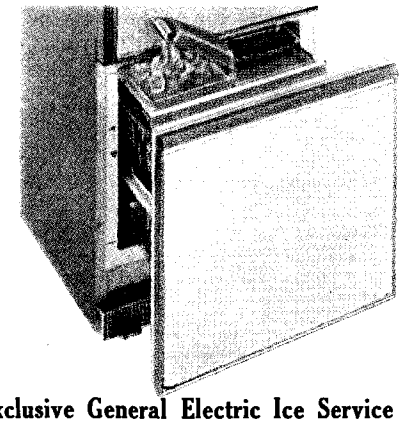

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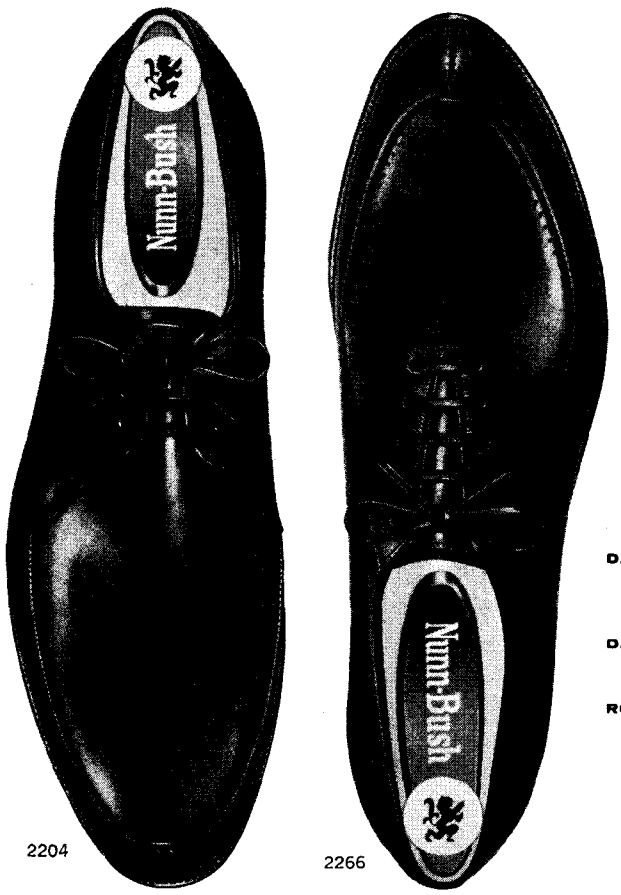

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

they will act in line with those ideas. I suggest that any criticism of a foreign country—even of black Africa—to be valuable must take such ideas into account . . . In all that report not once were the objectives of the African leaders mentioned. How can your readers decide whether the countries are going Communist or anti-Communist without knowing what they think? Are your readers expected to swallow the conclusions of your reporter without the pleasure of chewing the facts?

One gets the impression from the way the report is presented that you think the African peoples can be compelled by any foreign country to take a particular line of action for the benefit of the foreign country. This is where your approach is antiquated. . . .

If America loses the Cold War in Africa . . . it will be due to people like your reporter.

M. J. ETUK
Urbana, Ill.

P.S. I am a Nigerian on a visit to the U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article and then hearing the reports of Lumumba's death, all I could think was how incredible it is the way *The Post*'s articles are confirmed by events occurring practically on the date of publication. I have noticed this over many years. I know of no other publication which has been so on-the-spot when the lightning struck. I extend my congratulations.

DR. PHILO B. HORTON
Bay City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your Congo article is excellent. You've stated the case admirably, and it is most timely. I've been in touch with Congo affairs since 1950, and I am sure what you have presented so effectively, urgently needed saying to the largest American audience possible.

ROBERT D. MURPHY
New York, N.Y.

● *Mr. Murphy, for 42 years a diplomat, was Under Secretary of State when he retired in 1959. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article was recommended to me by a Dominican priest, who had spent thirty-five years in the Congo. He said of Mr. Alsop, "I'd like to shake his hand."

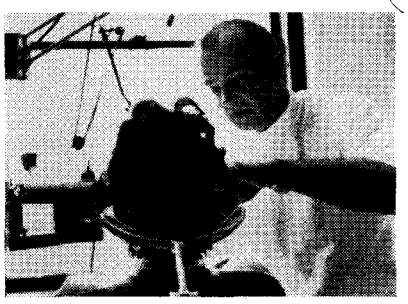
C. A. HENWOOD
Forest Hills, N.Y.

The Name's the Same

Dear Sirs:

In his amusing POST SCRIPTS' feature WHERE ARE THEY NOW? [Feb. 11] Howard Upton facetiously asks what became of that "headline-maker of yesteryear, George Sigafoos of Lynn, Massachusetts, who vowed in 1949 not to shave until Boston won the American League pennant." His answer was that "Sigafoos lives quietly on a beard farm near Walpole."

I have news for him. George Sigafoos graduated from dental school in 1950 and is now engaged in practice in Columbus, Ohio—rooting for Bosto



Ohio's real, live Sigafoos.

still, but finding dentistry more lucrative than beard farming.

GEORGE SIGAFOOS, D.D.S.
Columbus, Ohio

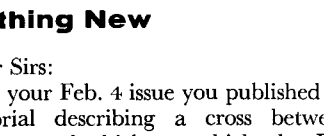
History's Worst Case of Writer's Cramp

Dear Sirs:

Regarding THE MAN WHO ALMOST SIGNED HIS LIFE AWAY [UNTOLD STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR, III, by Horace Knowles, Feb. 11] it is a scribbling shame you couldn't spare even one of those 12,500 signatures. Please institute a search for a picture of the signature—even the 12,500th will do.

CLYDE L. POWERS
Richmond, Va.

● *Below, the signature of L. E. Chittenden, who signed 12,500 Government bonds in forty-eight hours to enable the Union to outbid the Confederacy for two warships. —ED.*



Nothing New

Dear Sirs:

In your Feb. 4 issue you published an editorial describing a cross between turkeys and chickens, which the Department of Agriculture claims is a first [THE "CHURK" IS HERE, BUT YOU WON'T FIND IT IN YOUR SUPERMARKET].

If you will refer to farm magazines of twenty to twenty-five years ago, you will find advertisements by poultry raisers in Iowa offering to sell fowls that were called turkens—the same cross with a different name.

C. AUSTIN BECK
Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial reminds me of the scientist who tried to cross a codfish and a jellyfish to produce a boneless cod. The cross was a success, but the result was a failure. He produced a bony jellyfish.

RICHARD L. CLARK
Great Falls, Mont.

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Reading across pages, then down:

6–Betty Truxell. • 17–Larry Fried. • 18–Larry Fried; Naomi Blank. • 19–Larry Fried. 20, 21–Arthur Lidov • 22, 23–Farrell Grehan. • 24, 25–Joe Bowler. • 26, 27–Jawed Akhter. • 26–Tom McCormack. • 28–United Press International. • 29–Penguin; Wide World; United Press International; Globe; two by Sid Avery. • 30–Fred Otnes. 31–United Press International; two from Wide World. • 32, 33–Ollie Atkins. 34, 35–Denver Gillen. • 36–Wide World; Larry Keighley; Allan Gould. • 37–Mark Miller. • 40, 41–Bernard D'Andrea. • 58–Larry Fried. • 92–Willi Unsoeld; Nick Clinch. 104–Ollie Atkins.

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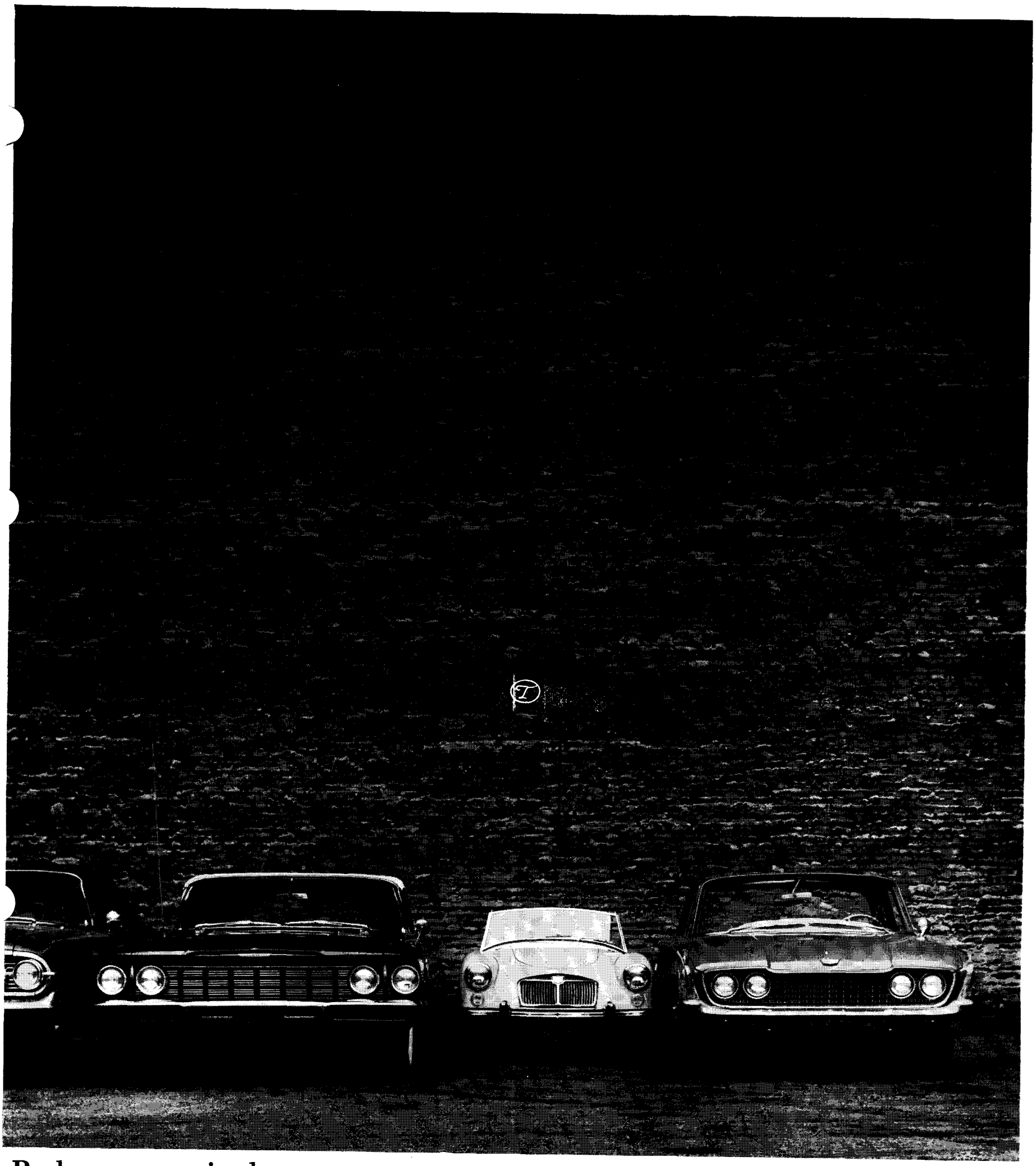

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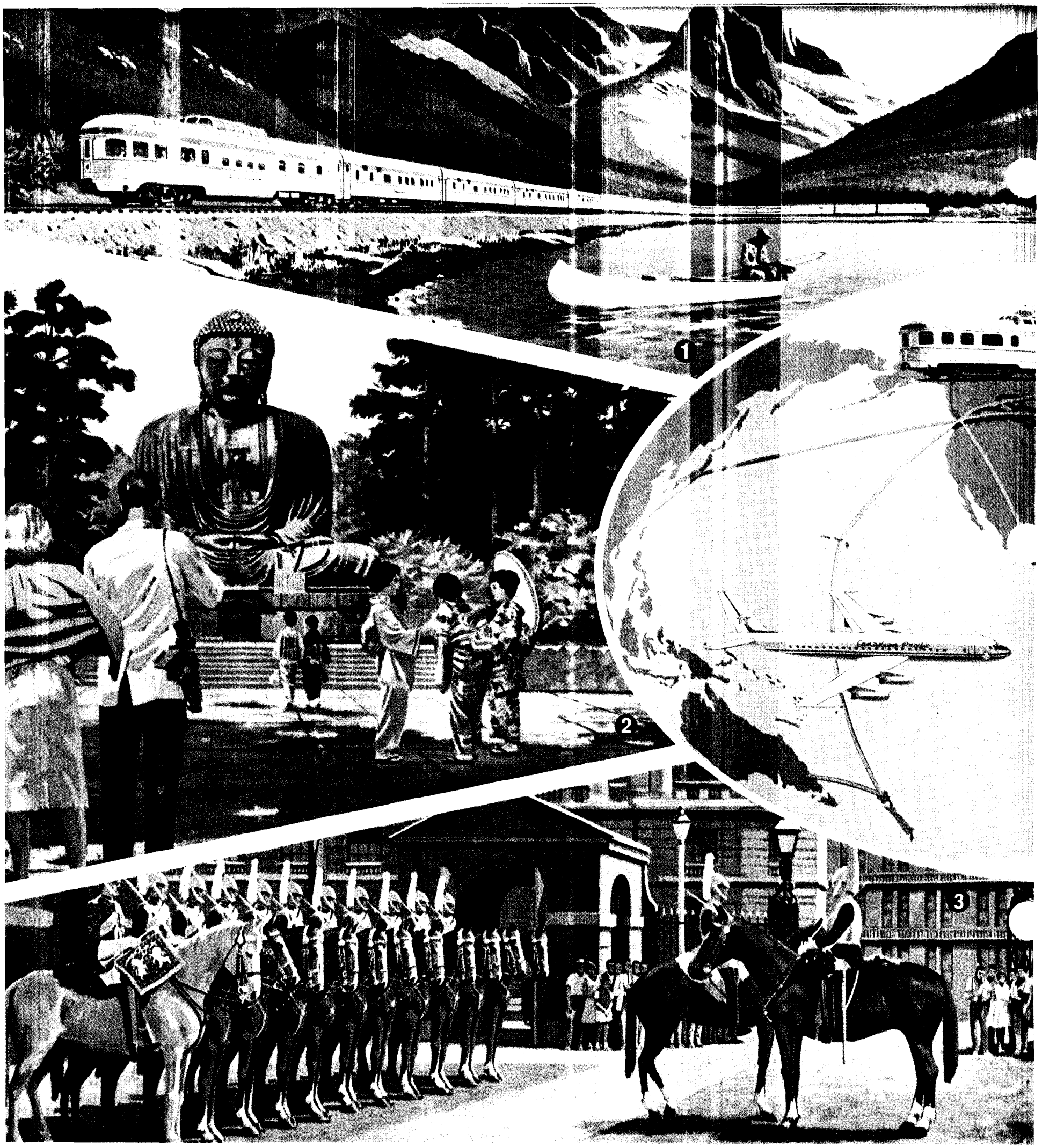

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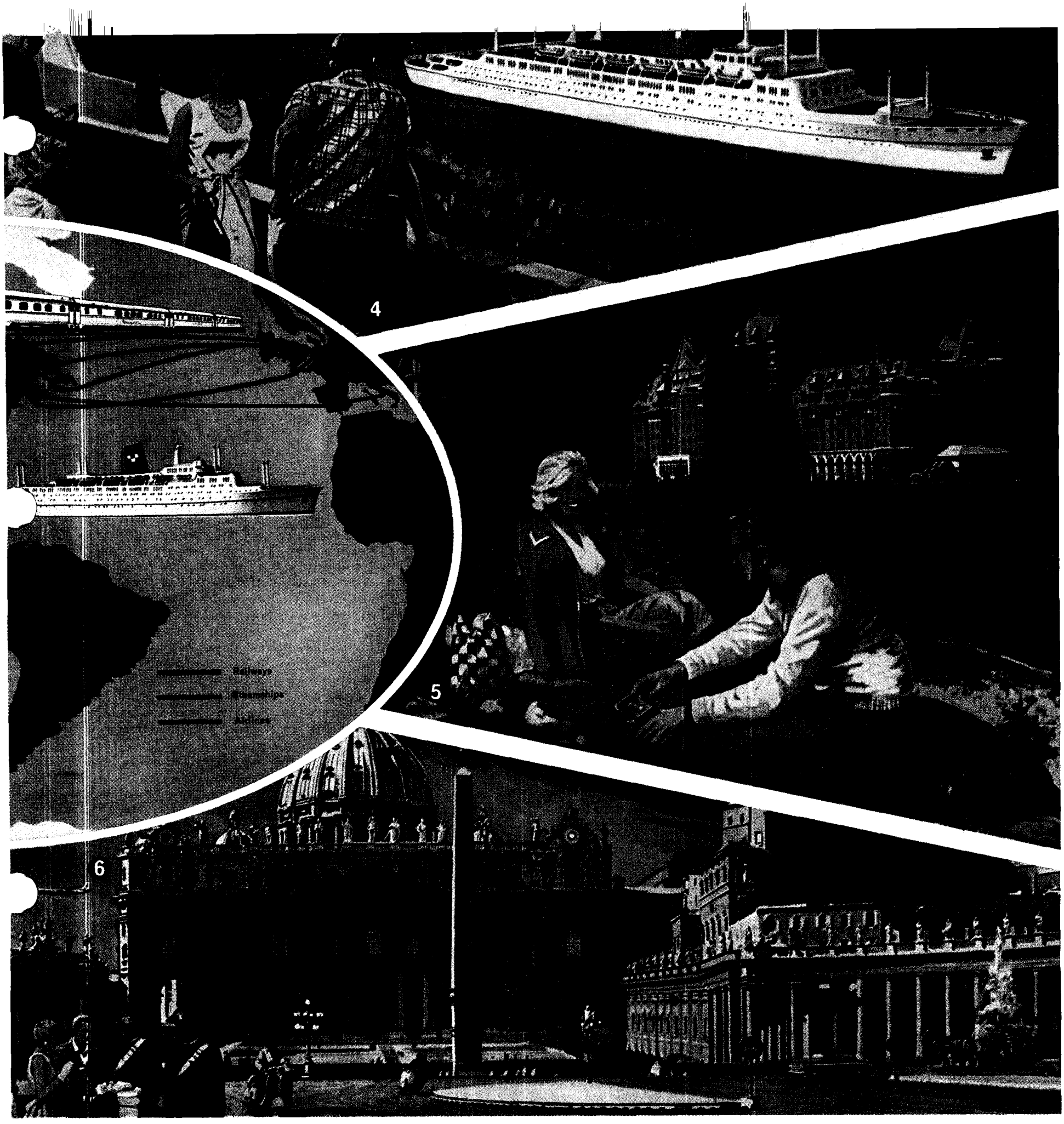

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Editorials

Socialism Would Be a Strange Export for the U.S.A.

In announcing the appointment of a new member to the board of the Tennessee Valley Authority, President Kennedy urged that organization to "study ways in which the lessons it has learned in the Tennessee Valley may be exported abroad." While few dispute the accomplishments of TVA as an engineering achievement, it would be less than accurate to send abroad the impression that only by tax-consuming, semisocialistic projects have we taken "long leaps forward."

Actually the most striking progress in this industry, as in most others, has been made by private-investor companies. Despite taxes and interest rates which favor public power, with more to come in the new Administration, at least 80 per cent of our electric power is produced by private-enterprise companies. The Idaho Power Company's Hell's Canyon dams add enormously to the power resources of the area and, incidentally, pay $10,000,000 in Federal, state and local taxes. Experimentation in the use of nuclear fuel for electric-power production is being carried on—with the money of American savers and investors—by a number of power companies. Seventeen nuclear plants are in construction at a cost of about $700,000,000.

Obviously a vast publicly financed and virtually tax-exempt enterprise like TVA can produce electricity, but the message which one might expect an American Government to send abroad is the fact that the most significant American economic progress, including that in the electric-power industry, has been made by private corporations and individuals. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that many American politicians have forgotten this fact. On the other hand, it is difficult to find much public support for socialized industry. Last November in the so-called public-power states in the western part of the country—despite the effort of Democratic candidates to make public power an important campaign issue—Republicans won in most of these states. It is not insisted that efforts to plug public power account for the defeat of Democratic candidates in these states—only that the alleged issue did not generate enough steam to elect them.

It is curious that politicians should place so much emphasis on public power and public projects generally when in other countries the passion for socialist adventures is fading. Great Britain's exercise in denationalizing its formerly nationalized industries has given that country a new birth of economic freedom which has left the Labor Party with no issue worth fighting for except getting the Americans and their Polaris missile off the island! New Zealand has retired its Socialist regime of many years' standing, and West Germany, whose prosperity is driving the Communists crazy, is well launched on a series of "privatizations" of its government-owned industries, including Volkswagen.

What the West Germans have been doing ought to be of great interest to Americans, because it suggests a page out of our own "people's capitalism." In the recent denationalization of Volkswagen, investors were limited to those with incomes of no more than $3200 a year. They were encouraged to hang onto their stock by promise of a big dividend after two years. The program, worked out by Economic Minister Ludwig Erhard, is called *Eigentum für Jedermann* (Property for Everybody) and up to now has been an enormous success. Already some 216,000 Germans own pieces of Preussig, a mining-and-smelting firm long owned by the government. They bought the shares for thirty-four dollars each and, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, the recent price is about sixty-five dollars. The Volkswagen deal went through in January and resulted in the distribution of ownership of Hitler's prize state corporation among probably 500,000 people. This, of course, isn't "everybody," but after all, investing isn't compulsory.

Coming soon will be a public offering of stock in Prussian Electric, the nearest thing in Germany to our TVA. A few years back former Sen. Edward Martin of Pennsylvania proposed a similar disposal of TVA, arguing, among other things, that this would give the Government and local authorities a chance to tax TVA revenues and properties. The German Government appears to lack that reason for denationalizing Prussian Electric, for that power complex in 1958 paid 37 per cent of its gross revenue in taxes. This compares with an average of 23 per cent paid by American investor power companies and, of course, distances TVA completely.

If the New Frontier wants to do something handsome for other countries, why not let them in on some of the things our people have been doing for themselves without bureaucratic interference? Actually delegations from all over the world visit our private power plants, as well as TVA, to get ideas on engineering, management and finance. It looks as if some other countries have done their homework on this subject and may wonder why the "capitalistic" United States should attempt to educate them on the virtues of socialism.

Secondary Boycotts Have Been a Headache; Now There's a Move To Make Them Legal!

The beginning of an effort to whittle away the legal protection against secondary boycotts by labor unions takes shape in the introduction in the House and Senate of bills which would legalize common-situs picketing by building-trades unions.

What this amounts to is that, if a subcontractor on a building job in New York were involved in a dispute with a union, say, in Pittsburgh, perhaps as the result of an effort to pressure workers into a racketeer union, all the hundreds of painters, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and so on, on the New York enterprise could be called off the job.

Under the Landrum-Griffin law such picketing is not permitted. The power the new law would give to union bosses—including some of the worst racketeers—is easily imagined. The harassed general contractor would be tempted to throw up his hands and demand that the subcontractor submit to the union demands, whatever they were. He might be compelled to force his men to join the union whether they wanted to, or whether they were satisfied with the union they already belonged to.

Secondary boycotts have already plagued our defense installations. A plumbers' union shut down Cape Canaveral for fifteen days. Other secondary boycotts occurred at two Atlas bases and a Titan base in Kansas, three missile bases in Wyoming and an Air Force base in Missouri. The new bills provide that military installations and missile bases shall be warned ten days in advance of a strike! But there is not even this modest protection for the private contractor or the already thoroughly plucked home builder.

The Landrum-Griffin act prohibits picketing for extortion, picketing which interrupts deliveries or service to an employer and other unfair picketing. It also bars secondary boycotts. These operate to deprive thousands of the right to work, as happened in the recent tugboat strike which put thousands of railroad men off the job at the bidding of a few hundred tugboat employees who had been declared surplus.

Those who defend this change argue that it gives the building-trades unions privileges which industrial unions already enjoy. They insist that industrial unions may picket a factory site, but that construction unions cannot do so because a number of employers are involved. This argument ignores the fact that industrial unions are not permitted to impose secondary boycotts—that is to say, tie up a plant because of a labor dispute somewhere else. The real necessity is to tighten the restrictions on secondary boycotts rather than to assist the union bosses in an effort to break through existing limitations.

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Aluminum V-8 "go" plus big gas savings. Under its bonnet, this beauty gives you an aluminum Fireball V-8 and aluminum transmission* that save well over 200 pounds of deadweight. Result? More pow per pound than many full-size cars (*twice* as much as most compacts). *And* gas savings that rival the compacts — regular gas at that!

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From Mt. Pleasant, Ollie Smith looks over the 49-mile-square area where water once wreaked havoc on Lancaster and its surrounding farms.

THE NIGHT THE TOPSOIL FLOWED IN OLLIE

Because he did, 30,000 people in the Upper Hocking Watershed are safe from floods, farm

This house typifies what Ollie Smith saw in the morning after the flood. Nine structures in the area and co-operation by farmers will keep this sight from ever being seen again.

On July 21, 1948, Ollie Smith retired early in his small home in Lancaster, Ohio. He went to sleep to the sound of a driving rain. The next sound he heard was floodwater. The walls of his home broke in tearing out the plumbing and gas lines. Ollie and his wife waded through shoulder-high water to high ground. By the morning's light, he saw the damage—silt five inches deep in his front yard and an inch deep in his living room. The wheat strewn in his back yard represented a goodly bite from some farmer's income.

Lancaster was a beaten city. Railroad tracks were washed out, bridges were gone, 400 houses were water damaged, and nearly a hundred cars had been submerged. But Lancaster didn't stay beaten thanks to Ollie Smith and other townspeople whose thoughts were best expressed by an editorial in the Lancaster *Eagle Gazette,* "It Must Never Happen Here Again."

The silt Ollie saw represented precious topsoil from surrounding farms. He knew it would take the efforts of both farmer and townsman to make sure it would never happen again.

Ollie learned that the answer would be a watershed development program to slow down the water, keep topsoil in place and give peace of mind to the people of Lancaster.

Ollie worked hard. There was a Christmas Eve he spent getting hundred names on petitions before the deadline to form the Hunters Run

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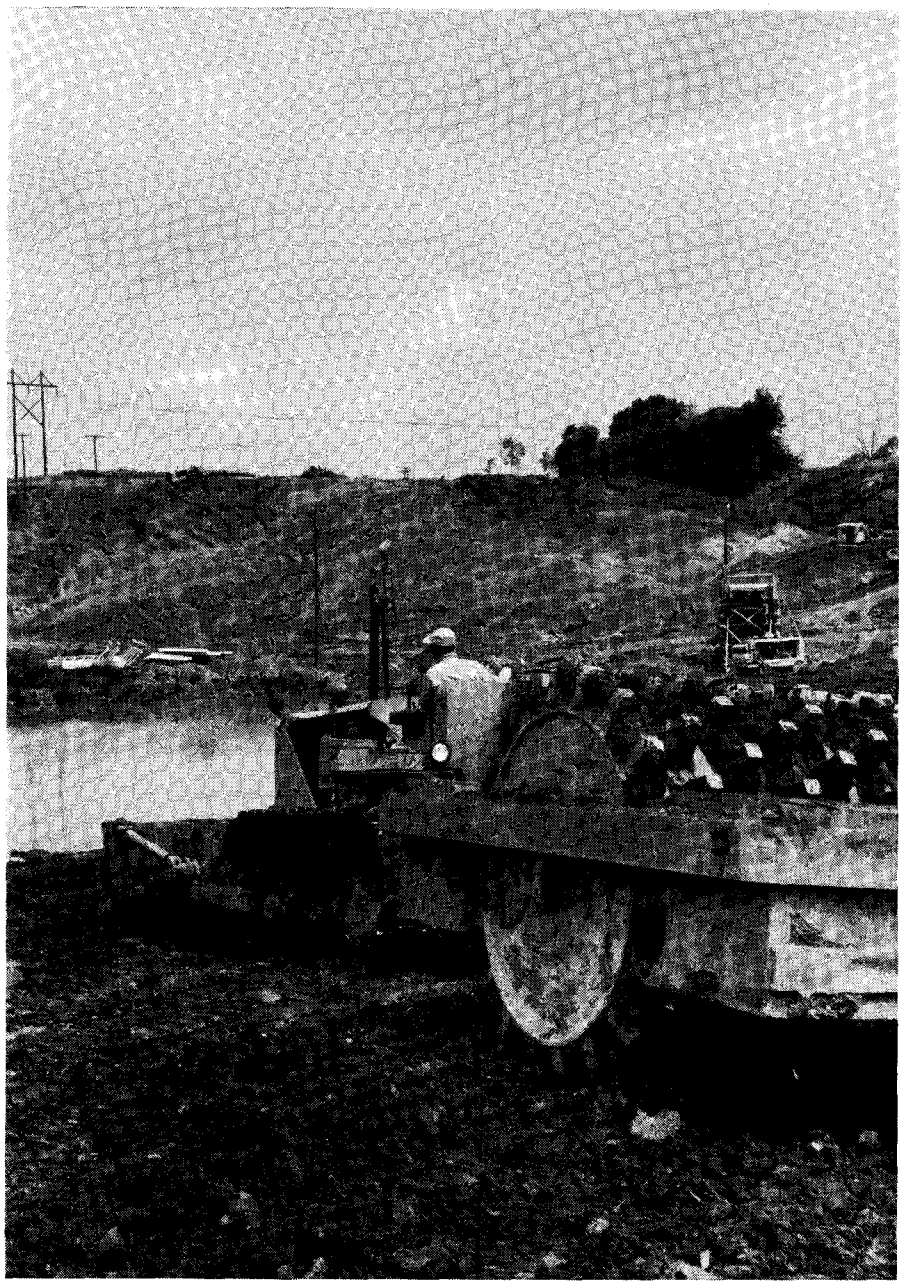
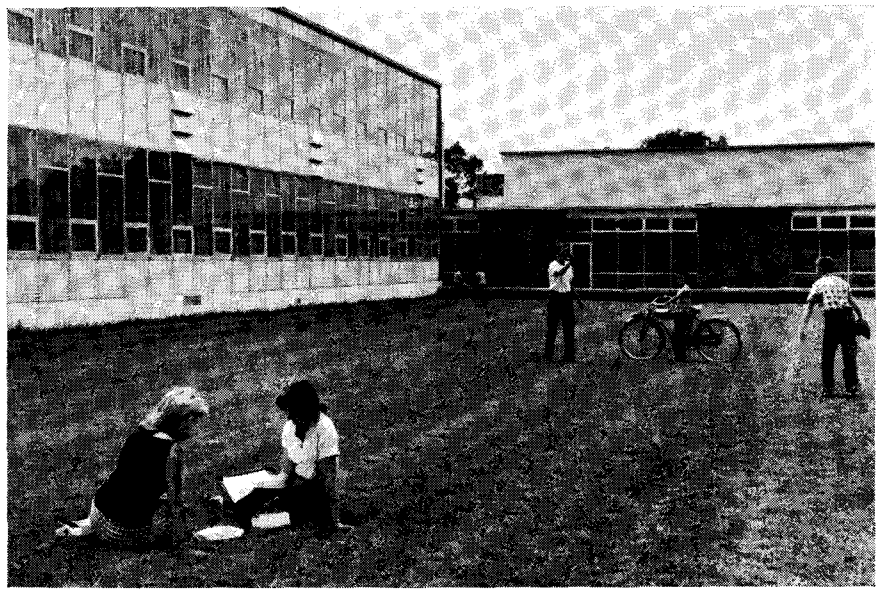


Nine structures have been built under the Small Watershed Development Act to slow down the water, while local farmers have co-operated with the U. S. Soil Conservation Service to conserve both their topsoil and the water that falls on it.



This $300,000 elementary school is built on one of the lowest sections of Lancaster. Five years ago, real estate values in this area were so low that the land could hardly be given away. Today, land values have doubled and new schools and communities are springing up.

Ollie Smith likes to go out and inspect the structures and look at the prosperous farms in the area. Here he is shown with U. S. Soil Conservationist P. L. Fogle who has helped eliminate the $100,000 yearly water damage to the area.

SMITH'S LIVING ROOM, HE WENT TO WORK

income is up $84,000 a year and real estate values in the flood plain have more than doubled

Conservancy District. But with the help of the Fairfield Soil Conservation District, the U. S. Soil Conservation Service, townspeople and farmers, the Upper Hocking Watershed Development became a reality.

Today, floods are past history. A school has been built on land that was flooded in 1948. On farms, the topsoil stays where it belongs thanks to soil conservation practices. $84,000 has been added to annual farm income. In town, flood-plain real estate values have doubled.

Across the land, hundreds of efforts like this must be made. Under the Small Watershed Development Act, it can be done. It must be done, as Ollie Smith knows well.

If you want to know where to get more information on your water problem, write Department A-1, Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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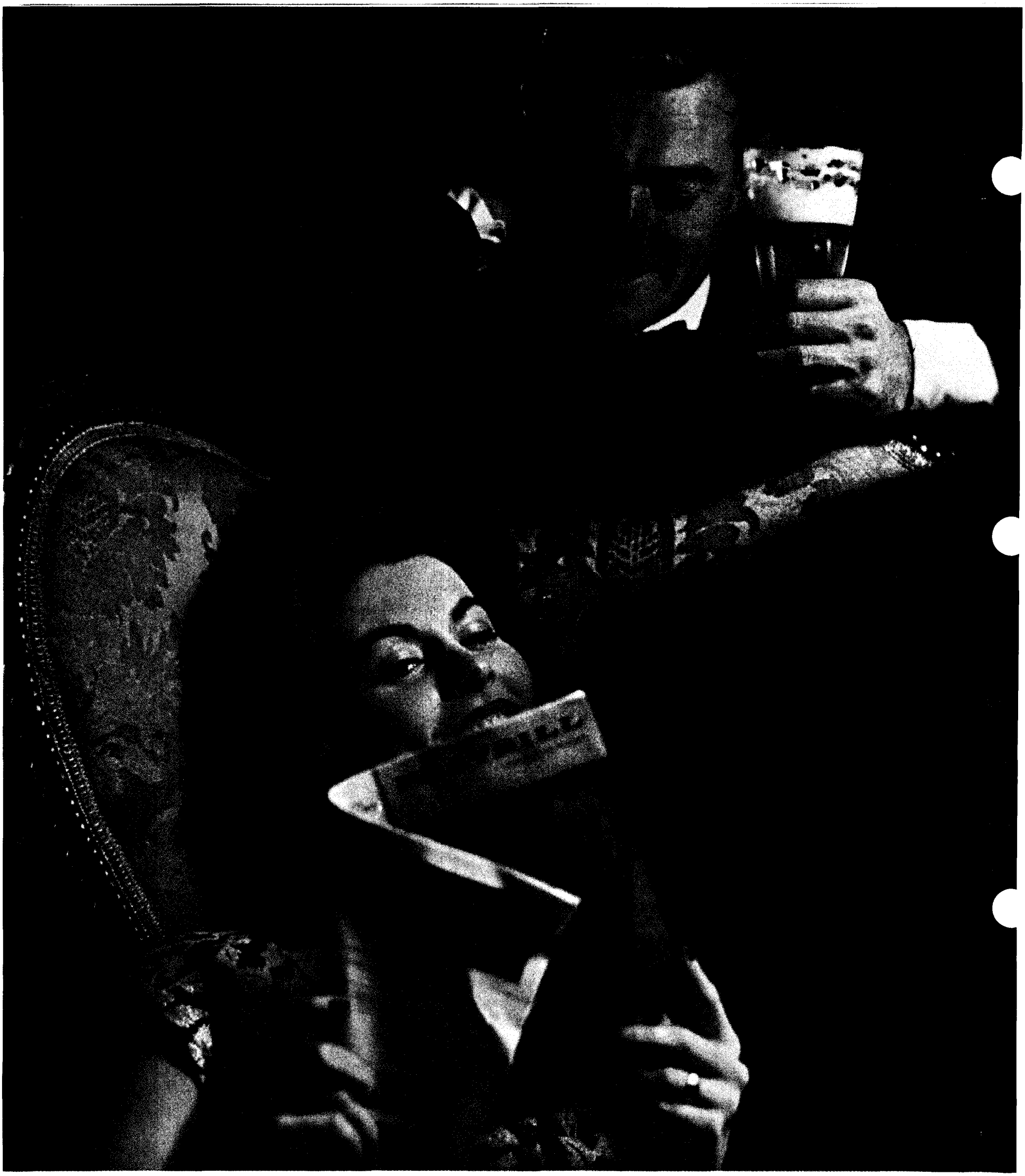

tonight—enjoy a "lightcap" instead of a nightcap

Great idea, we think. For two reasons. First, a glass of beer is such a bright note to end an evening on. And, too, it's a wonderfully light drink before bedtime. Hence, the name "lightcap." We suggest you try beer—or ale—tonight or some night soon instead of whatever sort of nightcap you've been having. Refreshing change, indeed.

And may we remind you that beer is the nicest first drink of the night, too, as well as the nicest last. That's the extraordinary versatility of beer.

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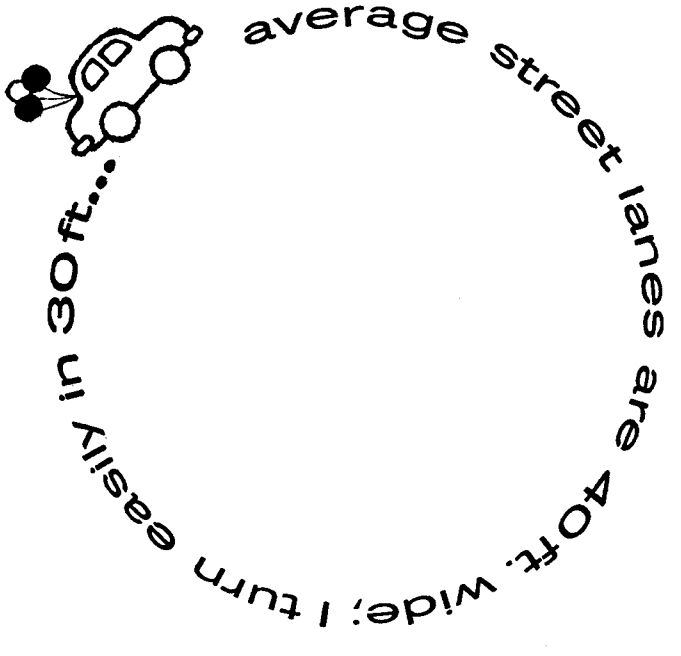

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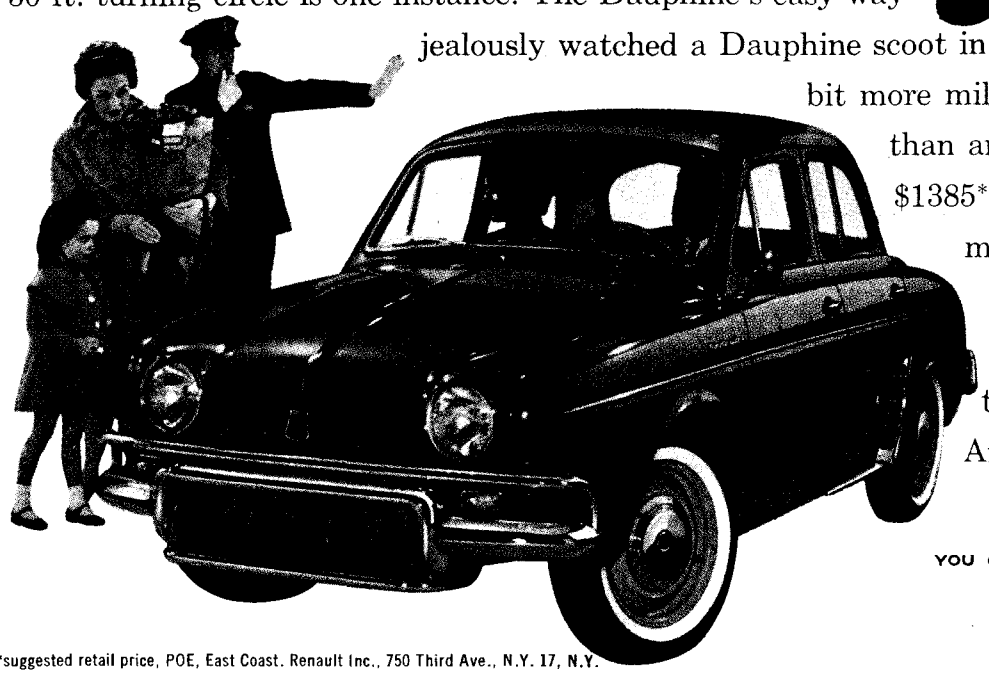

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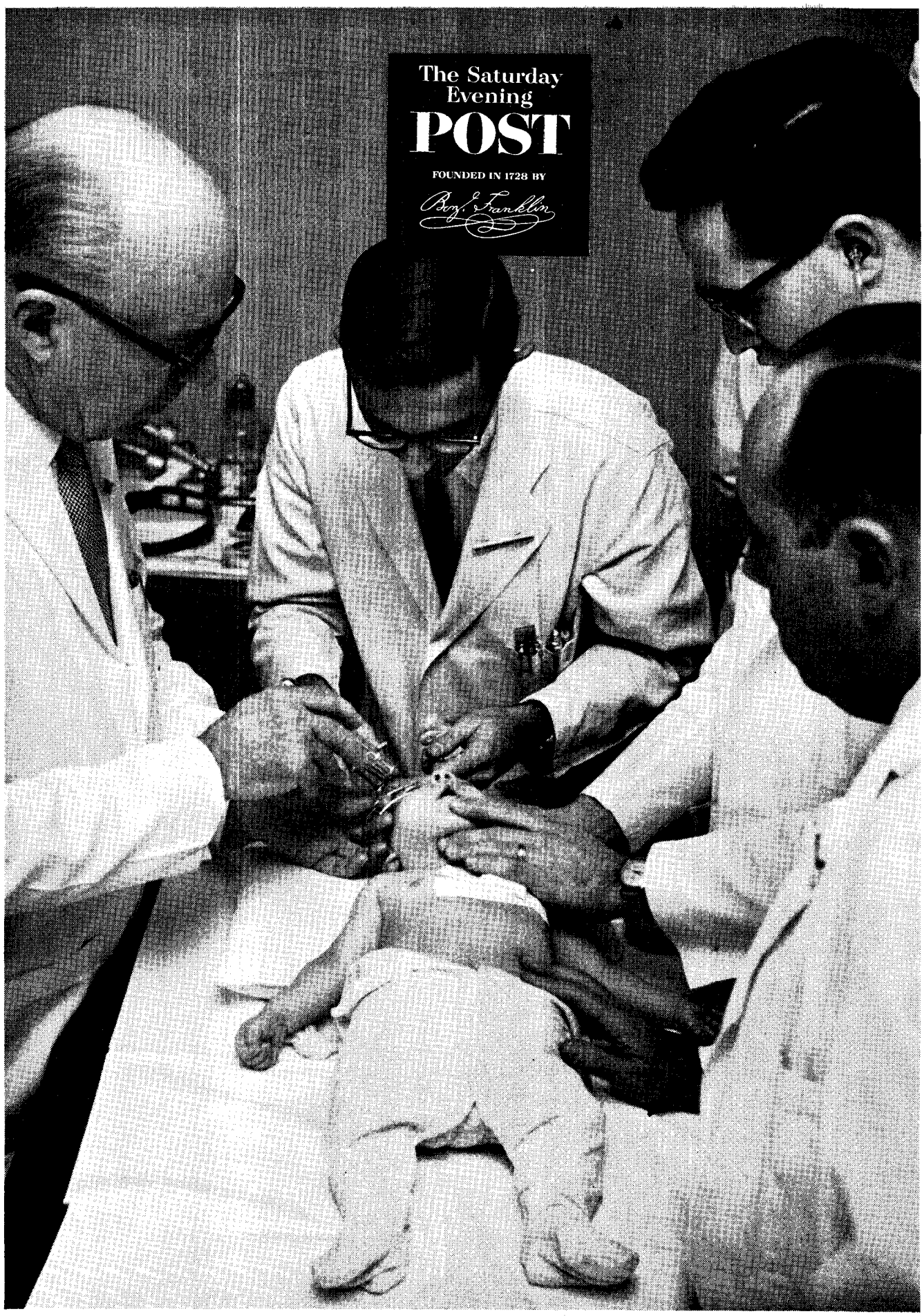

Dr. A. B. Reese (left), chief of the eye-cancer clinic, and Dr. R. M. Ellsworth (center) examining a baby under anesthesia. If they find advanced tumors, they must remove the afflicted eye.

They Save Infant Eyes

At New York's Institute of Ophthalmology physicians wage war against retinoblastoma, a form of cancer which destroys children's sight — and often takes their lives.

By Joseph P. Blank

It was on a Sunday evening, while she was feeding her baby, that Bonnie Scott first noticed a peculiarity in the right eye of her five-month-old daughter, Susie. "As Susie twisted in my arms, I saw what looked like a white spot in the pupil," Mrs. Scott said. "At first I thought it was interesting and I tried to catch the white glint in the other eye, but it didn't show up there."

She continued with the bottle, peering occasionally at her baby's right eye. Her two older children, three- and five-year-old boys, were playing in another room. Her twenty-nine-year-old husband, James, a technical writer for a large corporation in Elmira, New York, was in the living room, watching television.

When the bottle was finished, Mrs. Scott put her palm over the infant's right eye. Unperturbed, Susie went on playfully exercising her legs. Mrs. Scott then put her hand over the left eye, and Susie twisted her head to avoid having her sight blocked. Alarmed now, Mrs. Scott repeated the experiment a few more times, with the same results.

She carried Susie into the living room and sat down near her husband. She tried to be calm. "I don't believe Susie can see out of her right eye," she announced. James, a taciturn man, looked at her in consternation. "Maybe it isn't anything to get too worried about," she went on. "It could be a cataract or something else that can be corrected."

On Tuesday the pediatrician examined Susie's right eye and said, "Yes, it's blind. It might be a congenital cataract." He was obviously upset about not having caught the condition during his routine checkups of the baby. He made an appointment for Mrs. Scott with an ophthalmologist for Friday.

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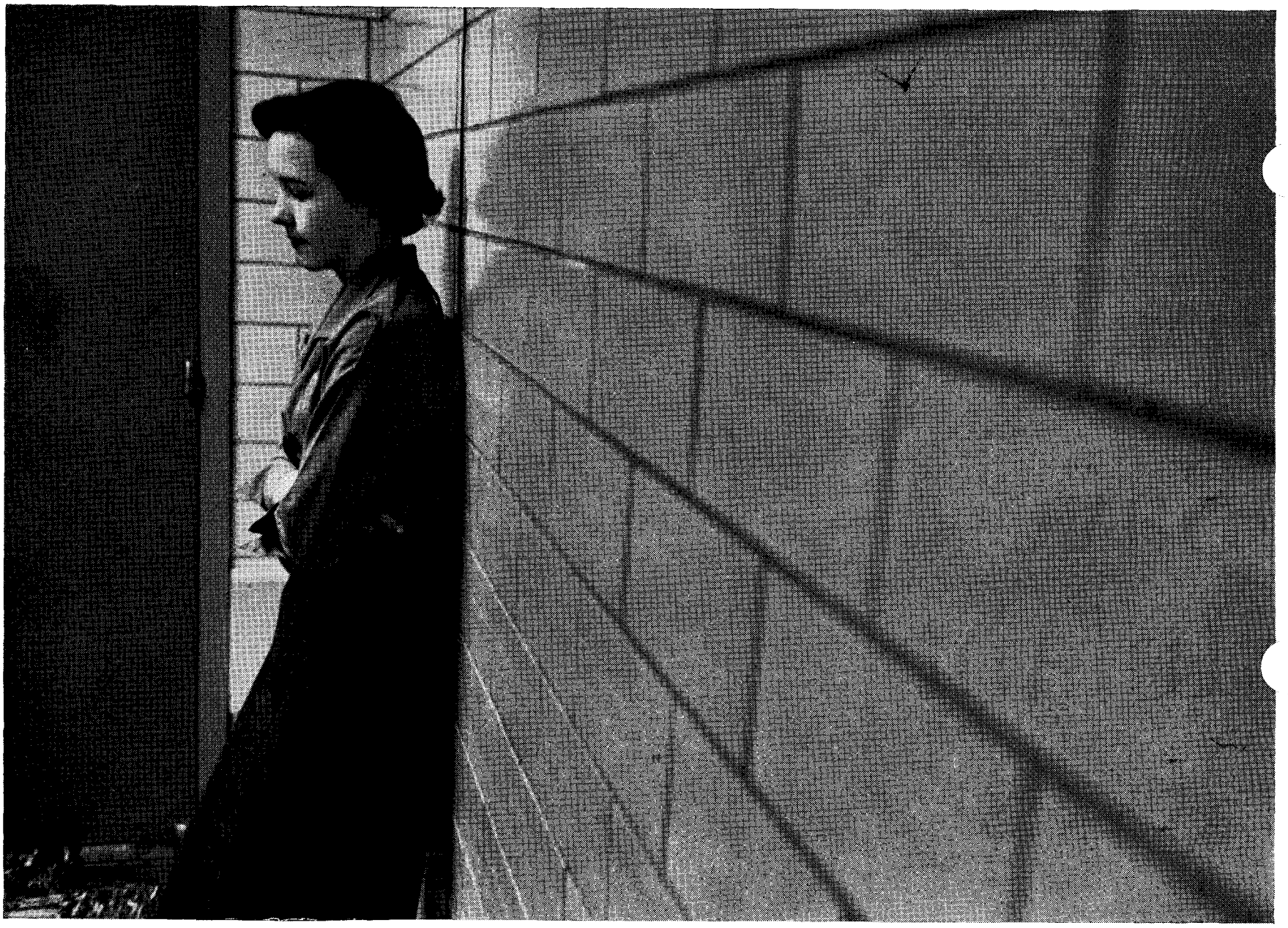

Anguished waiting: A mother, **Mrs. Ralph** Higgins of Huntsville, Ala., keeps a lonely vigil while her baby gets X-ray therapy to halt the cancer that has cost him one eye.

After examining Susie's dilated right eye, the ophthalmologist suspected the child had retinoblastoma, a virulent cancer that roots itself in the eyes of infants and young children. He told the Scotts, "It's in the category of tumors. It should be looked into immediately. Can you leave for New York?" Dazed, the Scotts said yes, and the ophthalmologist telephoned the Institute of Ophthalmology of the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. He made an appointment for the Scotts at the institute's Monday-morning Retinoblastoma Clinic.

Over the weekend James's mother came in to take care of the two boys, and the Scotts packed and drove with Susie to the home of a relative in Plainfield, New Jersey. From there they could drive to the institute in an hour and a half.

At eight o'clock Monday morning the Scotts were in the waiting room of the Retinoblastoma Clinic. The word "tumor" had frightened them, and they were tense and depressed, without knowing exactly what to fear. In the waiting room several other young children were sitting in chairs or lying in parents' arms. The Scotts heard the other parents talking about eyes, blindness and retinoblastoma. Alerted by the comments, Mrs. Scott noticed in dismay that several children had false eyes. A man in the next chair turned and began chatting pleasantly to her. He told her he had brought his child up from Venezuela for a checkup; one of the youngster's eyes had been removed, and the other treated with X ray. The man looked at Susie, placid in her mother's arms, and said, "Oh, she has retinoblastoma too." Mrs. Scott was afraid to ask him about the disease, but she learned that physicians at the Institute of Ophthalmology had treated more cases of retinoblastoma than any other medical team in the world. This was somewhat reassuring, but into her mind moved the dread that Susie might lose an eye. Mrs. Scott began to condition herself for this possibility. Previously none of her children had ever been seriously ill—not even measles or mumps.

The Scott family (see text) seated in the 4-family apartment maintained by the clinic. Out-of-town parents can live cheaply here and give one another comfort.

At 10:30, after Susie's eyes had been dilated, one of the technicians picked her up, spoke soothingly to her and carried her into the examining room. Fluothane, a quick-acting, short-term anesthetic, put Susie asleep within a minute. One of the doctors taped a stethoscope over the infant's heart and kept continuous check on her breathing and heartbeat.

The lights were turned out. Dr. Algernon I Reese, chief of the Retinoblastoma Clinic, and his younger colleague, Dr. Robert M. Ellsworth, examined Susie's eyes and, as the narrow beams of light from their instruments roved over her eyeballs, exchanged comments and questions.

Ten minutes after being put to sleep, Susie awakened without discomfort and was carried to her parents in an adjoining room. Doctor Ellsworth came out to speak to the Scotts. The doctors at the clinic have found that the job of explaining retinoblastoma to parents is best done with kindness and matter-of-factness.

"It's definitely retinoblastoma," Doctor Ellsworth told the Scotts.

"Tumors?" Mrs. Scott asked.

"Yes. The right eye is full of malignant tumor, and I feel it should come out. It's hopeless. The left eye has small tumors, and I think we can save it."

"When does her eye have to be taken out?"

(Continued on Page 58)

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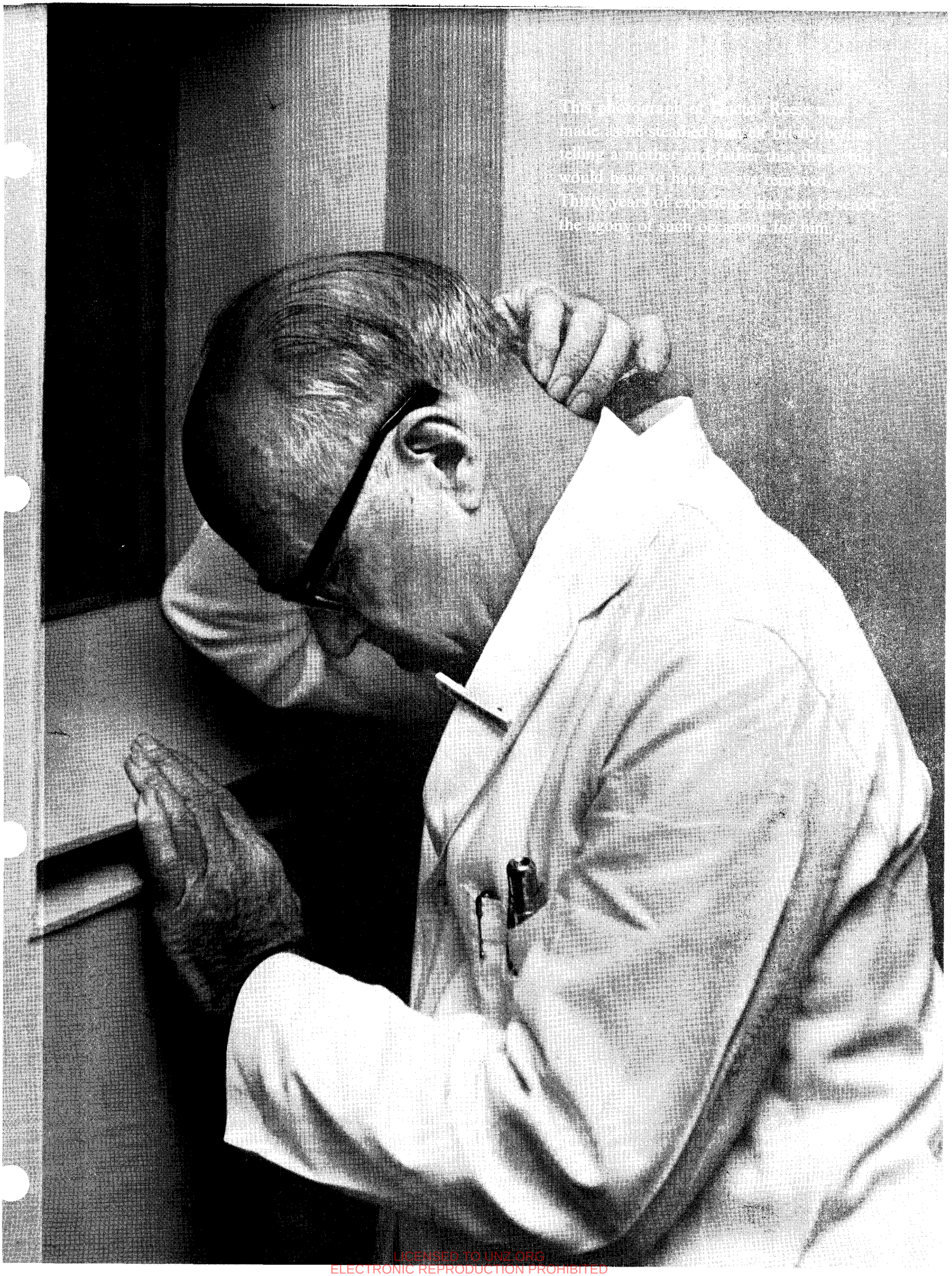

This photograph of Dr. Ernest Rose was made as he sculpted a bust of Dr. Ivy before telling a mother and father that their child would have to live all his life institutionalized. Thirty years of experience has not lessened the agony of such occasions for him.

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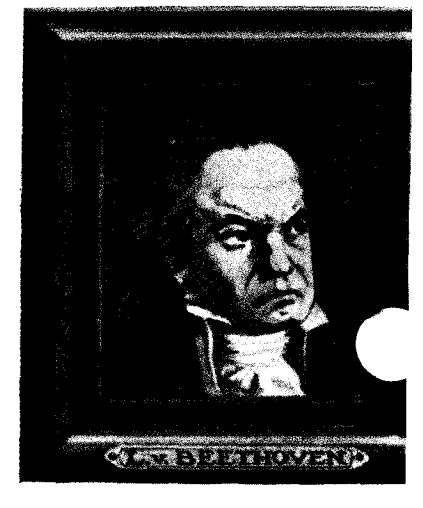
THE Captive Outfielder



By LEONARD WIBBERLEY

It was obvious that he would much rather be fielding a grounder or shagging a fly.

The boy was filled with anxiety which seemed to concentrate in his stomach, giving him a sense of tightness there, as if his stomach were all knotted up into a ball and would never come undone again. He had his violin under his chin and before him was the music stand and on the walls of the studio the pictures of the great musicians were frowning upon him in massive disapproval. Right behind him on the wall was a portrait of Paganini, and he positively glowered down at the boy, full of malevolence and impatience.

That, said the boy to himself, *is because he could really play the violin and I can't and never will be able to. And he knows it and thinks I'm a fool.*

Below Paganini was a portrait of Mozart, in profile. He had a white wig tied neatly at the back with a bow of black ribbon. Mozart should have been looking straight ahead, but his left eye, which was the only one visible, seemed to be turned a little watching the boy. The look was one of disapproval. When Mozart was the boy's age—that is, ten—he had already composed several pieces and could play the violin and the organ. Mozart didn't like the boy either.

On the other side of the Paganini portrait was the blocky face of Johann Sebastian Bach. It was a grim face, bleak with disappointment. Whenever the boy was playing it seemed to him that Johann Sebastian Bach was shaking his head in resigned disapproval of his efforts. There were other portraits around the studio—Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin. Not one of them was smiling. They were all in agreement that this boy was certainly the poorest kind of musician and never would learn his instrument, and it was painful to them to have to listen to him while he had his lesson.

Of all these great men of music who surrounded him the boy hated Johann Sebastian Bach the most. This was because his teacher, Mr. Olinsky, kept talking about Bach as if without Bach there never would have been any music. Bach was like a god to Mr. Olinsky, and he was a god the boy could never hope to please.

"All right," said Mr. Olinsky, who was at the grand piano. "The Arioso. And you will kindly remember the time. Without time no one can play the music of Johann Sebastian Bach." Mr. Olinsky exchanged glances with the portrait of Bach, and the two seemed in perfect agreement with each other. The boy was quite sure that the two of them carried on disheartened conversations about him after his lesson.

There was a chord from the piano. The boy put the bow to the string and started. But it was no good. At the end of the second bar Mr. Olinsky took his hands from the piano and covered his face with them and shook his head, bending over the keyboard. Bach shook his head too. In the awful silence all the portraits around the studio expressed their disapproval, and the boy felt more wretched than ever and not too far removed from tears.

"The *time*," said Mr. Olinsky eventually. "The time. Take that first bar. What is the value of the first note?"

"A quarter note," said the boy.

"And the next note?"

"A sixteenth."

"Good. So you have one quarter note and four sixteenth notes making a bar of two quarters. Not so?"

"Yes."

"But the first quarter note is tied to the first sixteenth note. They are the same note. So the first note, which is *C* sharp, is held for five sixteenths, and then the other three sixteenths follow. Not so?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU PLAY IT THAT WAY?"

To this the boy made no reply. The reason he didn't play it that way was that he couldn't play it that way. It wasn't fair to have a quarter note and then tie it to a sixteenth note. It was just a dirty trick like Grasshopper Smith pulled when he was pitching in the Little League. Grasshopper Smith was on the Giants, and the boy was on the Yankees. The Grasshopper always retained the ball for just a second after he seemed to have thrown it and struck the boy out. Every time. Every single time. The boy got a hit every now and again from other pitchers. Once he got a two-base hit. The ball went joyously through the air, bounced and went over the center-field fence. A clear, good two-base hit. But it was a relief

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Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

pitcher. And whenever Grasshopper Smith was in the box, the boy struck out. Him and Johann Sebastian Bach. They were full of dirty tricks. They were pretty stuck-up too. He hated them both.

Meanwhile he had not replied to Mr. Olinsky's question, and Mr. Olinsky got up from the piano and stood beside him, looking at him, and saw that the boy's eyes were bright with frustration and disappointment because he was no good at baseball and no good at music either.

"Come and sit down a minute, boy," said Mr. Olinsky, and led him over to a little wickerwork sofa.

Mr. Olinsky was in his sixties, and from the time he was this boy's age he had given all his life to music. He loved the boy, though he had known him for only a year. He was a good boy, and he had a good ear. He wanted him to get excited about music, and the boy was not excited about it. He didn't practice properly. He didn't apply himself. There was something lacking, and it was up to him, Mr. Olinsky, to supply whatever it was that was lacking so that the boy would really enter into the magic world of music.

How to get to him then? How to make a real contact with this American boy when he himself was, though a citizen, foreign-born?

He started to talk about his own youth. It had been a very grim youth in Petrograd. His parents were poor. His father had died when he was young, and his (Continued on Page 77)

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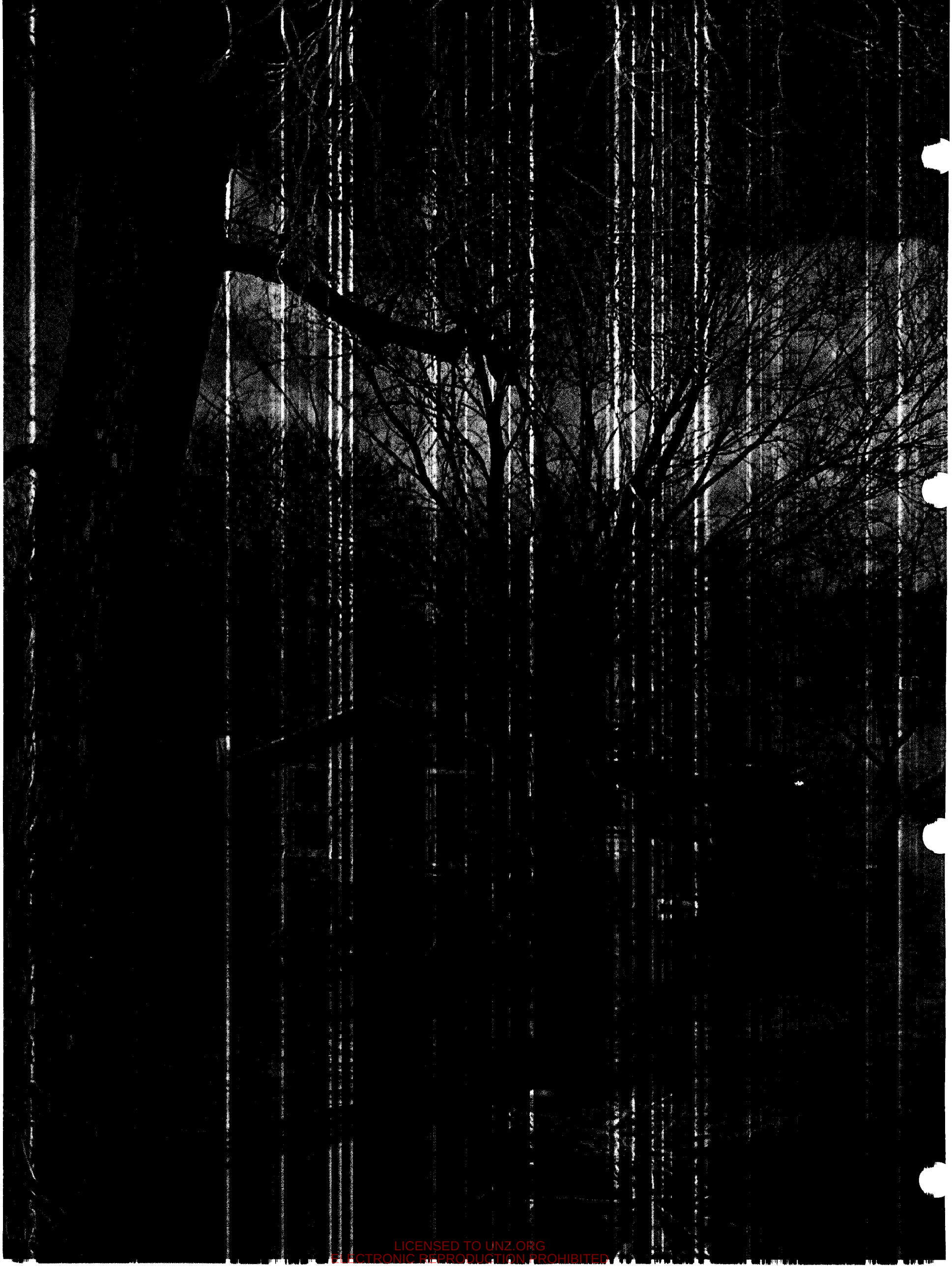

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The Face of AMERICA

Torrents of Spring

When swollen by the melt of snow and rains of spring, the Des Moines River in Iowa often has surged out of its banks at the little city of Ottumwa (pop. 33,800) inflicting misery and damage. Last year's spring rise, shown here, was higher than usual and flooded the town's western outskirts—but the main part of Ottumwa remained safe and dry. The reason: Back in 1947, after the unruly stream drove thousands of people from their homes, Ottumwans decided enough was enough. They started building a locally financed $10,000,000 flood-defense system of levees, dams and channel improvements along their stretch of river. And now the huge Red Rock dam being built fifty miles upstream by the U.S. Army Engineers promises to protect and open for industrial development even the damp lowlands you see here. Convinced that their floods are a thing of the past, Ottumwa boosters urged that we picture their town's many improvements, not—as one said—"a shack floating in the backwaters . . . probably for the last time." But if the torrents of spring are harnessed at last, and simple riverbank dwellings are to give way to factories, this is a view to remember.

• Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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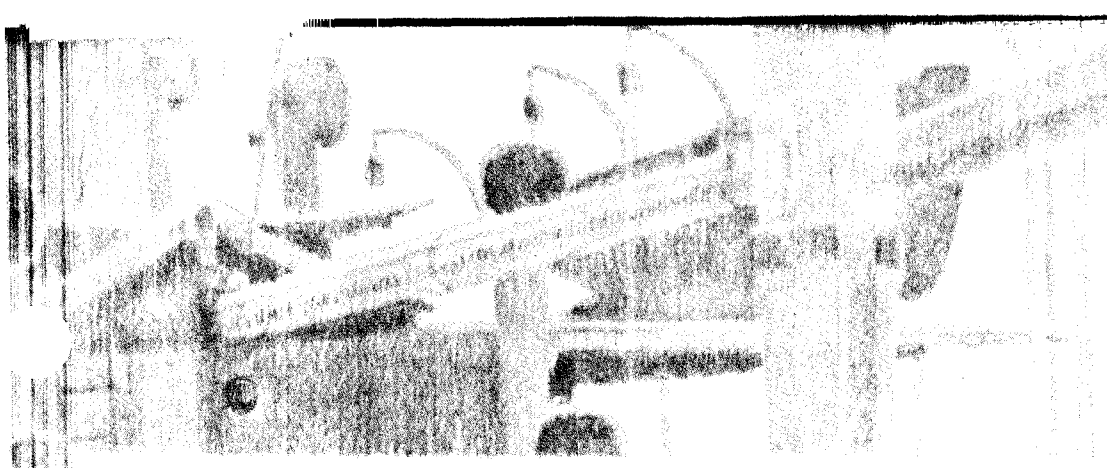


SOUTH BY DESTINY, EAST BY CHANCE

One kiss and the course of their lifelong voyage was charted.

By ROBERT STANDISH

The village of St. Andon, which is perched upon the last ridge of the Maritime Alps, overlooking the French Riviera, has achieved over the centuries a reputation for peace and tranquillity. A lot has happened there since it was founded, long before the Romans came to Gaul. I own a small house there, escaping to it as often as I can get away from my job in the north.

Over such a long span of years, the tranquillity of St. Andon has not, of course, been without interruptions. In 1349, for example, the Black Death wiped out four fifths of the people. Then in 1517 the Saracens raided the place, carrying off half the population into slavery. There was a rather noisy interlude in 1829, when earth tremors toppled part of the village into the valley below. But by general consent, few events in its long history have created more disturbance than was created in 1957 when Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Hartington-Buller, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Hartington-Buller bought a small house called La Bastide, renaming it Moravia, which struck everyone as a singularly stupid name.

The Hartington-Bullers, I learned from a friend before meeting them, were inseparable. He had soldiered all over the world, mostly in hot and unpleasant places. But although very few wives accompanied their husbands to some of these plague spots, Lady Hartington-Buller had gone everywhere with him and was known over a vast area of Africa and Asia as the White Man's Burden.

The general is a friend of mine today. He is a pink-cheeked, silver-haired, almost cherubic man with fine steady blue eyes. His wife is a tall, gaunt woman with an arrogant nose, long upper lip and cold, appraising gray eyes. Instead of clothes, she wears garments, curiously shapeless things which billow. She is usually to be seen with a harness affair slung over one shoulder and, hanging from it, a large and dangerous pair of scissors. She has the habit which Queen Victoria so deplored in Gladstone—she speaks as though addressing a public meeting. She calls her husband "Harty," while he calls her Isabel—which, I suppose, is her name.

The W.M.B. and I got off on the wrong foot. "Do you play bridge?" was the first question she asked me. "We'll soon put that right," she said briskly upon receiving a negative reply.

A few days later I received a note in her angular handwriting. It said: "Your bridge lesson tomorrow is at 15 hours. I.H.-B."

Naturally I ignored the note.

"Why didn't you turn up for your bridge lesson?" she asked me later.

"For two reasons, Lady Hartington-Buller," I replied coldly. "First, I regard bridge as a fatuous waste of time and, second, I don't take orders."

"What an amazingly selfish man you must be!" she remarked.

"I'll be happy to teach you to play poker," I said.

"A horrible game!" she snapped.

"That," I was forced to remind her, "is a matter of opinion."

Her husband, pausing briefly to see if I were going to be struck by lightning, said, "Sauce for the goose, my dear!"

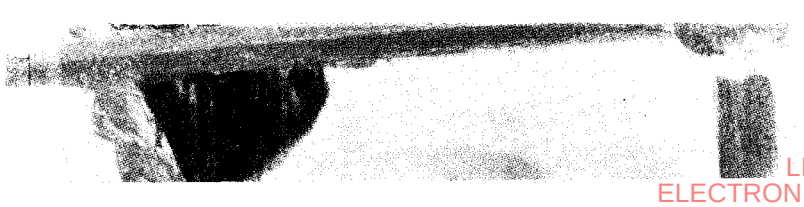
"Nobody asked for your opinion, Harty," she said witheringly, "so keep your nose out of this."

"She's never lost for a reply," he said with admiration in his voice.

(Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

He leaned over the stern rail and kissed her.



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By NICHOLAS B. CLINCH

We Scaled Doomsday Mountain

The remarkable story of ten men who conquered Masherbrum, a sinister, 25,660-foot Himalayan giant which defied climbers for years.

The exultant climbing team after its victory over Masherbrum. Front row: Capt. Jawed Akhter, Dr. Tom Hornbein, Willi Unsoeld, Dick Emerson, Dick McGowan. Back row: Capt. Mohd Akram Qureshi, expedition leader George Bell, author Nick Clinch, Capt. Imtiaz Azim, Tom McCormack.

The author on the summit of Masherbrum, almost 5 miles high. Beneath him lie some of the earth's loftiest peaks, the Karakoram Range.

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Sound is deceptive, often elusive, high in the Himalaya. I was in a tent at 23,000 feet with a Pakistani mountain climber, Capt. Jawed Akhter, when an alien sound made us look at each other in alarm. Was it a call for help or just a variation in the whine of the wind and the hum of our cooking stove? We couldn't tell. We were stormbound at Camp Five, high up on the side of Masherbrum, a 25,660-foot giant in the Karakoram Range of northwestern Pakistan. Above us, at Camp Six, four climbers were waiting for the storm to end so they could make a try for the summit. Below us, strung down the mountain in support positions, were four other climbers and six high-altitude porters.

We waited tensely for a repetition of the sound. Masherbrum was one of the most tantalizing prizes for climbers in the Himalaya, but it had a sinister history. In three previous expeditions two men had died on its slopes, and others had been injured; no one had ever reached the top. "Masherbrum" means "Day of Judgment," or "Doomsday," "Mountain." In a month of climbing we had found it beautiful, and dangerous, but so far we had had only a few minor mishaps.

Then we heard the sound again—an unmistakable yell for help from above. Jamming on our boots, Akhter and I scrambled out of our tent just in time to see, through the parting mist and snow, three figures struggling to keep their feet in the wake of a small avalanche. Where was the fourth man? Who was missing? As Akhter and I started to their assistance, several thoughts pounded through my mind: If anyone had been hurt or killed up at Camp Six, it would be forever on my conscience because I was the one who had organized this climb. For that matter, I was deathly afraid that this was going to turn out to be one expedition too many.

Before I tell how our luck nearly ran out on Masherbrum, I'd better explain how we happened to be there in the first place. The idea of climbing Masherbrum was put in my mind two years ago at the completion of another Himalayan climb. A group of Americans and Pakistanis were stumbling wearily down the Baltoro Glacier after having made the first ascent of 26,470-foot Hidden Peak [We Conquered Hidden Peak, *The Saturday Evening Post*, January 31, 1959] when one of the Pakistanis pointed enthusiastically to a tremendous tower of rock and ice to the south. "Come on back and let's try Masherbrum," he said. The rest of us just shook our heads. The last thing we were interested in at that moment was another Himalayan peak.

But if you are a climber, you soon tend to forget about the difficulties of financing (Continued on Page 91)

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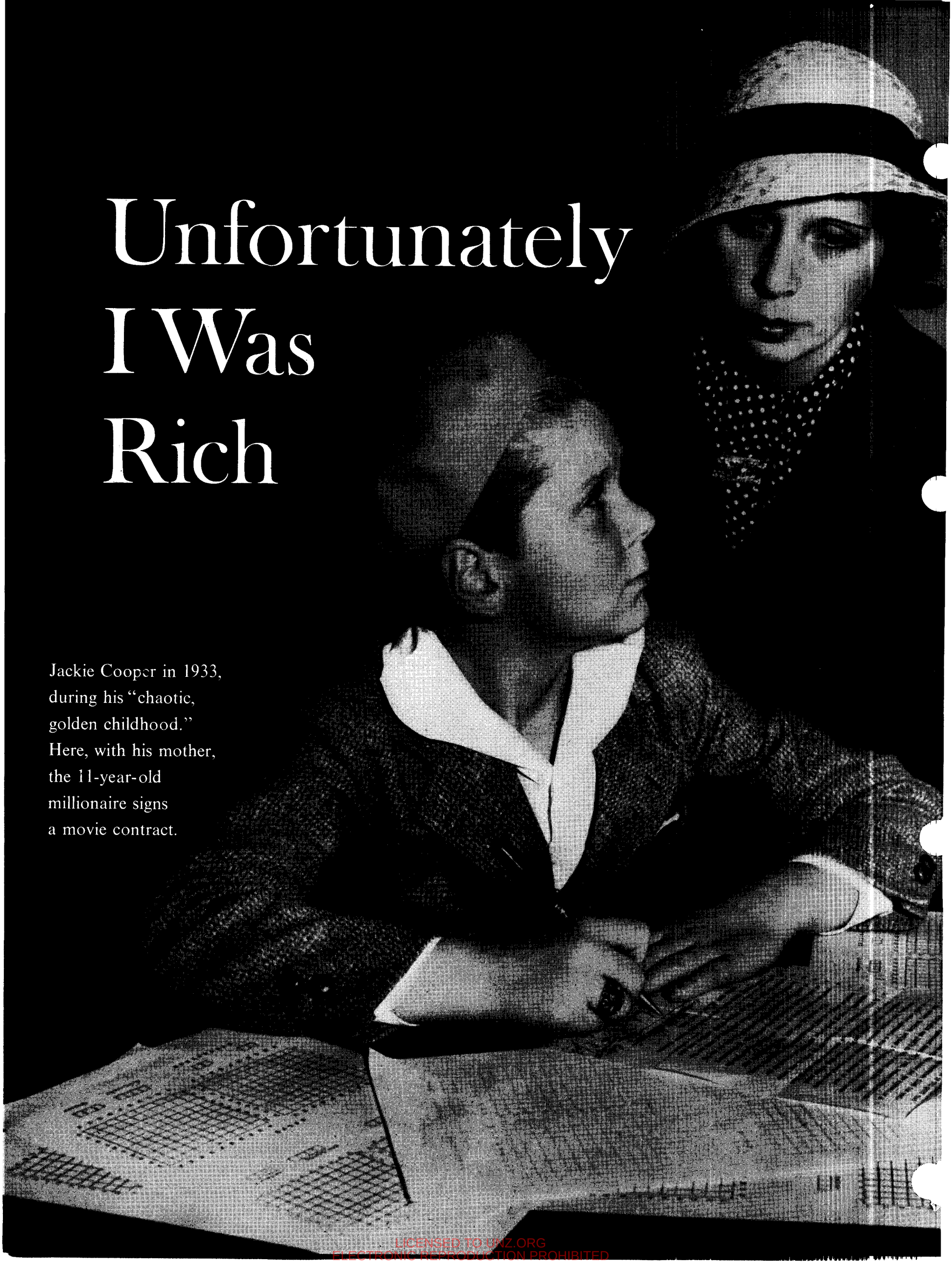
Unfortunately I Was Rich



Jackie Cooper in 1933, during his "chaotic, golden childhood." Here, with his mother, the 11-year-old millionaire signs a movie contract.

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1932: Jackie and Wallace Beery in *The Champ*, one of the four immensely popular films in which they costarred. "We were buddies in our movies, but never in life," Cooper says today.

In 1945 with his first wife, actress June Horne. "I feel I married June just so someone would care that I was going overseas." They were divorced in 1949, when their son, John Anthony, was three.

His brief marriage to Hildy Parks ended in 1950. Then 28, Cooper was having a rough time establishing a career as an adult actor, and his savings were running low.

He calls Barbara Kraus "the most understanding person I have ever known." After their marriage in 1954, his luck changed and he landed a starring role in a TV serial.

By JACKIE COOPER as told to Roger Kahn

The star of television's *Hennesey* series was the darling of millions as a child film actor—and found himself washed up at the age of twenty-five. Here is his own story.

It's been a long, confusing, often lonely time, but I've finally reached a position in life where I earn more money than I did when I was eleven years old. For most people this is hardly an accomplishment. For me it was a struggle. At eleven, when most boys are delighted if they make twenty dollars a year, I was earning $2000 a week as a child star with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, then the richest movie studio in Hollywood.

You've heard of bright young men who, at twenty-five or so, begin to glow with the promises of a fine future. By the time I reached twenty-five my future seemed pretty far behind me. I was out of work and virtually out of prospects. I'd been in trouble since the day ten years before when a director noticed hair on my legs. "You'll have to get your legs shaved before we start shooting," the director ordered. "After all, Jackie, we can't have you looking like a man."

During my boyhood a lot of people felt that way. As a child, I was worth a fortune to my studio, to my relatives and to my advisers. What would I be worth as an adult? No one knew, nor was anyone particularly eager to find out. There was just general tension about what might happen when the juvenile gold mine—me—was tapped out.

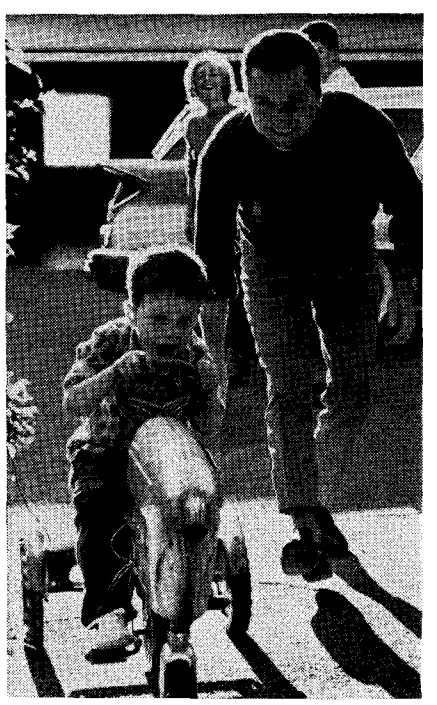
As I consider my life now, at the age of thirty-eight, it breaks down into three distinct periods. There were the early years when, as "America's Boy," I starred in such movies as *Skippy*, *Treasure Island* and *The Champ*. Then came a period I call my years in space. Not orbit—space. I was nowhere. Finally, there are the recent days when I've set my house, my life and my bank accounts in order again. As the star of the weekly television show *Hennesey*, I have regained a respectable place in the only field I know—show business.

I haven't advertised my troubles, but I've made no effort to hide them. Occasionally someone writes about me, and almost invariably these stories include two mistakes. First, the writer decides that I'm bitter. I have been bitter in my time, but no longer. There's no longer anything in my life to engender bitterness. Then the writer concludes that all my problems spring from the money I made in childhood. This is oversimplification, misinterpretation, or both.

I'm not against money. I'm not even against child millionaires. (As someone was saying last November, a rich boy *can* grow up to be President.) But money was only one of several factors that made my childhood wondrous and chaotic. The money was strange, but stranger still were the relationships I had with the adults around me. I was praised, pampered, cajoled, cursed, used, bribed and admired—all quite beyond reason. (Continued on Page 96)

The Coopers in front of their Beverly Hills house with their three children (on the cart): Russell, five; Julie, three; and Christina, two. Behind Jackie is John Anthony, 15.

Cooper, 38, has a significant wish for his own children: "That there's not a child actor in the lot."



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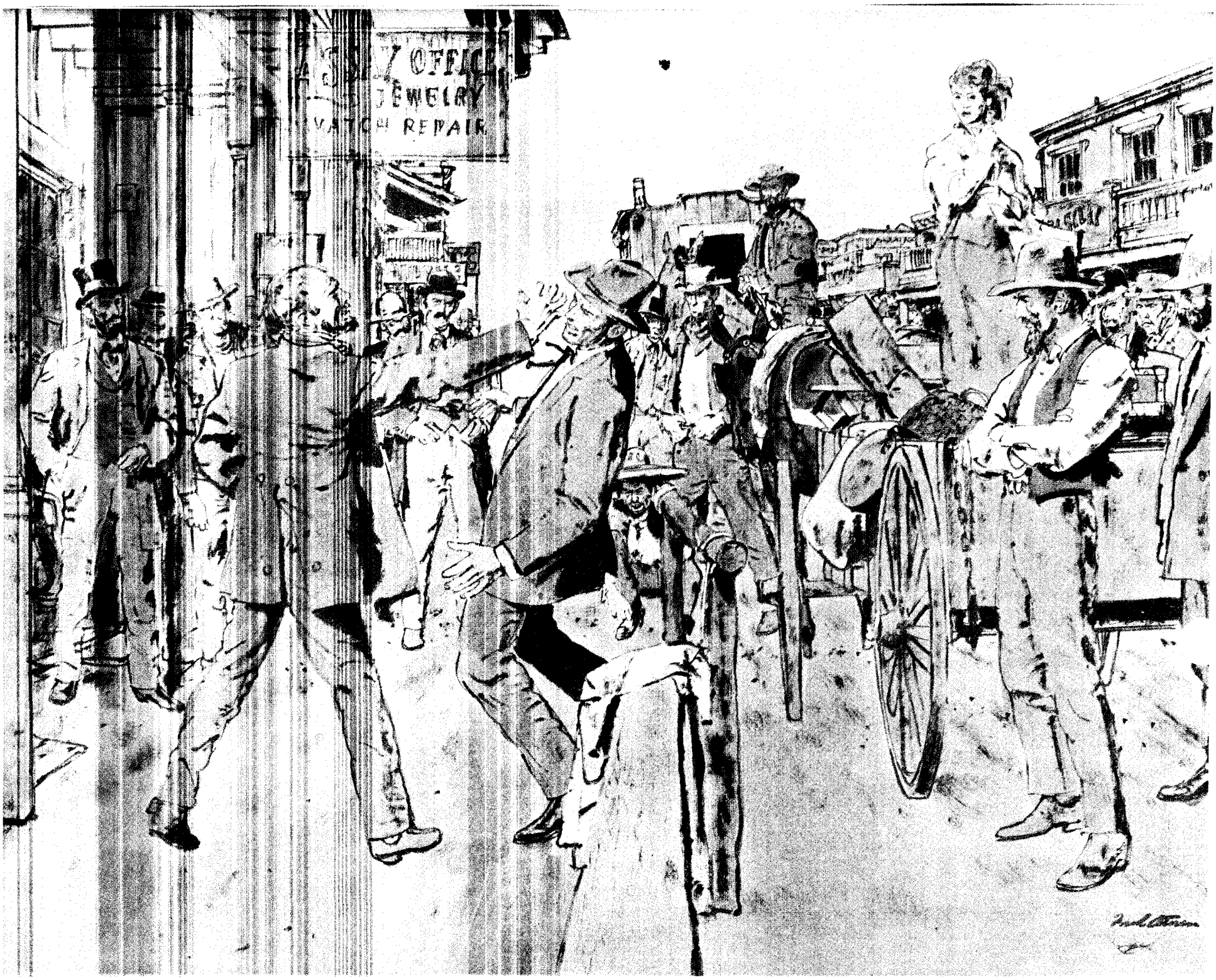

Creech caught Baylor and hit him across the mouth.

What made him stand there like a coward when he had every right to strike back?

TURN THE OTHER CHEEK

By PRENTISS COMBS

The wagon tracked crazily behind a lame jack mule sided by a long-legged cavalry gelding. It raised dust and rolling thunder on the plank bridge into Concho. The driver swung the team toward the store and stood up to saw at the lines. The gelding tossed foam from his galled mouth and reared. The driver yelled and knocked a piece out of the gelding's ear with a rawhide popper. The team quieted.

"Jethro Creech," the driver boomed, "bringing the word to Concho."

Baylor Crofoot, leaning against the store-porch upright, found with a wry wonder that his mouth was open to speak to a man who would abuse stock that way. But he remembered his rules and closed his mouth. He withdrew himself from what did not involve him and ran a carefully uncaring eye over the outfit. In spite of his rules, his eyes went dark, and his shoulder jerked away from the upright when he looked into the face of the young woman in the wagon bed. She crouched in a welter of dusty gear, her hands clenched on the wagon side, her eyes hugely dark on Baylor Crofoot and those eyes screaming for help as surely as if her mouth had asked for it. In the midmorning Texas heat she wore a shawl pinned tight at the neck.

Baylor Crofoot thought he knew more about fear than any other man alive. At Fair Oaks and Stones River, at Fredericksburg and the Wilderness, he had seen fear squeeze seasoned soldiers into (Continued on Page

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OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN

Part Two

The Russians

By DEAN ACHESON

The author reveals some of his icy experiences in dealing with Russia's top-level diplomats during the early years of the cold war.

"Vishinsky was never a formidable opponent," Acheson (left) says of the late diplomat.

Why is it that so many of us who have dealt with Russian officials find that personal recollections are pretty much restricted to anecdotes, sardonic or ridiculous, and to discussions, frustrating and boring? It is, I think, because no real personal relations are possible. Either those Russians with whom we have had to deal do not dare open their minds, or those who dare have nothing in them to disclose.

Sir William Hayter, formerly British ambassador in Moscow, has come to the same conclusion. With individual Russians, he has written in the London *Observer* (October 2, 1960), it is not "possible to establish any kind of lasting or genuine personal relationship." Even with "the real rulers of Russia" he wrote, "it was the distressing experience of all Ambassadors that these great men had no more to say in private than in public; the same series of Gramophone records was played on every occasion; nothing emerged from these private conversations that could not just as well be gleaned from the pages of *Pravda*."

Until Molotov's time, Soviet foreign ministers were minor officials, whose function was to deal insincerely with the capitalist powers. With the war, the function did not change; but the grade of the job did. In 1939 foreign affairs ceased to be a matter of propaganda and maneuver and began to involve the survival of the regime. At that point one of the big guns, Vyacheslav Molotov, was assigned to the job. He was tough, but a poor diplomatist, outmaneuvered by Ribbentrop, and unprepared for the massive Nazi offensive mounted against the Soviet Union. (Continued on Page 69)

cheson in 1949 with General Chuikov (right), governor of Germany's Soviet Zone. Chuikov, "a great ox of a ıan," boasted that he could crack a man's skull with a single blow and once tried to drink a trayful of cocktails.

"He was tough, but a poor diplomatist," Acheson says of Molotov, shown at left with James Byrnes, then Secretary of State.

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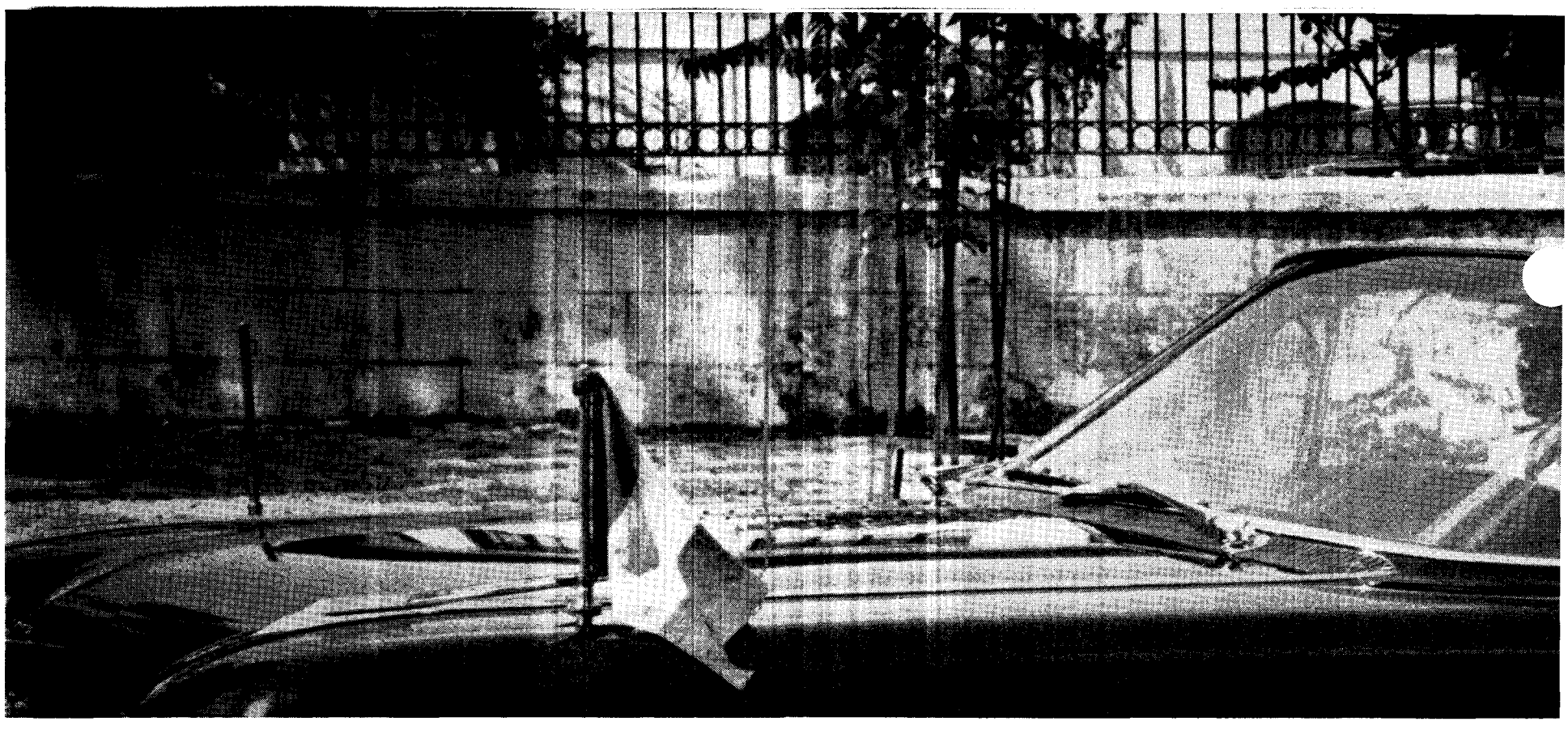
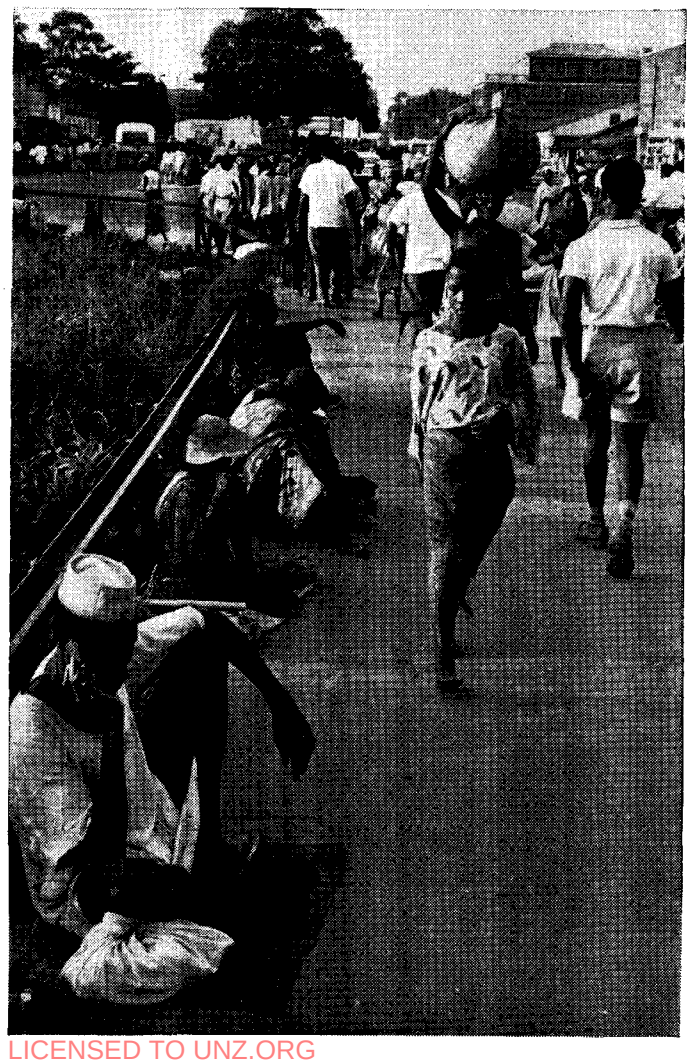


WHAT AFRICA IS REALLY LIKE

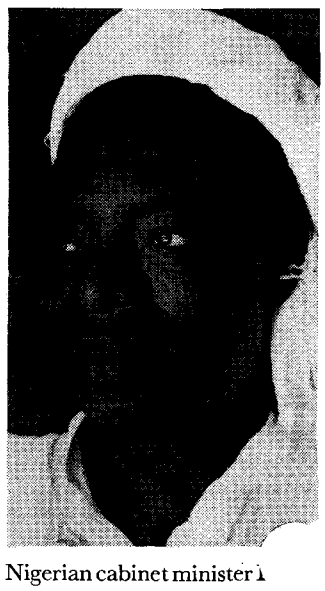
The new African nations are moving rapidly out of the Stone Age and bringing with them a seething hatred for the white man. A *Post* editor reports.

By STEWART ALSOP



Alms-crying lepers line a sidewalk in Lagos, Nigeria's capital. Though honking traffic clogs the streets, the jungle always lurks close beyond.

The South African gold fields: About fifty men sleep in this fetid warren; each miner is provided with a private slot.



Nigerian cabinet minister I
The scars are tribal markin

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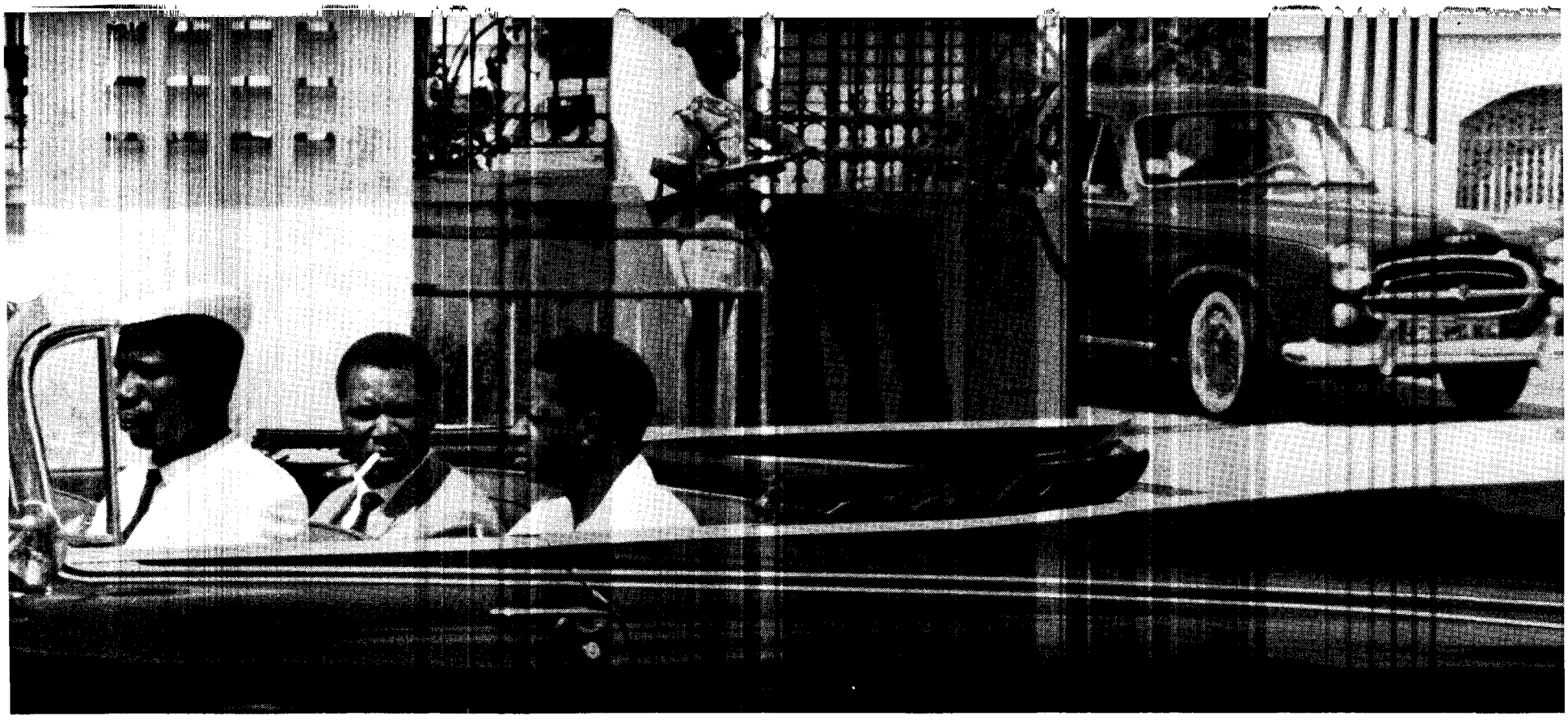


Guinea's President Sékou Touré (right) leaving his palace in one of his five Cadillacs with W. V. S. Tubman, president of Liberia (with cigarette).

Flying over tropical Africa and peering down at the land below, you get three strong impressions.

The first is vastness. As the monotonous hours pass, the hugeness of the African land mass is borne in upon you.

The second is sameness. After many hours of flying, the seemingly endless rain forest may give way to drier bush country, and then, perhaps hours later, to open savanna land. But there is none of the sudden sharp variety you see below when you fly over America or Europe or most of Asia.

The third is emptiness. In America or Europe it is easy to see from the air how the surface of the earth has been wholly altered by human effort, and in parts of the Middle East and Asia the earth seems to have been ravaged by people, as by a disease. But you can fly for hours over Africa without seeing any evidence of human life—from the air the land looks untouched, primeval.

All three of these impressions are essentially rrect. Tropical Africa is greater in size than e continental United States and Europe combined, but the 8,500,000 square miles between the Sahara and the Limpopo River support fewer than 170,000,000 people. The reason is simple. This is poor land. Throughout most of Africa the topsoil is thin and acid. Tropical Africa is, in fact, generally inhospitable to human life. That fact explains a lot.

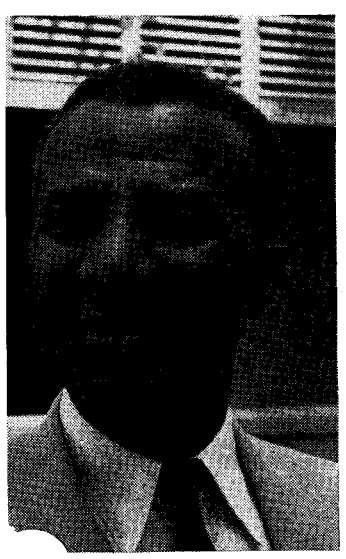
It explains, for example, the phenomenon of "Wawa," which means "West Africa Wins Again." The word was invented by the British, but the phenomenon it represents—Black Africa's peculiar genius for frustrating non-Africans—is universal. Things sometimes go wrong elsewhere in the world—people don't show up for appointments, cars break down, clerks cheat you, taxi drivers take you to the wrong address, your laundry is lost. The difference is that in Black Africa these things don't happen sometimes. They *always* happen. They happen, moreover, in a positively festive atmosphere, amidst much grinning and giggling. There is nothing to do but mutter, "Wawa."

The inefficiency and jolly indolence which cause non-Africans to mutter "Wawa" continually are facts of African life. It is important for anyone who wants to understand something about tropical Africa to understand *why* they are facts of African life.

Some Americans and Europeans thrive in tropical Africa. But most don't. A universal complaint is "African memory"—if you miss an appointment or forget a friend's name, you blame it on African memory. Old Africa hands swear that African memory is a real thing, and that after some time in tropical Africa's heat and humidity the brain stops working sensibly. However that may be, most non-Africans feel vaguely queasy all the time in tropical Africa. They may not be sick, but they are not really well.

Most Africans are not really well either, and a great many are very sick indeed. "Sickness is the norm," writes George Kimble in his brilliant study of tropical Africa. "It starts at birth and continues until death. And he is a very lucky African who is not sick of more than one thing. . . . It is nothing unusual for a person admitted to a leprosarium to be suffering from malaria, sleeping sickness, yaws, onchocerciasis and worm infections as well as leprosy."

Thus the phenomenon of "Wawa" is hardly to be wondered (Continued on Page 72)



er Sylvanus Olympio of Togo. Alsop calls him "very able."

Accra: A statue of Ghana's left-oriented President Nkrumah, who likes to be called "The Redeemer" of his people.

Alsop (in crowd) watched this native politician's impromptu jig at a celebration staged as part of Ghana's "officially encouraged Nkrumah worship."

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

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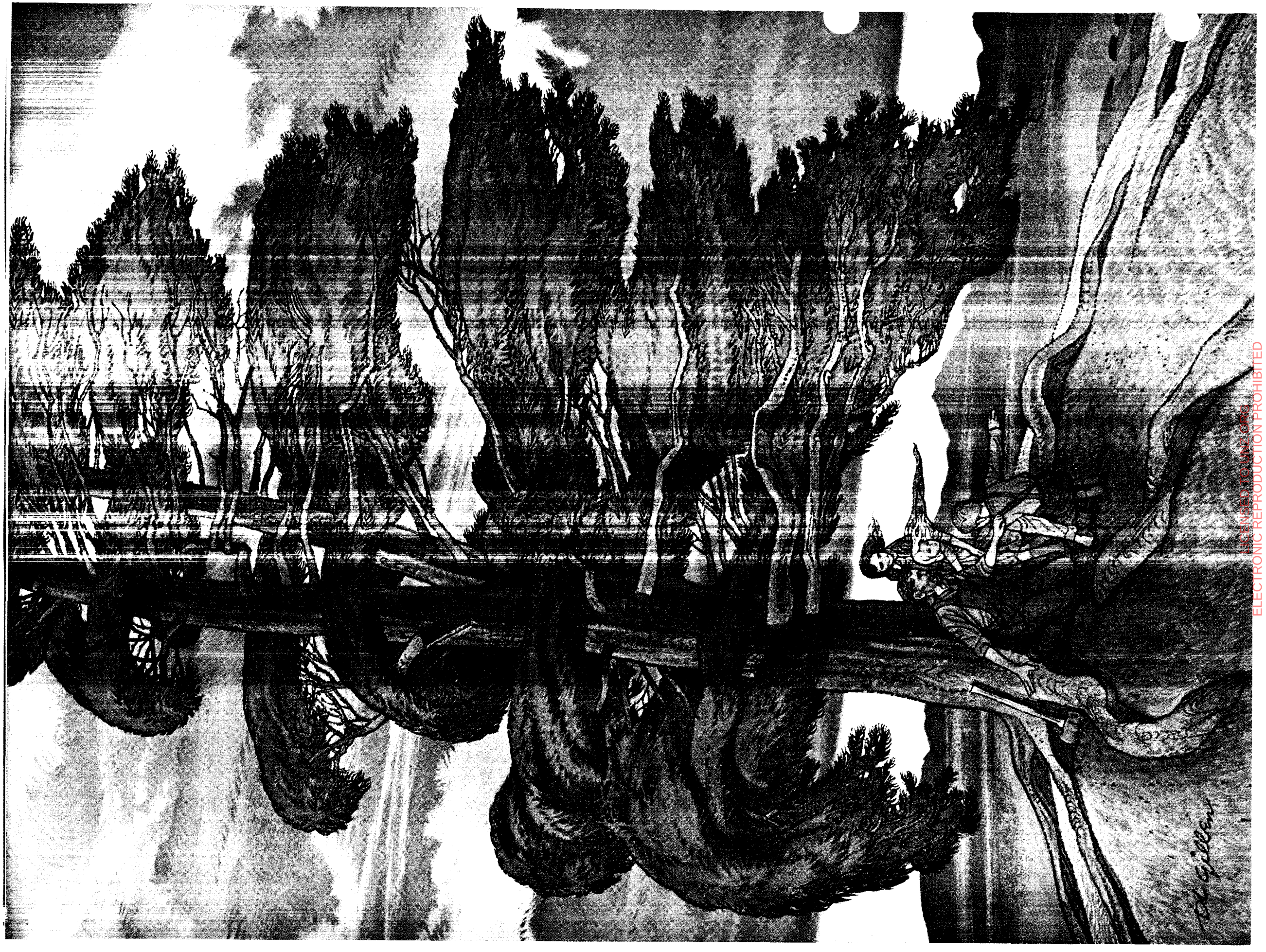

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By PAUL DARCY BOLES

THE TWISTER

My father said without looking back, "Be sure you got the pick too, now, Bell; we'll need it before we're through."

It was a hot morning in August—hot enough to bring out sweat on your fingers. I said, "I've got the pick and the little shovel. Carry's got the lunch and the vacuum bottle."

Carry, my sister, said, "I wish we didn't have to cut down that old tree, daddy."

We were walking down the lane along Four-Chopt Hill. My father was walking ahead with the ax over his shoulder and a trace chain draped over the ax helve. "You know why," he said. "I've heard my last about how every time your ma looks out, all she can see is that pine between her and the village."

I said, "Ma's an awful nice lady, but what's wrong with that kind of seeing? What's so almighty, all-fired sweet about the village?"

My father said, "It's a notionable way women get. They like to see their neighbors. In the winters it gives Delly a joy to look 'cross the fields and see the lights burning in Jeddah's store."

"It sure isn't winter now," I said.

We were passing dusty blackberry bushes. Carry stopped back to sneak a handful of berries. She passed me up a couple. They tasted like long summer sun, sweet as sugar on the tongue.

Thrushes and killdees sat along the road in the gumwoods. They had their beaks open and their feathers puffed up and weren't making much stir. The sun stood just over the hill as round and hot as a fire singeing your hair.

My father said, "No use to argue. You all heard me argue. Arguing's done for now. We get the tree down, we'll have peace and silence at home."

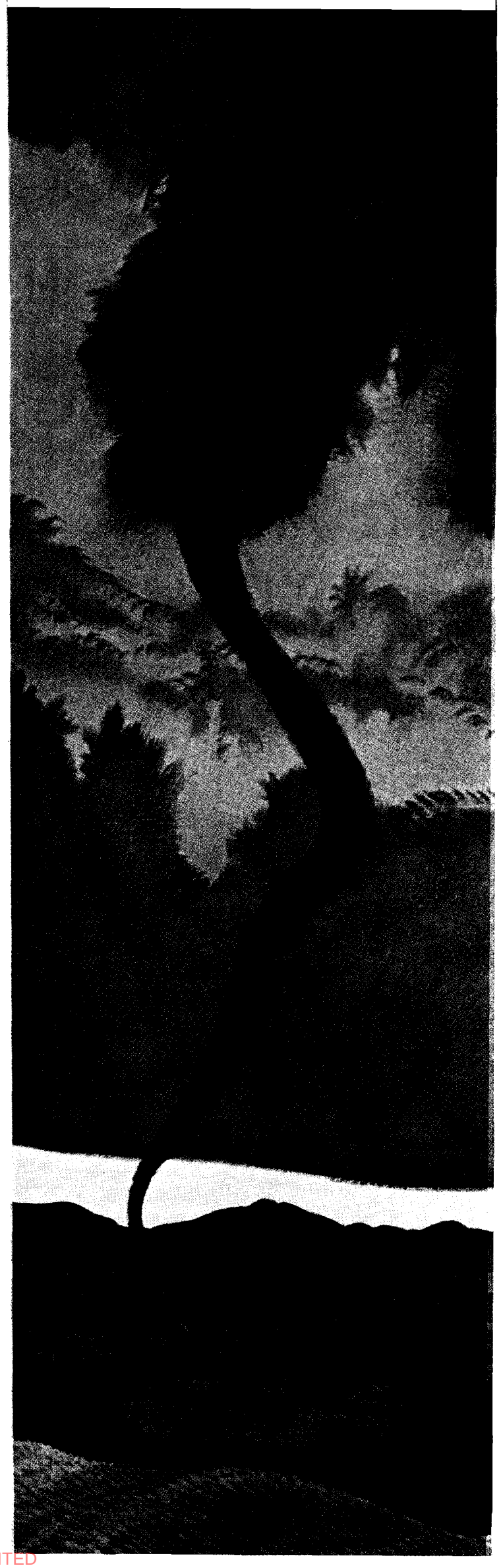
We all stopped on the ridge. There was the pine. It put to shame every other tree around our pastures. It was so broad in the branch it made a circle of shade around it as big as a barn. Three of our cows—Junabye, Robin and Gridge—were lying in that shade. They swiveled their heads around to us and looked at us with their big mellow eyes. It was about fifteen degrees cooler the second you stepped into the shade, like moving into an icehouse.

Outside the shade every breeze was hot. Inside it, it was nice and fresh. Old bronze needles covered the ground under here. Jays and doves flickered through the top branches. The pine smelled sweet-resiny and solid.

Carry put down the lunch and the vacuum bottle. "I purely love my ma," she said. She looked back toward our house. It was little from here, but neat as a stacked woodpile. Carry folded her hands on her knees, sitting on a pine root that made a kind of bench before it went underground. "But when I get her age and have me a man and chaps of my own, I'll never send 'em to chop down a fine tree like this one." She shook her head. "Village or no village."

My father laid the trace chain down and leaned on the ax. "Think about the winter and the fire," he told Carry. "That pinewood's going to burn like Beelzebub's flames." His look ran up the trunk, which went a good distance in the air before the first spread-eagle boughs sprouted. The pine was old; I was noticing where lightning had scarred it on the west, in a streak running clear to the ground; but it had lived all right.

My father went on. "'Nough lighterwood here to spark and pop up our chimbley for years to (Continued on Page 80)



The weathered branches of a tree offered the only shelter they could reach.

Illustrated by Denver Gillen

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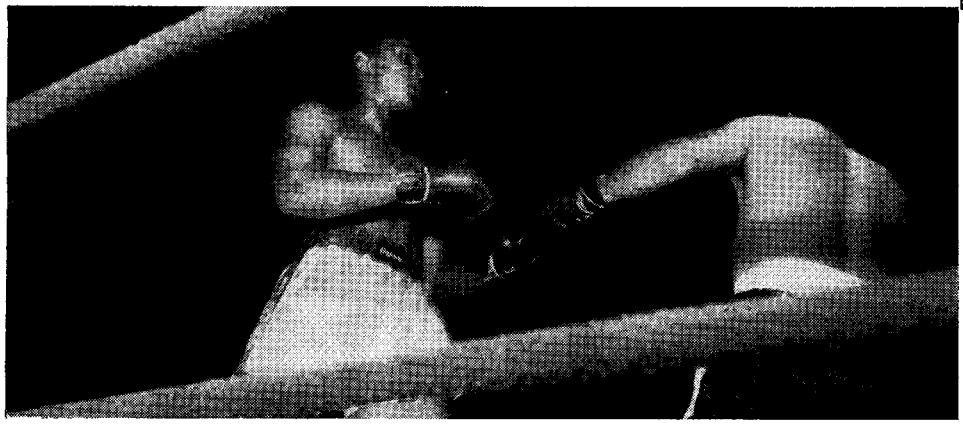
Rome: An attractive young Italian girl on the Via Veneto admires the gold medal Cassius Clay won during the 1960 Olympics.

The HAPPIEST HEAVYWEIGHT

By DICK SCHAAP

Louisville, Kentucky: At home with his parents and brother Rudolph (right), Cassius displays a bogus newspaper (printed in a Times Square penny arcade) which headlines his most burning ambition.



Miami Beach, Florida: Clay won this eight-rounder from Tony Esperti on a third-round TKO. He has won five straight fights since turning pro last fall.

Olympic champion Cassius Clay is a carefree young fighter who boasts he will someday fight for—and win—the coveted heavyweight crown.

Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., who at eighteen won the 1960 Olympic light-heavyweight boxing championship, has not the slightest doubt that he is the future heavyweight champion of the world. Clay has had only five fights since turning pro last fall, but it is inconceivable to him that he could fail to go all the way.

"Look," he says, "I'm better than Floyd Patterson was at the same age. Right? I bet Sugar Ray Robinson wasn't as good as me when he was eighteen. Right? Right. So I guess I must be real good."

Cassius Clay is a warm, natural young man, totally lacking in sophistication, whose personality could be a refreshing breeze in a becalmed sport. Sprinkling bold and candid words that must be taken with grains of salt, Clay cultivates fame and popularity the way some fighters cultivate a knockout punch. "Man," he says, "I love to see my name in print. I love to see my name where everybody can see it."

Upon returning home to Louisville after his Olympic triumph and receiving the welcome of a conquering hero, Clay tried to take the acclaim in stride. "After all," he said, "I'm still the same person. I just got a little more fame than anyone else—and I can't change on account of that."

When a sports writer pointed out that he seemed more sociable than the usual fighter, Clay agreed. "I don't pretend to be friendly," he said, "like most people do when they're trying to get on top. I *am* friendly."

From the time he was twelve years old, when he first discovered that his fists and footwork were "real good," Clay has believed he would get on top.

"I dream about what it's gonna be like," the young fighter says. "I'll have a hundred-thousand-dollar home and a beautiful wife. And I'll own two Cadillacs, and then I'll have a Ford for just

(Continued on Page 100)

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Somehow they could tune in on each other's most intimate thoughts.

THE MIND READERS

By LIBBIE BLOCK

"Are you some kind of hypnotist or something?" she asked.

Many people make up their minds. Many minds unmake their people. Whether the story of Mab Hershey seems unique or universal—it's all in the mind.

Mab had to work for her living until she found a man to work for her living. So she took a job where good men were in good supply, and the hunting was fine.

For a year she had been on the prowl through the crimson-carpeted offices of Firsk, Wedgely, MacFee and Nettleton, attorneys at law. Mab was a receptionist, but really she served the firm as though she were an airlines hostess. She made each client feel that the weather was good, the machinery reliable and that everything would turn out just fine.

She was everyone's pet. And only Mab Hershey knew she was not a pussycat, but a tiger.

There were plenty of edible men at Firsk, etc. But, of the partners, Firsk was deceased, and the others were married. Mab would not poach. She had other game laws too. The prey must be neither too young nor too old, intelligent, hard-working and ambitious. Finally she chose a victim—she wanted only one—and marked him for stalking: Steve Newtowner.

Steve was ripe. He was already accepted as a specialist in real-estate law, he was appetizing and his hair was brown and thick—it looked as though it would last. He had no bad habits, he owned a convertible and kept the top of his desk clean. Mab was going to swallow him—desk, car and all. He seemed willing.

But—a typical lawyer—he had kept himself wonderfully uncommitted. There were dinners and Sunday excursions but, as yet, no contract of marriage. But things were coming along, Mab felt. Steve thought he was [redacted]king *her*. He brought her books to read on the role of women in the careers of great men. When he considered her education complete—why, then, she would grab him. Maybe tonight.

Her intentions were honorable. She would cherish and obey Steve Newtowner, keep (Continued on Page 63)

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Post Scripts

Just Wait Until Tomorrow at 3:45 P.M.!

I received the following post card in the mail the other day from the Apex Real Estate Company:

YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT
Mr. & Mrs. Roger Fenwick
HAVE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE AT
1686 Sumac St.
BEING A GOOD NEIGHBOR, WE KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO CALL ON THEM AND WELCOME THEM TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

So I did:

"Hi, there, Mr. Fenwick! Welcome to the neighborhood!"

"What d'ya mean, ringin' a guy's doorbell and wakin' 'im up out of a sound sleep!"

"Out of a sound sleep? Gee, it's almost four o'clock in the afternoon. I didn't think you'd be ——"

"Listen, Buster, I work nights! Who the heck are you, anyhow?"

"Matteson is my name. I live in that red-brick house up the block there, and ——"

"And that gives you the right to go around bustin' in on people's sleep, I suppose!"

"Gee, Mr. Fenwick, I'm sorry. I really am. I mean ——"

"Well, what do you want, now you're here?"

"I just want to welcome you to the neighborhood is all."

"You wake me up out of a sound sleep for somethin' like that? You some kind of a real nut or somethin'?"

"I'm sorry I disturbed you, Mr. Fenwick."

"Yeah! You look like you feel real terrible about it!"

Along about midnight that night I was awakened by my front doorbell being just about rung off the wall. I struggled out of bed, wrestled on my robe and slippers, then floundered to the front door and opened it.

Mr. Fenwick was out at the curb, just climbing into his car to drive to work.

CHARLES A. MATTESON

"Er—this 'Cheap Skate's Special' sounds pretty good."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, I'll be running along, Arlene—it's getting late, and I see you're busy. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bitter End of a Love Affair

My love has walked away from me
And how my heart is sorrowed,
For now I know I'll never get
The money that he borrowed!

LOUISE MCCLANAHAN

So You're Buying a Night Club!

(A Few Rules)

1. Any headwaiter who is discovered accepting a gratuity of less than ten dollars will be dismissed without references.

2. A waiter must keep an alert eye on his patrons. The moment a couple get up to dance, he should rush their order to the table so that the *filet mignon* will have ample time to cool.

3. The good waiter will be immediately aware of his customers' return to the table and will whisk away the entree just before they pick up their forks.

4. It is essential that the strolling violinist be an expert at interpreting the diners' moods. He will lose no time in serenading a couple with *I'm in the Mood for Love* or *Star Dust* when he senses that they are in the middle of a quiet but sincere fight over redoing the family room.

5. Cigarette girls, photographers and flower vendors must likewise approach patrons at an appropriate time—at the moment when the husband has grudgingly agreed to think over the family-room project, for instance.

6. When a lady takes out a cigarette, the waiter must be ready to light it for her. However, he should wait until her escort has fumbled around in his pocket for matches and has lighted one. Then, as the waiter whips out his lighter toward the lady, he is able not only to do her a favor but to confound the gentleman, who looks pretty silly sitting there with a lighted match in his hand and nothing to light.

7. Many women have difficulty selecting a dessert from the pastry tray. A thoughtful waiter can help the lady by ignoring her first three choices and serving her something completely different Two times out of ten it will be what she would have ended up with anyway.

HILARIE BROWN

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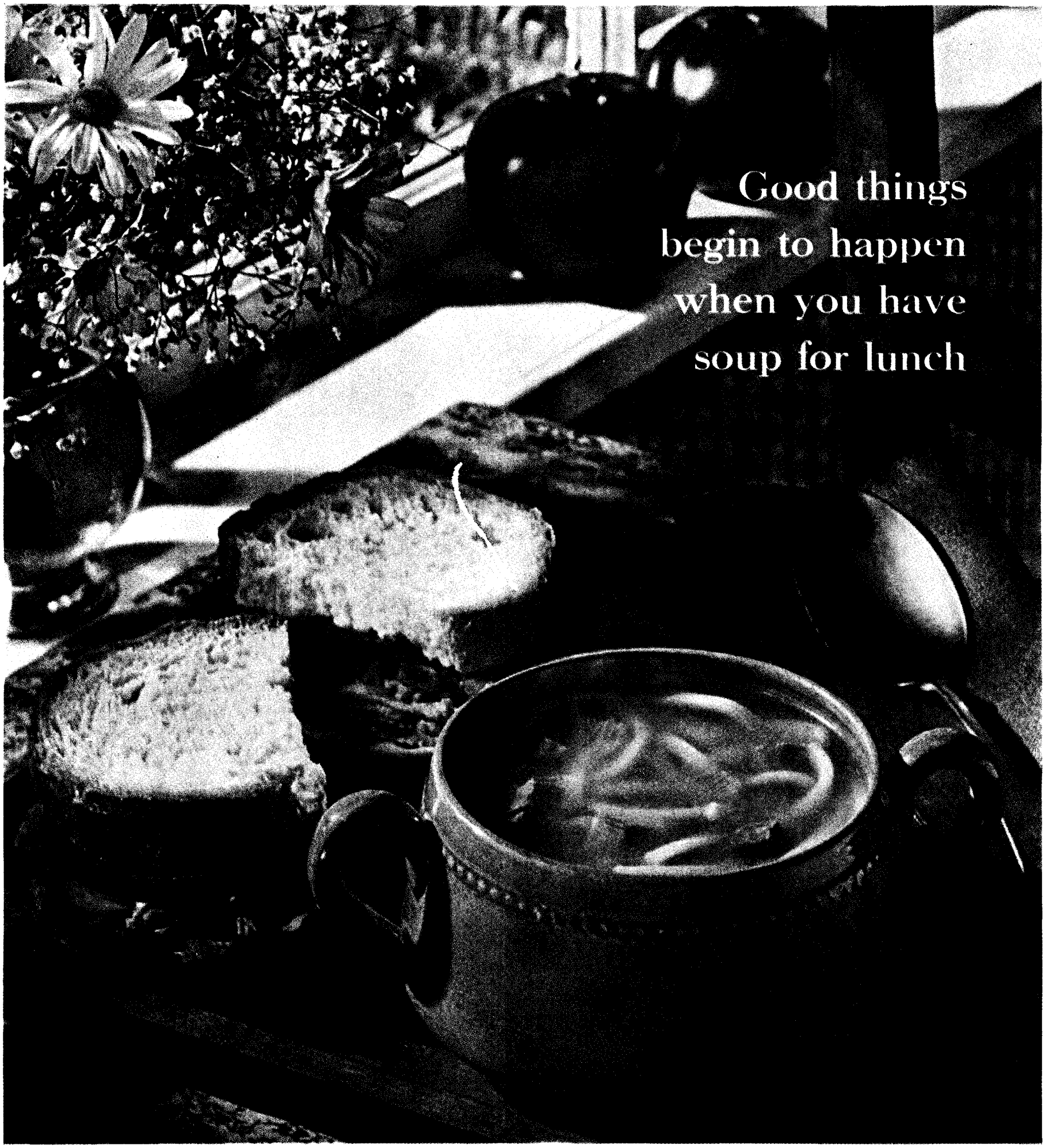
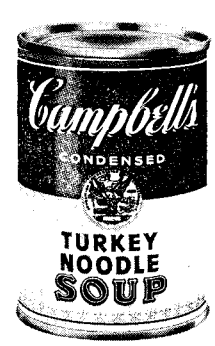


M'm! M'm! Good! Delicious Turkey Noodle Soup. It makes this cold sandwich lunch hot and even more nourishing . . . with its healthy helping of enriched egg noodles and tender turkey pieces. Its hearty turkey broth smells so good, tastes so good—it makes you feel good, too. For soup gives you the nourishment of good natural foods. It makes almost any good meal even *better*.



Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

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Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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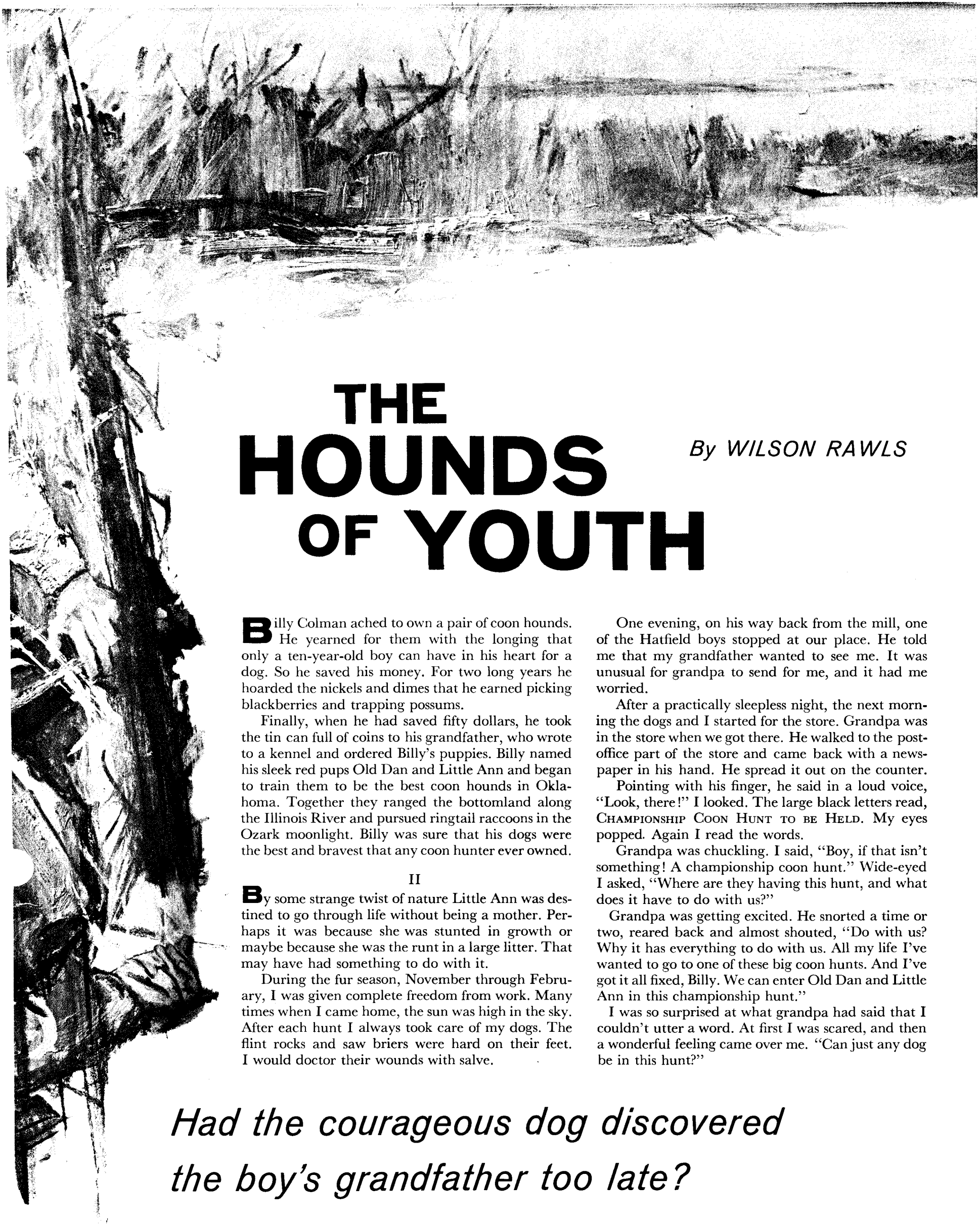

THE HOUNDS OF YOUTH

By WILSON RAWLS

Billy Colman ached to own a pair of coon hounds. He yearned for them with the longing that only a ten-year-old boy can have in his heart for a dog. So he saved his money. For two long years he hoarded the nickels and dimes that he earned picking blackberries and trapping possums.

Finally, when he had saved fifty dollars, he took the tin can full of coins to his grandfather, who wrote to a kennel and ordered Billy's puppies. Billy named his sleek red pups Old Dan and Little Ann and began to train them to be the best coon hounds in Oklahoma. Together they ranged the bottomland along the Illinois River and pursued ringtail raccoons in the Ozark moonlight. Billy was sure that his dogs were the best and bravest that any coon hunter ever owned.

II

By some strange twist of nature Little Ann was destined to go through life without being a mother. Perhaps it was because she was stunted in growth or maybe because she was the runt in a large litter. That may have had something to do with it.

During the fur season, November through February, I was given complete freedom from work. Many times when I came home, the sun was high in the sky. After each hunt I always took care of my dogs. The flint rocks and saw briers were hard on their feet. I would doctor their wounds with salve.

One evening, on his way back from the mill, one of the Hatfield boys stopped at our place. He told me that my grandfather wanted to see me. It was unusual for grandpa to send for me, and it had me worried.

After a practically sleepless night, the next morning the dogs and I started for the store. Grandpa was in the store when we got there. He walked to the post-office part of the store and came back with a newspaper in his hand. He spread it out on the counter.

Pointing with his finger, he said in a loud voice, "Look, there!" I looked. The large black letters read, CHAMPIONSHIP COON HUNT TO BE HELD. My eyes popped. Again I read the words.

Grandpa was chuckling. I said, "Boy, if that isn't something! A championship coon hunt." Wide-eyed I asked, "Where are they having this hunt, and what does it have to do with us?"

Grandpa was getting excited. He snorted a time or two, reared back and almost shouted, "Do with us? Why it has everything to do with us. All my life I've wanted to go to one of these big coon hunts. And I've got it all fixed, Billy. We can enter Old Dan and Little Ann in this championship hunt."

I was so surprised at what grandpa had said that I couldn't utter a word. At first I was scared, and then a wonderful feeling came over me. "Can just any dog be in this hunt?"

Had the courageous dog discovered the boy's grandfather too late?

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Grandpa almost jumped as he answered, "No, sir, not just any hound can be entered. They have to be the best, and they have to be registered too."

He started talking with his hands. Pointing to a chair, he said, "Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it."

Grandpa calmed down a little and started talking in a serious voice. "Billy," he said, "it takes some doing to have a set of dogs entered in this hunt. I've been working on this for months. I've written letters on top of letters. I've even had several good friends in town helping me. You see, I've kept a record of all the coons your dogs have caught, and believe me, their catch is up there with the best of them. Now, I have already paid the entry fee and everything is fixed. All we have to do is go."

"Entry fee? How much did it cost?" I asked.

"You let me worry about that," he said. "Now what do you say? Want to give it a whirl? I understand the winner receives a gold cup, and you never can tell, we might come home with it. We have as good a chance as anyone else."

Grandpa had me so worked up by this time that I didn't think anyone else had any good hounds but me.

I reared back and blurted, "It's all right with me, grandpa. Just tell me what to do."

Grandpa slapped the counter with his hand. In a pent-up voice he said, "That's the boy! That's the way I like to hear a coon hunter talk." He waited a minute, then went on. "Now let's see. The hunt starts on the twenty-fourth. That's about—well this is the seventeenth." Counting on his fingers, he finally figured it out. "That's seven days from now," he said in a jubilant voice.

I nodded my head.

"We can leave here early on the morning of the twenty-second," he said, "and, barring accidents, we should make the campground in plenty of time for the grand opening."

I asked how we were going.

"We'll go in my buggy," he said. "I'll load the tent and everything the night before."

I asked him what he wanted me to bring.

"Nothing," he said, "but these two little hounds, and you be here early; and I believe I'd let these dogs rest, cause we want them in tiptop shape when we get there."

I saw the thinking wrinkles bunch up on grandpa's forehead. "You reckon your daddy would like to go?" he asked.

"I'll ask him," I said, "but you know how papa is. The farm comes first with him."

"I know," grandpa said, "but you ask him anyway and tell him what I said. Now, you had better be heading for home."

On my way home I didn't walk on the ground. I was way up in the clouds, just skipping along. With a song I told the sycamore trees and the popeyed gray squirrels how happy I was.

When I reached the house, I told papa all about it and that we were to go in grandpa's buggy and that he wanted papa to go with us.

I waited in silence for his reply. Papa sat there staring off into space, sipping his coffee. Finally he said, "I'd sure like to go, but I don't see how I can with all this work around here."

Then mamma started talking. "Work?" she said. "Why, all the work is practically done. I don't know of one thing you couldn't put off for a few days. Why don't you go? You haven't been anywhere since I don't know when."

"It's not only the work I'm thinking of," papa said. "It's you and the girls."

"Why, don't worry about the girls and me," mamma said. "We'll be all right. Besides, it'll be several months yet before I need any help."

When mamma said this, it dawned on me. I had been so busy with my coon hunting I hadn't noticed anything unusual. Mamma's tummy was all swelled up. She was going to have a baby. I felt guilty for not having noticed. I went over and put my arms around her and kissed her.

Papa spoke up. "It's sure going to be a big hunt," he said. "I heard something about it up at the store one day."

"Grandpa said there would be hunters there from everywhere," I said. "Besides, the winner receives a big golden cup."

"Do you think you have a chance to win the cup?" papa asked.

I started to answer him when the little one piped up. "They can't beat Old Dan and Little Ann," she said. "I just bet they can't."

Everyone laughed at her serious remark. I would have kissed her, but she had corn bread and molasses all over her face.

I saw a pleased smile spread over papa's face. He stood up. "All right, I'll go," he said, "and by golly, we'll bring that gold cup back too."

My sisters started clapping their hands and squealing with delight. A satisfied smile spread over my mother's face. My little sister, saying not a word, climbed down from her chair. No one said anything. We just watched her. Still clutching a spoon in her small hand, she came around the table and walked up to me. Looking down at the floor, in a bashful voice she asked, "Can I have the gold cup?"

The morning of the twenty-second finally dawned. After a good breakfast, we kissed mamma good-by and started for the store. When we reached the store, we saw the team was already hitched to the buggy. Grandpa had loaded the tent and several boxes of groceries.

I had never seen him in such high spirits. He slapped papa on the back, saying, "I'm sure glad you could go with us. It'll do you good to get out once in a while."

Papa laughed and said, "It looked like I had to go or have everyone in the family mad at me."

I crawled up in the buggy box with my dogs and hung my feet out. Grandma came over and asked me about warm clothes. I told her I had plenty. She kissed me good-by, and we were on our way.

About the middle of the afternoon we stopped at a small stream to water the team. Papa asked grandpa if he intended to go all the way to the campground before stopping.

"No," he said, "I figure to put up for the night when we reach Bluebird Creek. With a good early start in the morning we can make the campground in plenty of time to pitch our tent and set up camp."

Late that evening we reached Bluebird Creek. We made a lean-to and built a large fire out in front of it. While grandpa fed and watered the team, papa and I carried our bedding to the shelter and made down our beds.

Grandpa said, "While we're cooking supper, you see to your dogs. Feed them and fix them a warm bed."

With supper over and the dishes washed, grandpa said, "Well, we had better turn in as I want to get an early start in the morning."

Breakfast over, and our gear stowed back in the buggy, we left Bluebird Creek. On that day grandpa drove a little faster than he had on the previous one. I was glad of this, for I was anxious to reach the campground.

About noon he stopped the team. I heard him ask papa, "Is this Black Fox Hollow?"

"No," papa said. "This is Waterfall. Black Fox is the next one over. Why?"

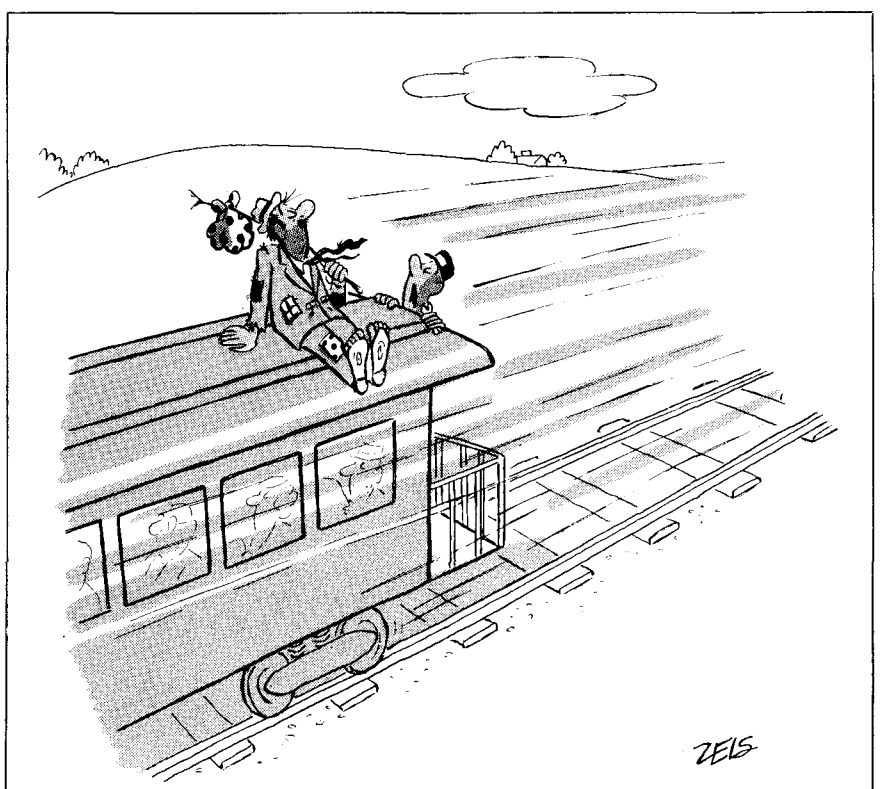
"Well," grandpa said, "there's supposed to be a white flag in the mouth of Black Fox. That's where we leave the road. The camp is in the river bottom."

I saw the flag first. "There it is, grandpa," I shouted.

"Where?" he asked.

"Over there. See, tied on that grapevine."

When we came in sight of the camp, I couldn't believe what I saw. I stared in amazement. I had never seen so many people at one gathering. Tents were spread out over an acre and a half of ground; all colors, shapes and sizes. There were odd-looking cars, buggies, wagons and saddle horses.



"May I see your ticket, please?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I heard grandpa say almost in a whisper, "I knew there would be a lot of people here, but I never expected so many."

Off to one side of the camp, under a large black-gum tree, we set up our tent. I tied my dogs to the buggy and fixed a nice bed for them under it. After everything was taken care of, I asked if I could look around the camp.

"Sure," grandpa said. "Go any place you want to go, only don't get in anyone's way."

I started walking through the large camp. Everyone was friendly. I looked at the hounds. They were tied in pairs here and there. I had seen many coon hounds, but none that could equal these. They were redbones, blueticks, Walkers and bloodhounds. I marveled at their beauty. All were spotlessly clean with coats slick and glossy. I saw the beautiful leather leashes and brass-studded collars.

I thought of my dogs. They were tied with small cotton ropes and had collars made from old check-line leather.

Walking back through the camp, I could feel the cold fingers of doubt squeezing my heart. One look at my dogs drove all doubt away. In the eyes of Little Ann, it seemed, I could read this message: "Don't worry. Just wait. We'll show them."

That night grandpa said, "Tomorrow they'll have a contest for the best-looking hound. Which one are you going to enter?"

I told him I didn't think I'd enter either one of my dogs. They were so little. I didn't think they had a chance. Grandpa got all huffed up. He said, "It doesn't make any difference how little they are. They're coon hounds, aren't they? Now, which one are you going to enter?"

I couldn't decide. I said, "I'll think it over tonight and let you know tomorrow."

The next morning when I stepped outside the tent I saw men everywhere. They were combing and brushing their dogs and getting them pruned for the beauty contest. Beautiful combs and brushes were used to brush expensive oils into their glossy hair.

Going over to my dogs, I stood and looked at them. I started to untie Old Dan but, taking a closer look at him, I could see he could never win a beauty contest. His face and ears were a mass of old scars, caused from the many fights with tough old coons and bobcats. I held his head in my hands and felt sorry for him, but loved him that much more.

I looked Little Ann over and couldn't see any scars. I laughed because I knew why. She was too smart to walk right up in the face of a fight. She would wait until Old Dan took hold and then dart in.

I untied her rope and walked her over to our tent. My father and grandfather were gone. No doubt they were over in some tent visiting old friends and making new ones. Looking around to find something I could use to groom my dog, I saw grandpa's open suitcase. There, right on top, was the very thing I needed—his beautiful bone-handled hairbrush and his ivory comb. I picked them up and turned them over and over in my hand.

Little Ann stood looking at me. Impulsively I reached down and raked her from shoulder to hip with the brush. She seemed to like it. I knew I shouldn't do it, but I decided to use them. Knowing I had no oils, I got some butter from our grocery box. With the homemade butter and grandpa's hair set, I brushed her until she shone. All the time I was grooming her, she tried to lick the butter from my hands.

Hearing a movement outside, I looked out. Men were (*Continued on Page 47*)

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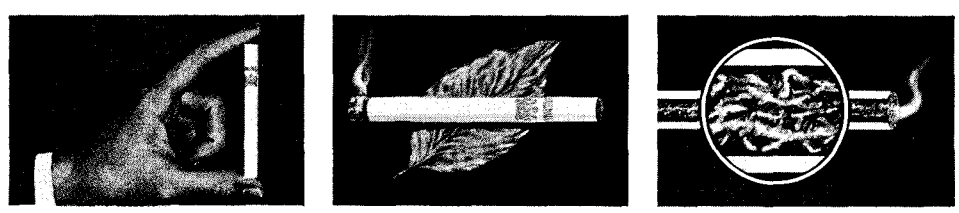
Taste PALL MALL...so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

Good-looking, Good-tasting, Good-smoking Pall Mall!

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, good-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally. Travels it...

3 Over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, good-tasting tobaccos—and makes it mild!

Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

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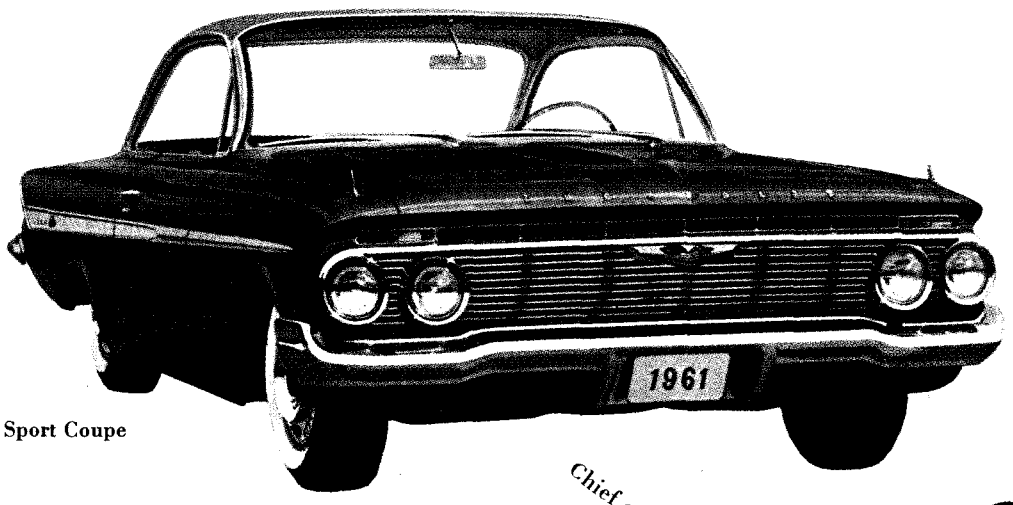
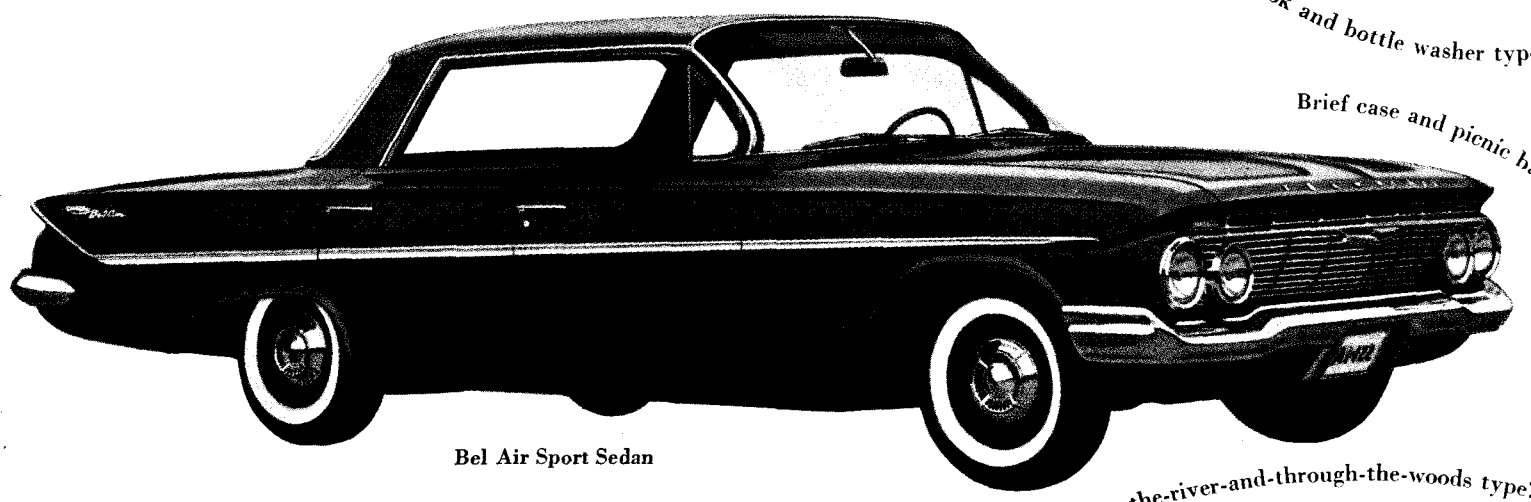
Whatever you're like . . . Chevy's



Impala Sport Coupe

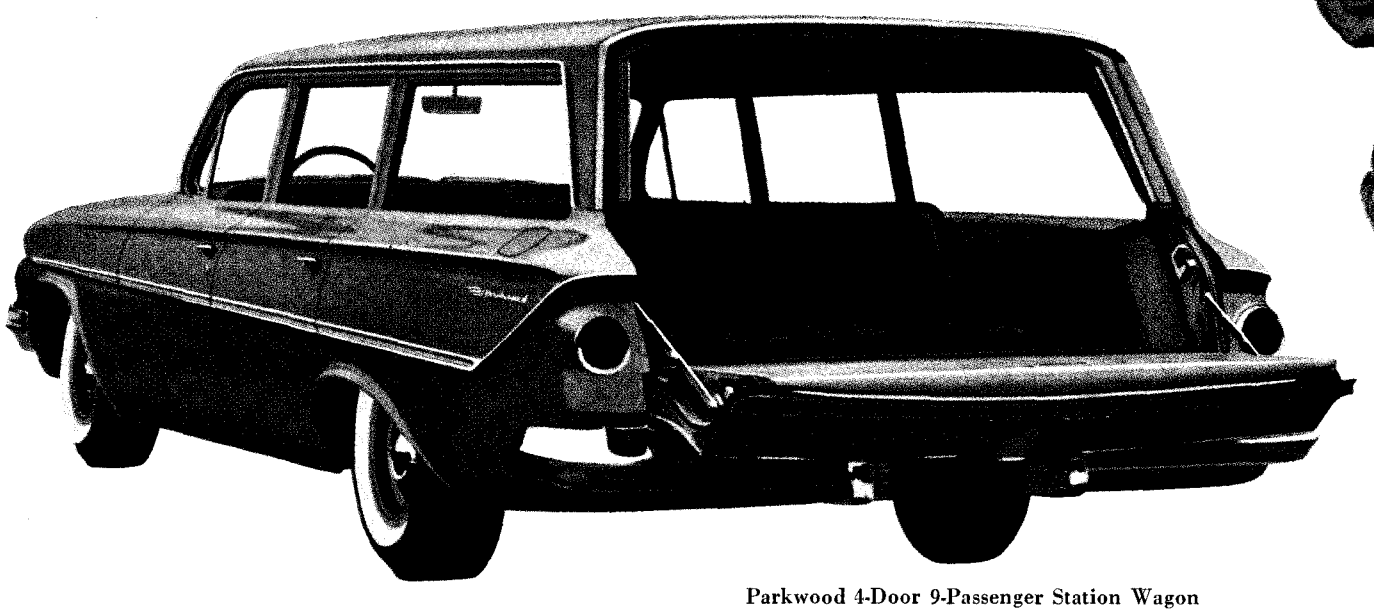
Chief cook and bottle washer type?

Brief case and picnic basket type?



Bel Air Sport Sedan

Over-the-river-and-through-the-woods type?



Parkwood 4-Door 9-Passenger Station Wagon

Here are the most useable, liveable, likeable cars that ever came into your life. These new Chevrolets make just about everything you do with a car easier . . . from their easier-to-park new size to their easier-to-pack new luggage compartment. Wider door openings make getting in and out easier. Chevy's Jet-smooth ride makes for easier going. And Chevy's wide, wide choice makes it easier than ever to choose just the car you want!

Nobody else has Chevy's knack of making things easy for you and your budget. You can pay a lot more, but you just can't get more luxury and smooth riding comfort than you'll find in those new Impalas. Or—if you want all-out economy with your comfort—the new Biscaynes give you a full measure of Chevy's Body by Fisher roominess at small-car prices. Wagons? There are six to pick from—three 6-passenger and three 9-passenger models. Stop by your Chevy dealer's one-stop shopping center and see if doesn't come up with *exactly* the car you have in mi

. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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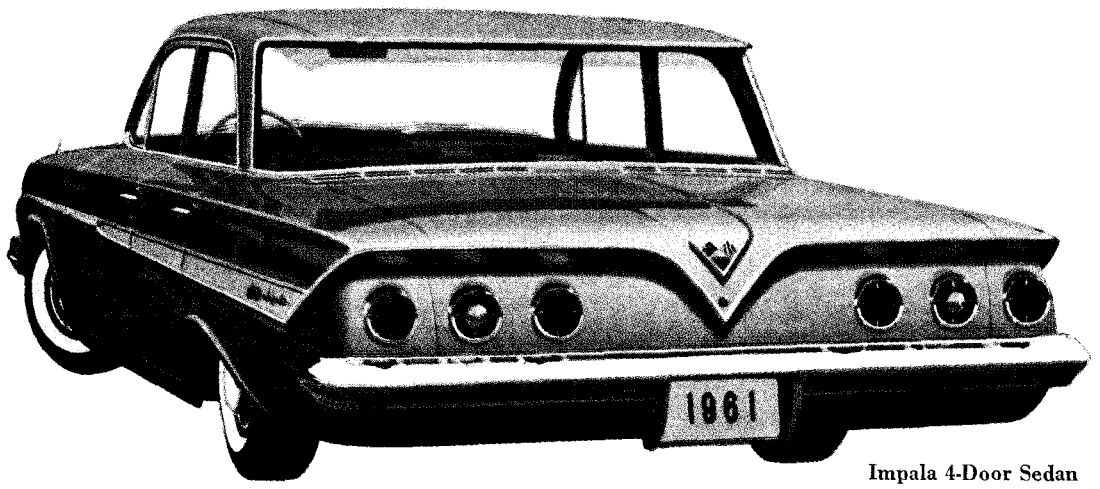
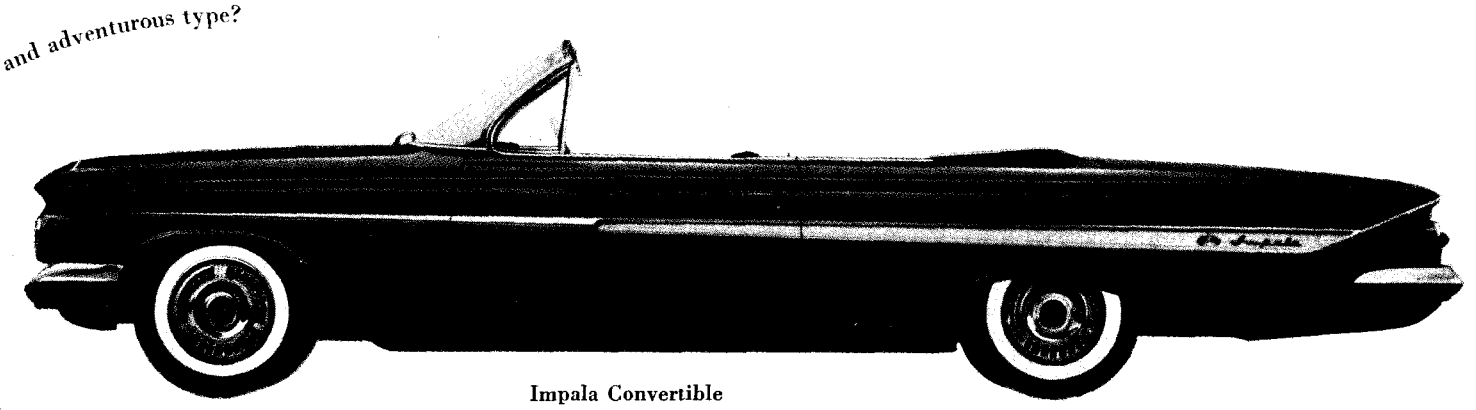
nost likely to have what you want!



Impala 4-Door Sedan

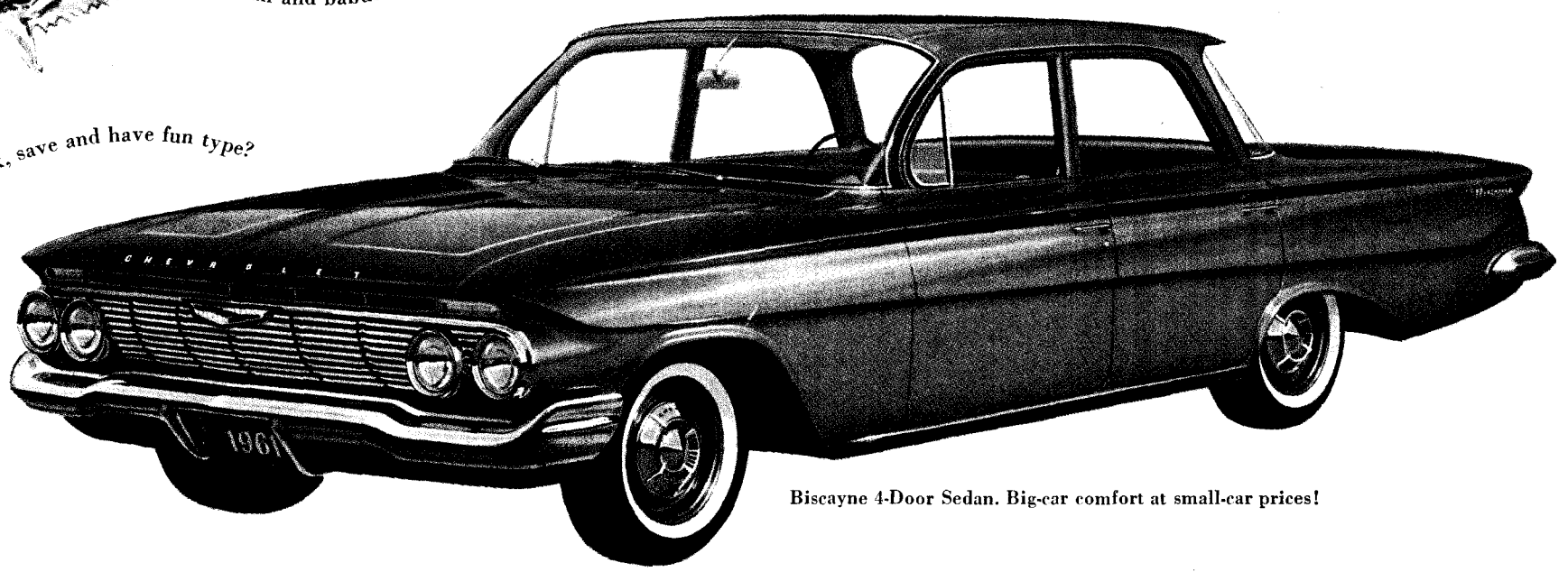
Active and adventurous type?



Impala Convertible

Suntan and babushka type?

Work, save and have fun type?



Biscayne 4-Door Sedan. Big-car comfort at small-car prices!

mpala Sport Coupe—Door openings are over a half-foot wider nd entrance height has been raised nearly 2 inches to make etting in and out easier. ***Bel Air Sport Sedan***—The lowest priced -door hardtop in Chevrolet's field. Like all '61 Chevies, gives ou higher, more comfortable seats—plus generous head room. ***'arkwood 4-Door 9-Passenger Station Wagon***—Its whopping argo opening is nearly 5 feet across. ***Impala 4-Door Sedan***—Hives you a choice of 24 power teams (biggest selection in the ıdustry). ***Impala Convertible***—That giant new deep-well trunk ·t· you stack luggage 15% higher, and the loading height has brought down to bumper level. ***Biscayne 4-Door Sedan***—cramp your style with a cut-down car when these Biscaynes ell for the same price?

'61 CHEVROLET

More good news about Chevy's Corvair on the next page.

JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

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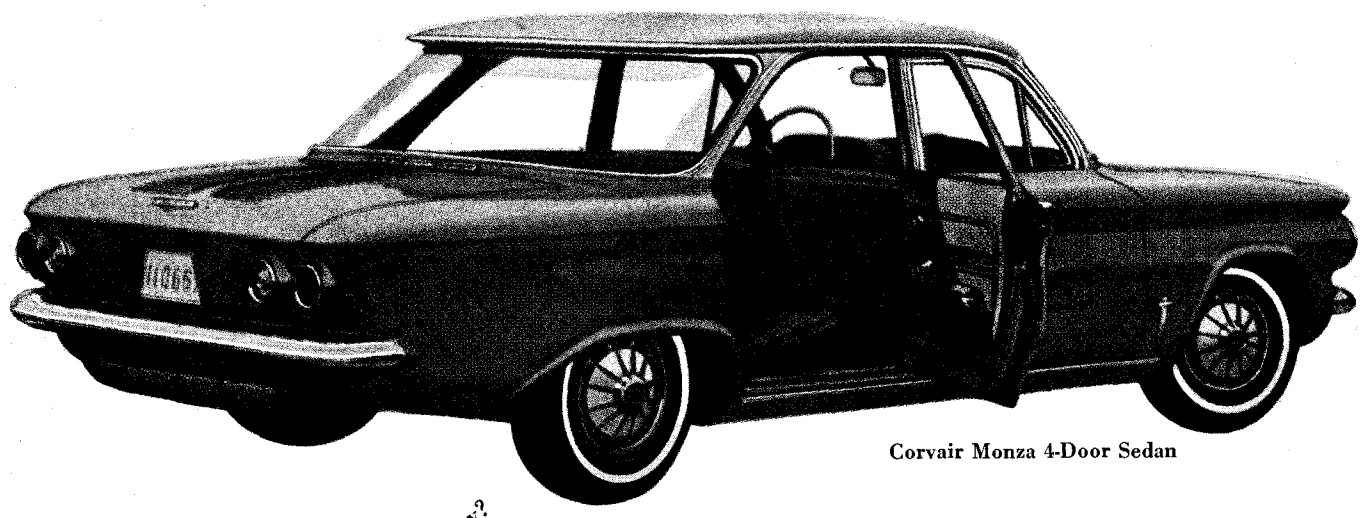
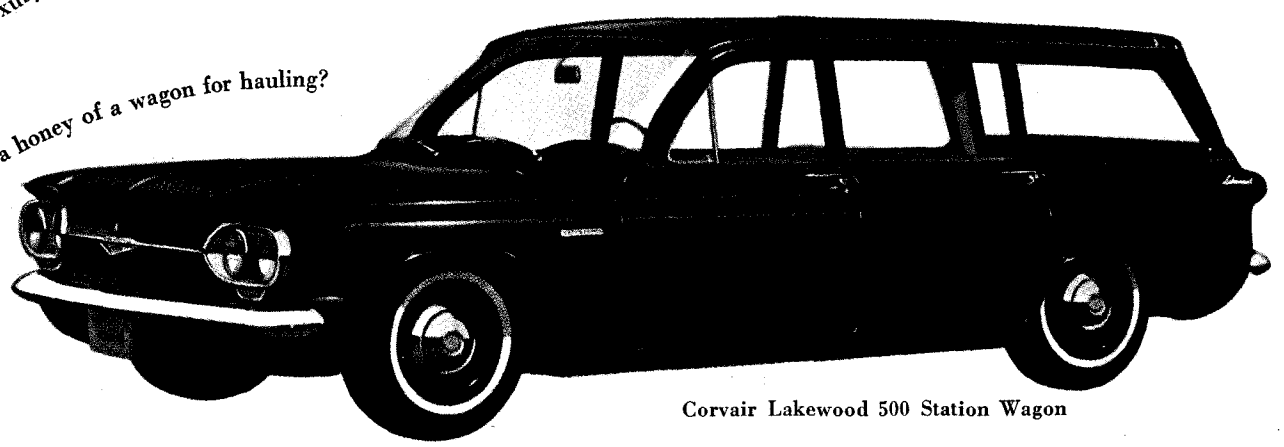
Corvair's thrifty, sure...and you get a whole lot more to go for!



Corvair Monza 4-Door Sedan

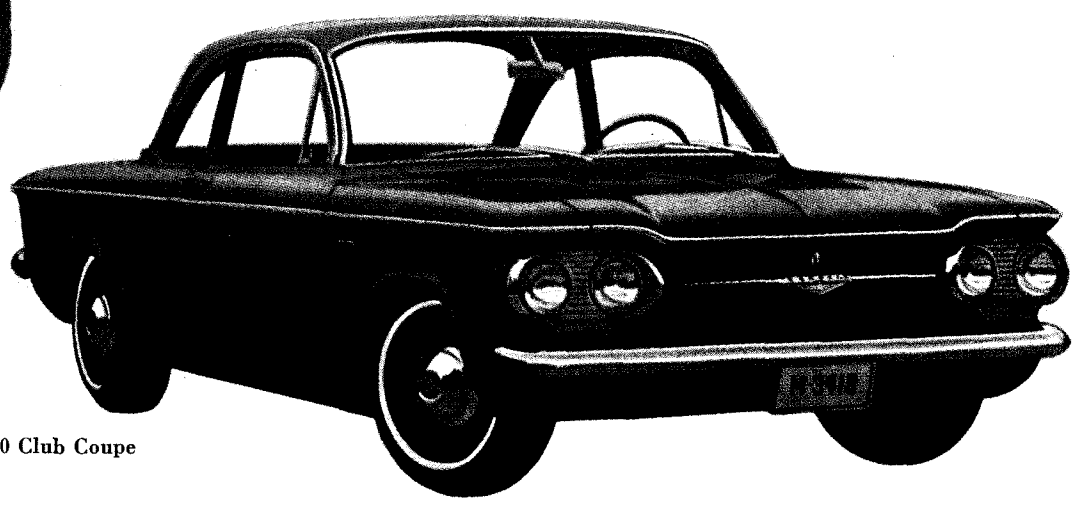
Want budget-sized luxury?

Want a honey of a wagon for hauling?



Corvair Lakewood 500 Station Wagon

Want thoroughgoing thrift?



Corvair 700 Club Coupe

Outside of costing less than you might think, and besides going miles and miles on a gallon of gas, and beyond the savings on the antifreeze you don't have to buy—what does Corvair do for you? Well, Corvair treats you to some of the pleasantest driving you're likely to come across. Its tender ride comes from independent suspension all around, its light steering from the rear engine. Get close to a Corvair soon—at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Corvair Monza 4-Door—Meet the newest Corvair: the Monza 4-Door. Lots of luggage space under the hood, and you can get bucket-type seats up front (optional at extra cost). ***4-Door Lakewood 500 Station Wagon***—This light-handling wagon gives you up to 68 cubic feet of cargo space. ***700 Club Coupe***—Cars just don't come much more agreeable than this one, what with its tenacious rear-engine traction and all.

'61 CHEVY CORVAIR

corvair

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(*Continued from Page 42*) setting their dogs on a long table which had been built in the center of the campground. Leading Little Ann to it, I picked her up and set her on the table too. I told her to act like a lady. She wagged her tail as though she understood. I untied the rope and stepped back.

After the dogs were all lined up, the judging started. Four judges walked around and around the table, looking at the dogs from all angles. When one of them would point at a hound, he was taken down and eliminated from the contest. Dog after dog was disqualified. Little Ann was still on the table.

My eyes were wide, my throat dry and my heart thumping. One judge stopped in front of Little Ann. My heart stopped too. Reaching over, he patted her on the head.

Turning to me, he asked, "Is this your dog?"

I couldn't speak. I just nodded my head.

He said, "She's a beautiful hound."

He walked on down the line. My heart started beating again.

There were eight dogs left. Little Ann was still holding her own. Then there were four. I was ready to cry. Two more were taken down. Little Ann and a big Walker hound owned by a Mr. Kyle were the only ones left. The judges couldn't eem to make up their minds.

Everyone started shouting, "Walk them! Walk them!"

I didn't know what they meant. Mr. Kyle and I were told to go to one end of the table. Our dogs were placed at the other end. Mr. Kyle snapped his fingers and called to his dog. The big hound started walking toward his master. What a beautiful sight it was. He walked like a king. His body was stiff and straight, his head high in the air and his large muscles quivered and jerked under his glossy coat, but something went wrong. Just before he reached the end, he broke his stride, turned and jumped down from the table.

A low murmur ran through the crowd.

It was my turn. Three times I tried to call to Little Ann. Words just wouldn't come out. My throat was too dry. The vocal cords refused to work, but I could snap my fingers. That was all I needed. She started toward me. I held my breath. There was silence all around me.

As graceful as any queen, with her head high in the air and her long, red tail arched in a perfect rainbow, my little dog walked down the table. With her warm gray eyes staring straight at me, on she came. Walking up to me, she laid her head on my shoulder. As I put my arms around her, the crowd exploded.

During the commotion I felt hands slapping me on the back and heard the word "congratulations" time after time. The head judge came over and made a speech. Handing me a small silver cup, he said, "Congratulations, son. It was justly won."

The tears came rolling. I gathered my dog up in my arms and walked to our tent. Grandpa followed, proudly carrying the cup.

That evening, while we were having supper, a hunter dropped by. He had a small box in his hand. He said, "Everyone has agreed that we should have a jackpot for the winner. I've been picked to do the collecting."

Grandpa said, "You may as well leave it here now."

Smiling, the hunter thanked grandpa for his contribution, wished us luck and moved on.

Later the head judge stepped up on the long table. He shouted, "Over here, men! I have some announcements to make."

We all gathered around.

In a loud voice he said, "Gentlemen, the contest will start tonight. I'm sure most of you men have been in these hunts before. For those of you who haven't, I will explain the rules. Each night five sets of dogs will be taken out to hunt. A judge will go along with each pair of hounds. Every morning the judges will turn in that night's catch. The two hounds that tree the most coons will qualify for the championship runoff. The other four sets will be eliminated from the hunt. Of course, if there is a tie, both sets will qualify. On the following nights, only those hounds tying the first night's score, or getting more, will be in the runoff.

"Now, gentlemen, this hunt must be carried out in a sportsmanlike way. If the coon is treed where he can't be caught, such as in a bluff, it will not be counted. You must catch the coon, skin it and turn the hide over to your judge.

"You are allowed to take an ax, a lantern and a gun with bird shot, which you can use to get a coon out of a tree.

"Twenty-five sets of hounds have been entered in the hunt. In this box I have twenty-five cards. Everyone in the contest will now line up for the drawing. The card you draw will tell you what night your hounds are to hunt."

When it came my time to draw, my hand was shaking so hard I could hardly get it in the box. Pulling the card out, I saw I had drawn the fourth night.

In the afternoon of the fourth day, our judge came over and introduced himself. He told us that he'd be going with us that night. About sundown we piled into our buggy and drove a few miles downriver. I noticed other hunters doing the same thing. Everyone was trying to get away from the already-hunted territory.

It was dark by the time grandpa stopped. I untied the ropes from my dogs. Little Ann reared up on me and whined. Old Dan walked off a few yards, stretched his body and dragged his claws through the soft bottom soil. Opening his mouth, he let out one loud bawl and then disappeared in the thick timber. Little Ann was right on his heels.

We walked on. Every now and then we would stop and listen. I could hear the loud snuffing of Old Dan. Once we caught a glimpse of Little Ann as she darted across an opening that was bathed in moonlight. She was as silent as a ghost and as quick as a flitting shadow. Then we heard her bell-like cry.

In a whisper I said, "Come on, Dan. Hurry and help her."

As if in answer to my words, his deep voice hammered its way up through the river bottom.

The coon was running upriver toward our campground. We turned and followed. Then the coon crossed the river and continued on upstream. Soon my dogs were out of hearing distance. Twenty minutes later we heard them coming back. We stopped.

"I think they have crossed back to our side," I said.

All at once the voices of my dogs were drowned out by a loud roar.

"What in the world was that?" grandpa said.

The judge started laughing. "I know what it is," he said. "Those hounds have run that coon right back by our camp. The noise we heard was the other hunters whooping to them."

Everyone laughed. A few minutes later I heard my dogs bawling "treed." On reaching the tree papa ran his hand back under his coat. He pulled out grandpa's gun.

"That's a funny-looking gun," the judge said. "It's a 410-gauge pistol, isn't it?"

"It's the very thing for this kind of work," papa said. "You couldn't kill a coon with it if you tried, especially if you're using bird shot. All it will do is sting his hide a little."

At the crack of the gun the coon gave a loud squall and jumped. My dogs lost no time in killing him. We skinned the coon and soon were on our way again.

The next time my dogs treed, they were across the river from us. Finding a riffle, we pulled off our shoes and started across.

Grandpa very gingerly started picking his way. His tender old feet moved from one smooth rock to another. Everything was fine until we reached midstream, where the current was much swifter. He stepped on a loose round rock. It rolled and down he went. As the cold river water touched his body, he let out a yell that could have been heard for miles. He looked so funny that we couldn't keep from laughing.

Papa and the judge helped him to his feet. Laughing every step of the way, we finally reached the other side. Grandpa kept going in his wet clothes until we reached the tree where the dogs were.

After killing the coon we built a large fire so grandpa could dry his clothes. He'd get up as close to the fire as he could and turn this way and that. He looked funny standing there with his long handles steaming.

The judge looked at his watch. "It's after three o'clock," he said. "Do you think they'll tree another one?"

As if to throw the words back in the judge's face, Old Dan opened up. I stood up and whooped. "Whoo-e-e! Get him, Dan! Get him! Put him up a little tree."

There was a mad scramble. Grandpa tried to put his britches on backward. The judge and papa ran over to help him with his shoes. Each one tried to put a shoe on the wrong foot. I was laughing so hard that I could do nothing.

My dogs had jumped the coon in swampland. The coon tore out for the river bottom. I could tell they were close to him by their fast bawling. All at once their baying stopped. We stood still and listened. Old Dan bawled "treed" a few more times and then stopped.

Coming up to my dogs, we saw they were working up and down an old rail fence. We stood and watched. Every now and then Old Dan would rear up on a large hackberry tree that was standing about seven feet from the fence and bawl "treed."

As yet Little Ann had not bawled the tree bark. We watched her. She was working elsewhere. She climbed up on the rail fence and followed its zigzag course until she disappeared in the darkness. I told papa I was sure the coon had walked the rail fence and in some way had fooled my dogs.

"Maybe you had better call them off," grandpa said. "We can go someplace else and hunt. We've got to get one more coon, even if I have to tree it myself."

"It's getting daylight," papa said.

At that moment the loud clear voice of a redbone hound, bawling "treed," rang through the river bottom. It was the voice of Little Ann.

Sucking in a mouthful of air, I held it. I could feel my heart pounding against my ribs. I closed my eyes tight and gritted my teeth to keep the tears from coming.

"Let's go to them," grandpa said.

"No, wait a minute," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Wait till Old Dan gets there," I said. "It's daylight now, and if we walk up to the tree, the coon will jump out. It's hard to keep a coon in a tree after daylight. Let's wait until Old Dan gets there. Then, if he jumps, he won't have a chance to get away."

"The boy's right," the judge said. "It's hard to keep a coon in a tree after daybreak."

Just then we heard Old Dan. His deep voice shattered the morning silence. Searching for the lost trail, he had crossed the fence and worked his way out into an old field. Turning around, we saw him coming. He was a red blur in the gray morning shadows. Coming to the rail fence, and without breaking his stride, he raised his body into the air. After halfway over and while still in the air, he bawled.

Hitting the ground with a loud grunt, he ran past us. Everyone whooped to him. Ahead was a deep washout about ten feet wide. On the other side was a canebrake. His long, red body—stretched to its fullest length—seemed to float in the air as he sailed over it. We could hear the tall stalks rattling as he plowed his way through them. A bunch of sleepy snowbirds rose from the thick cane, flitted over and settled in a row on the old rail fence.

Nearing the tree, we could see it was a tall sycamore (*Continued on Page 50*)

"You haven't said a word all evening, Barbara, except 'ouch'."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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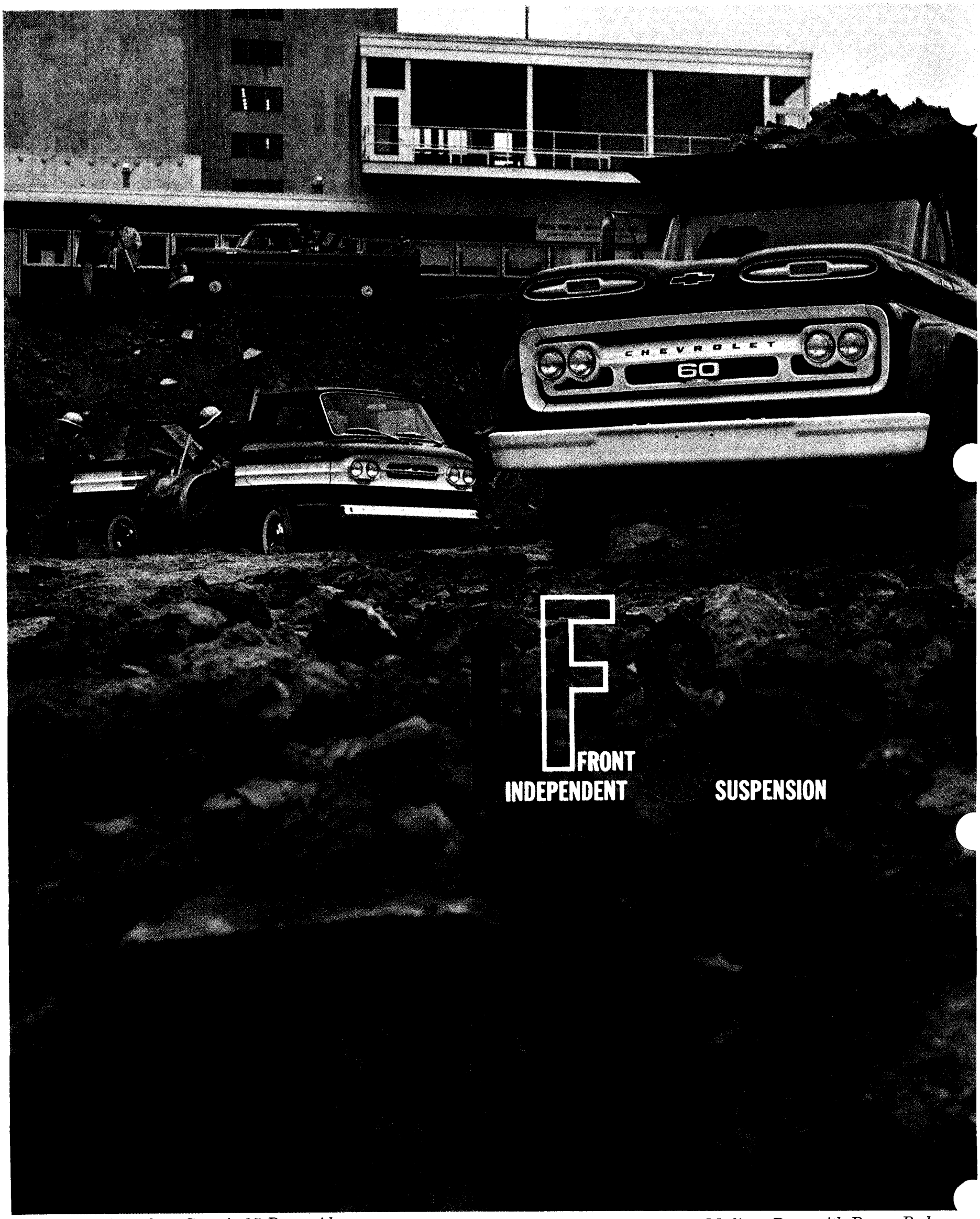

Fleetside Pickup above Corvair 95 Rampside

Medium-Duty with Dump Body

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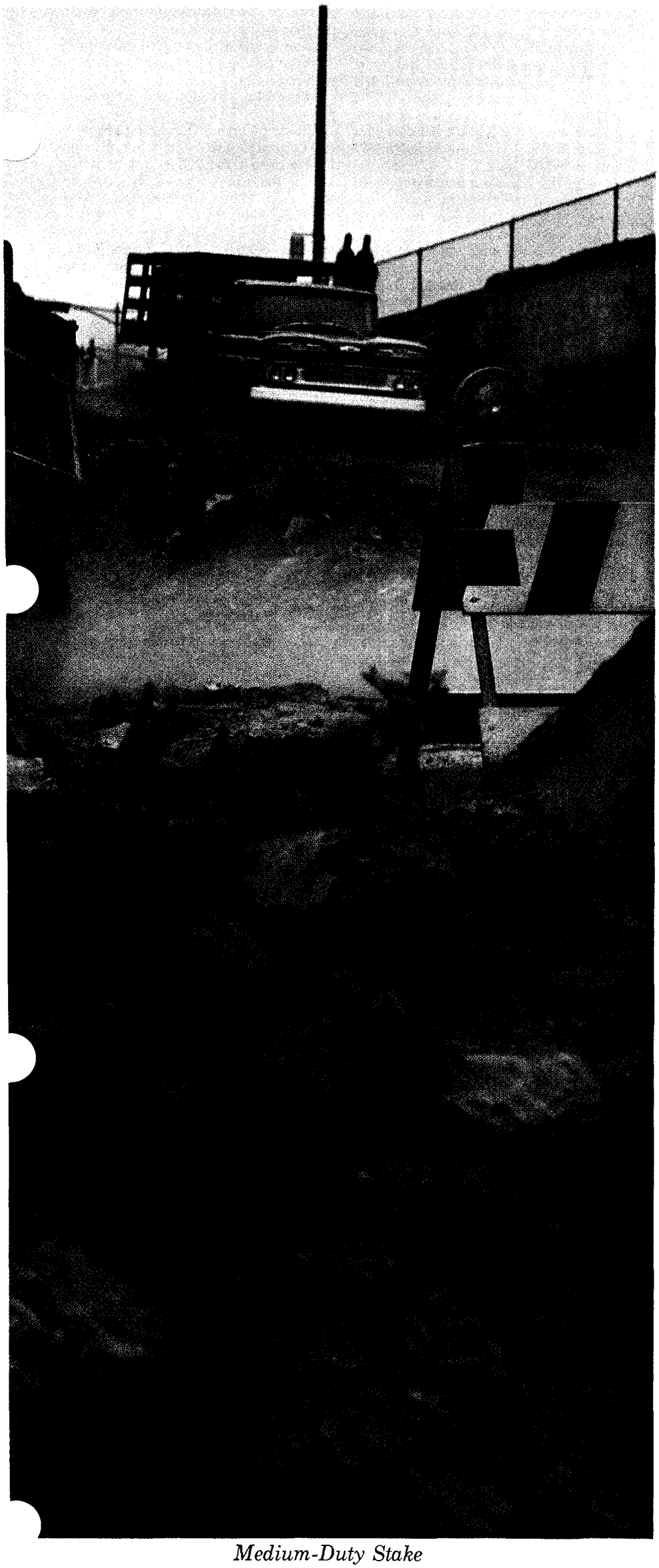


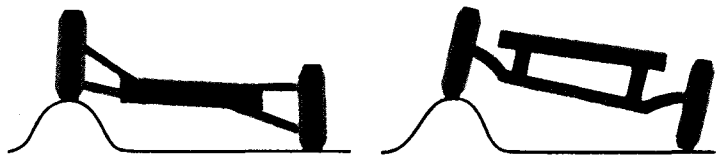
Medium-Duty Stake

THEY GET JOBS DONE FASTER

(BUT TAKE THEIR TIME GROWING OLD)

Watch a Chevy working on any heavy construction project. Talk to the Texas contractor whose Chevy walks over sandy terrain where other trucks spin their wheels. Or the California petroleum gas hauler who's upped his daily delivery by 1,200 gallons with a middleweight Chevy on the pulling end.

All over the country and in every weight class truck owners are putting their faith in I.F.S.—*Independent Front Suspension*. They've seen it's the big reason a Chevrolet truck can move faster over truck-killing terrain to get more done in a day. ("I used to take some rough roads at from 5 to 8 miles an hour," the driver of the petroleum gas truck states. "Now I can go 30 over them.") Truck owners also see that while efficiency goes up, operating costs come down. A Chevy can ride the rough runs without shaking up the driver and the load, and without subjecting the body and sheet metal to excessive stress and strain. The truck lasts longer, keeps working for extra thousands of miles. If you think this is just talk, read the specs and take a ride. Then try to name another truck that compares with this one. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



With Chevy's INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION design (at left) each wheel flexes independently, keeps the truck and the load virtually level with the road; minimizes tire abuse as well as stress and strain on chassis, body and sheet metal. The ordinary I-BEAM FRONT AXLE (at right) is the type most other trucks still have—a stiff-beam design that can't help but transmit road shock and vibration from one wheel to the other and right up through the chassis, the cab and the load.

CHEVY I F S TRUCKS

FRONT INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

THEY WORK HARDER BECAUSE THEY RIDE EASIER

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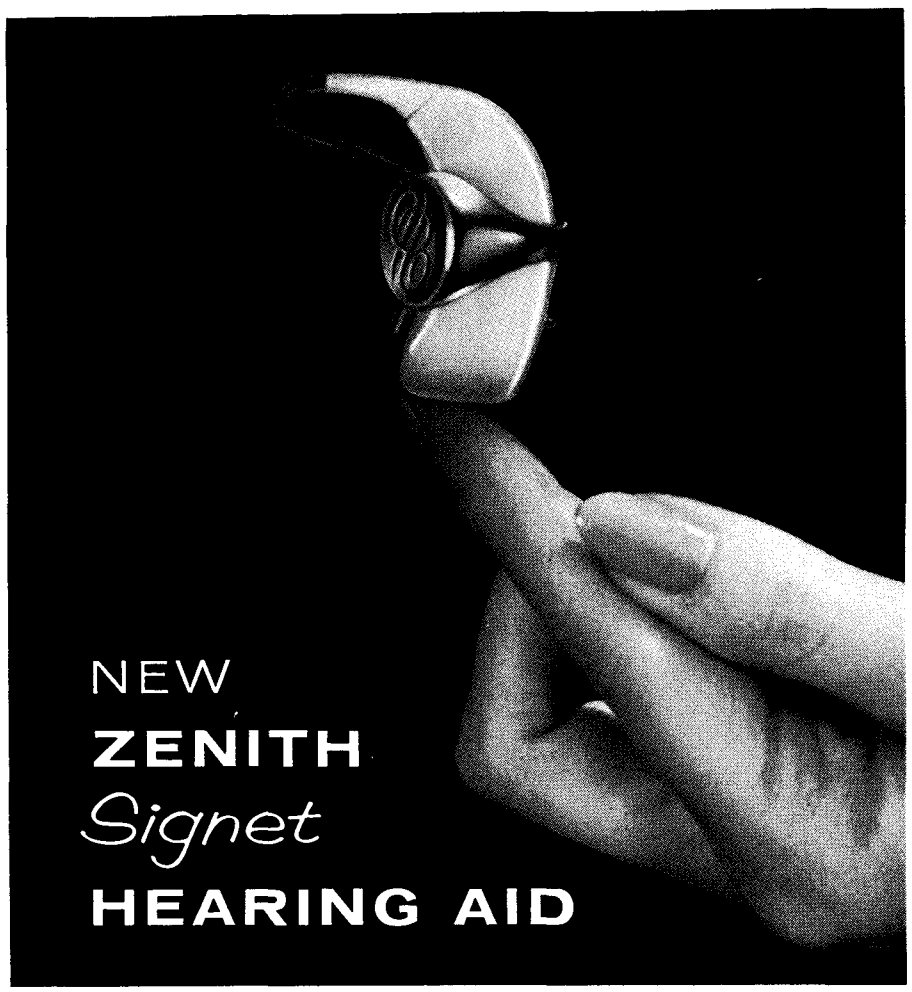
Put your Hearing Loss behind you



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Another great step in hearing aid progress from Zenith—the new Signet, small as it is, still includes all these quality features to bring you Zenith "Living Sound" performance—miniaturized circuit, volume control and separate on-off switch.

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6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Illinois
Please send me complete information on the all new, smaller Signet Hearing Aid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

(*Continued from Page 47*) and there, high in the top, was the coon. Grandpa threw a fit. He hopped around whooping and hollering. He threw his old hat down on the ground and jumped up and down on it. Then he ran over and kissed Little Ann right on the head.

After we killed and skinned the coon, the judge said, "Let's walk back to that old fence. I think I know how the old fellow pulled his trick."

Back at the fence the judge stood and looked around for a few minutes. Smiling, he said, "Yes, that's how he did it."

"How?" grandpa asked.

Still smiling, the judge said, "That old coon walked this rail fence. Coming even with the hackberry tree, he leaped up on its side and climbed up. Notice how thick the timber is around here. See that limb way up there in the top, the one that runs over and almost touches the sycamore?"

We saw what he meant.

"The coon walked out on that limb," he said, "leaped over and caught the sycamore limb. Repeating this over and over, from tree to tree, he worked his way far out into the river bottom. What I can't figure out is how that hound found him."

Gazing at Little Ann, he shook his head and said, "I've been hunting coons and judging coon hunts for forty years, but I've never seen anything like that."

He looked at me. "Well, son," he said, "you have tied the leading teams. There's only one more night of eliminations. Even if some of them get more than three coons, you will still be in the run off, and from what I've seen here tonight, you have a good chance of winning the cup."

I walked over and knelt down beside Little Ann. The things I wanted to say to her I couldn't because of the knot in my throat, but I'm sure she understood.

As we came into the campground, the hunters came out of their tents and gathered around us. The judge held up the three big coonhides. There was a roar from the crowd.

When the judge started telling about the last coon Little Ann had treed, I took my dogs over to our tent and fed and watered them. After they had had their fill, I gave them a good rubdown with a piece of gunny sack. Taking them out to the buggy, I tied them up. I stood and watched while they twisted around in the hay, making their bed.

On the last night of the eliminations, none of the judges turned in more than two hides.

That day, about noon, the owners of the other winning teams and I were called for a conference with the head judge. He said, "Gentlemen, the eliminations are over. Only three sets of hounds are left for the runoff. The winner of tonight's hunt will receive the gold cup. If there is a tie for the championship, naturally there will be another runoff."

He shook hands with each of us and wished us good luck.

That evening at suppertime the hunter who had collected for the jackpot dropped by. Looking at me and smiling, he said, "Son, I think almost every man in this camp is hoping you win the pot, but it's not going to be easy. You're going up against four of the finest hounds there are." Turning to leave, he said, "Good luck to you."

Papa asked me where I thought we should start hunting.

I had been thinking about this all day. I said, "You remember where we jumped the last coon in the swamp?"

Papa said, "Yes."

"Well, the way I figure, more than one coon lives in that swamp," I said. "It's a good place for them as there are lots of crawfish and minnows in those potholes. If a hound jumps one there, he has a good chance to tree him."

Later we climbed into grandpa's buggy and headed for the swamp. It was dark by the time we reached it.

Grandpa handed papa his gun, saying, "You're getting to be a pretty good shot with this thing."

"I hope I get to shoot it a lot tonight," papa said.

Under my breath I said, "I do too."

After untying the ropes from my dogs, I held onto their collars for a minute. Pulling them up close, I knelt down and whispered, "This is the last night. I know you'll do your best."

They seemed to understand and tugged at their collars. When I turned them loose, they started for the timber. Just as they reached the dark shadows, they stopped, turned around and stared straight at me for an instant.

The judge saw their strange actions. Laying a hand on my shoulder, he asked, "What did they say, son?"

I said, "Nothing that anyone could understand, but I can feel that they know this hunt is important. They know it just as well as you or I."

It was Little Ann who found the trail. Before the echo of her sharp cry had died away, Old Dan's deep voice floated out of the swamp. The coon broke out of the swamp and headed for the river. Listening to my dogs, I could tell they were close to him. I said to papa, "I don't think he'll ever make it to the river. They're right on his heels now."

By the time we had circled the swamp, they were bawling "treed."

The judge said, "Boy, that was fast."

My dogs had treed the coon in a tall ash which stood about fifty yards from the river. We spied the coon in the topmost branches. At the crack of the gun he ran far out on a limb and jumped, then ran for the river. The coon was just one step ahead of my dogs as they all hit the water.

Running over, we stood and watched the fight. The coon was at home in the river. He crawled up on Old Dan's head, trying to force him under. Before he could do it Little Ann reached up and pulled him off.

In a scared voice papa said, "That water looks deep to me."

"You had better call them off," said the judge. "That's a big coon; he could drown one of them in that deep water."

"Call them off?" I said. "Why, you couldn't whip them off with a stick. There's no use for anyone to get scared. They know exactly what they are doing. I've seen this more times than one."

Grandpa was scared and excited. He was jumping up and down, whooping and hollering.

Round and round in the deep water the fight went on. The coon climbed up on Old Dan's head again and sank his teeth in one of his long tender ears. Old Dan bawled with pain. Little Ann swam in and caught one of (*Continued on Page 54*)

... ...

Puzzle

By Jean B. Chisholm

"To jump, to leap;
Fly up or back;
Move suddenly;
To dart, attack."
So Webster says,
No doubt with reason,
But why, I wonder,
Pick a season
So slow to wing
And call it "spring"?

... ...

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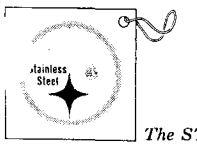
You're looking at the two cleanest things in a kitchen, running water and stainless steel. Stainless has a smooth, hard surface that dirt and grease can't get a grip on. And it's tough. The wonder is that anything so practical can be so pretty. Even more remarkable: it stays pretty. In a remodeling mood? Planning to build or buy? See the many new stainless sinks, first.



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(*Continued from Page 50*) the coon's hind legs in her mouth. She tried hard to pull him off. All three disappeared under the water. I held my breath.

The water churned and boiled. All three came to the top about the same time. The coon was between the bank we were standing on and my dogs. He swam toward us. They caught him again, just as he reached shore. He fought his way free and ran for a large sycamore. Old Dan caught him just as he started up. I knew that was the end of the fight.

After it was all over and the coon had been skinned, grandpa said, "I hope we don't have to go through that again tonight. For a while I sure thought your dogs were goners."

The judge said, "Well, have you ever seen that? Look over there!"

Old Dan was standing perfectly still, with eyes closed and head hanging down. Little Ann was licking at his cut-and-bleeding ears.

"She always does that," I said. "If you'll watch, when she gets done with him, he'll do the same for her."

We stood and watched until they had finished doctoring each other. Then, trotting side by side, they disappeared in the darkness.

We followed along, stopping now and then to listen.

Looking up at the sky, papa said, "That doesn't look good up there. I think we are in for a storm."

The sky had turned a dark gray. Fast-moving clouds were rolling through the heavens. We heard a rattling in the leaves and underbrush. It was beginning to sleet. The air turned cold and chilly.

From far downriver we heard the deep baying of a hound on a trail. It was Old Dan. Seconds later the rhythmlike crying of Little Ann could be heard. Swallowing the lump that had jumped up in my throat, I whooped as loud as I could. The ground was turning white with sleet. The storm had really set in. We hurried along.

My dogs' voices sounded far away. I knew they were much closer than they sounded, as they were downwind from us. Finding three large sycamores growing together, we stopped on the leeward side.

Papa shouted above the wind, "I don't know if we can take much more of this."

I could no longer hear the voices of my dogs. This had me worried. I didn't want to leave them out in the storm.

The judge spoke up. "Fellows, I think we'd better go in," he said. "There's no telling where they are. They may have crossed the river."

Scared and knowing I had to do something, I said, "They're closer than you think, probably treed by now. You can't hear them for this wind." I begged, "Let's go a little farther."

"Billy, we couldn't find them," papa said. "You can't see or hear a thing. We had better start for camp. A man could freeze to death in this storm, and besides, your dogs will give up and come in."

"That's what has me worried," I cried. "They won't come in. They won't, papa. Little Ann might, but not Old Dan. He'd die before he'd leave a coon in a tree."

Papa was undecided. Making up his mind, he stepped away from the trees and said to the others, "I'm going on with him. You fellows coming or going back?"

He turned and followed me. Grandpa and the judge fell in behind him. By this time the ground was covered with a thin white layer of sleet. We kept slipping and falling. Once during a momentary lull of the storm I thought I heard the baying of a hound. I told my father I thought I had heard Old Dan.

A few minutes later papa stopped. He shouted to the judge, "Did you hear anything?"

"I thought I did, but I'm not sure," the judge said.

At that moment all of us heard the deep voice of Old Dan. "It sounds as if they're close," grandpa said.

We trudged on. Old Dan bawled again. The sound of his voice seemed to be all around us.

"The way that wind is whipping the sound through this timber," the judge said, "we'd be lucky if we ever found them."

Papa shouted over the roar of the wind, "We can't take much more of this. We'll freeze to death."

The men were giving up. I felt the knot again as it crawled up in my throat. I closed my eyes and said a silent prayer and hoped for a miracle.

We heard a sharp crack and a loud crashing noise. A large limb—torn from a tree by the strong wind—fell to the ground. The sharp crack of the limb gave me the idea. Shouting to my father, I said, "Shoot the gun. If my dogs are close enough to hear it, maybe Little Ann will come to us."

Papa didn't hesitate. Pointing the gun high over his head, he pulled the trigger. The sharp crack rang out into the teeth of the storm. We waited. Just when I had given up all hope and had sunk to the lowest depth of despair—out of the white wall of driving sleet—my little dog came to me. I knelt down and gathered her in my arms.

Taking one of the lead ropes from my pocket, I tied it to her collar. I said, "Find him, little girl. Please find Old Dan."

Right then I didn't care about coons, gold cups or anything. All I wanted was my dogs. I don't know how she did it. Straight into the face of the storm she led us. Time after time she would stop and turn her head this way and that. I knew she couldn't scent or see anything. Instinct alone was guiding her. Over a winding and twisting trail we followed. She led us into a thick canebrake. Falling and stumbling, we kept pushing on.

Grandpa shouted, "Hold up a minute. I'm just about all in."

We stopped. The judge spoke up, "Fellows, no dog is worth the lives of three men. Now let's do the smart thing and get out of here while we can."

I could hear the roar of the blizzard back in the thick timber of the bottom. The tall slender cane around us rattled and swayed. I could feel the silence closing in. I knew the judge's cold logic had had its effect on my father and grandfather. The men had given up. There was no hope left for me.

Kneeling down, I put my arms around Little Ann. I felt the warm heat from her moist tongue caressing my ear. Closing my eyes, I said, "Please, Dan, bawl one more time, just one more time."

I waited for my plea to be answered. My father tried to talk above the wind, but his words were lost in the storm. Just before another blast—clear as a foghorn on a stormy sea—Old Dan's voice rang loud and clear. It seemed louder than the roar of the wind or the skeletonlike rustling of the tall, swaying cane.

I jumped to my feet. My heart did a complete flip-flap. The knot in my throat felt as big as an apple. I tried to whoop, but it was no use. Little Ann bawled and tugged on the rope. There was no mistaking the direction. We knew that Little Ann had been right all along. Straight as an arrow, she had led us to him.

Old Dan had treed down in a deep gully. I slid off the bank and ran to him. His back was covered with a layer of frozen sleet. His frost-covered whiskers stood out as straight as porcupine quills. I worked the wedges of ice from between his toes and scraped the sleet from his body with my hands. Little Ann came over and tried to wash his face. He didn't like it. Jerking loose from me, he ran over to the tree, reared up on it and started bawling.

Hearing shouting from the bank above me, I looked up. I could dimly see papa and the judge through the driving sleet with their backs to me. Catching hold of some long stalks of cane that were hanging down from the steep bank, I pulled myself up.

Papa shouted in my ear, "Something has happened to your grandfather."

Turning to the judge, he said, "He was behind you. Didn't you hear anything?"

"Hear anything?" the judge exclaimed. "How could I hear anything in all that noise? I thought he was behind me all the time and didn't miss him until we got here."

I couldn't hold back the tears. My grandfather was lost and wandering in that white jungle of cane. Screaming for him, I started back.

Papa caught me. He shouted, "Don't do that."

I tried to tear away from him, but his grip on my arm was firm.

"Shoot the gun," the judge said.

Papa shot time after time. It was useless. We got no answer.

Little Ann came up out of the gully. She stood and stared at me. Turning, she quickly disappeared in the thick cane. Minutes later we heard her. It was a long, mournful cry. She didn't stop until we reached her.

Grandpa lay as he had fallen, face down in the icy sleet. His right foot was wedged in the fork of a broken box-elder limb. When the ankle had twisted, the searing pain must have made him unconscious.

Papa worked grandpa's foot free and turned him over. I sat down and placed his head in my lap. While papa and the judge massaged his arms and legs, I wiped the frozen sleet from his eyes and face.

Burying my face in the iron-gray hair, I cried and begged God not to let my grandfather die. Papa lifted him to a sitting position and told the judge to start slapping his face. Grandpa moaned and moved his head.

"He's coming around," papa said.

I asked papa if we could get him back to the gully where Old Dan was. I had noticed that there was very little wind there, and we could build a fire.

"That's the very place," he said. "We'll build a good fire, and one of us can go for help."

Papa and the judge made a seat by catching each other's wrists. They eased grandpa between them. By the time we reached the gully grandpa was fully conscious again and was mumbling and grumbling. After easing him over the bank and down into the gully, we built a large fire. Papa took his knife and cut the boot from grandpa's swollen foot. Grandpa grunted and groaned from the pain. I felt sorry for him, but there was nothing I could do but look on.

Papa examined the foot. Shaking his head, he said, "Boy, that's a bad one. It's either broken or badly sprained. I'll go for some help."

"Now wait just a minute," grandpa said. "It's not long till daylight. Then, if you want to go, you can see where you're going. Now (*Continued on Page 56*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Roger disliked his neighbor Joe. When Joe sought to buy an adjoining strip of land, Roger refused to sell. So Joe had a friend pretend that he was buying Joe's house—thus ridding Roger of an unwanted neighbor—and needed the strip of land to go with the house. Actually the land went to Joe. Roger, learning of this, sued to get it back.

"Joe inveigled me into selling my land by fraud and deceit," Roger argued. "Therefore the whole deal should be declared void, and the land should be returned to me. If I had known the true circumstances, I never would have parted with it."

"Roger got the price he asked," Joe replied. "If, in addition, he wanted to prevent my friend from reselling the land to me, he should have said so in the deed. As he didn't, my friend, as the buyer, has the right to sell it to anyone he pleases, including me."

If you were the judge, would you make Joe return the land to Roger?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Roger got the land back. The court said that the basis of the transaction included not only the cash price of the land but the prospect of getting rid of an unwanted neighbor. As there actually never was such a prospect, the deal was void. *Based upon a 1959 Louisiana decision.*

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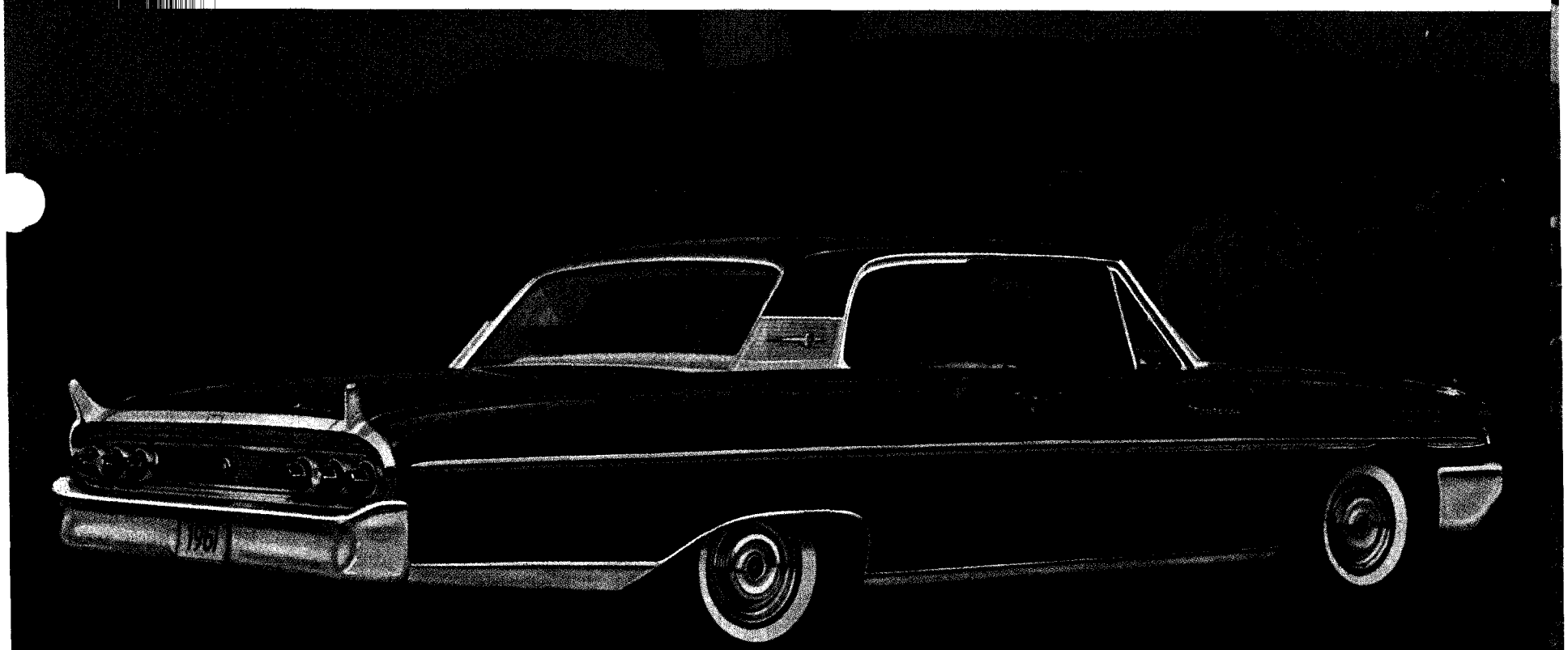

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(*Continued from Page 54*)

help me get propped up against this bank. I'll be all right. It doesn't hurt any more. It's numb."

"He's right," the judge said.

"Think you can stand it?" papa asked.

Grandpa roared like a bear. "Sure I can stand it. It's nothing but a sprained ankle. I'm not going to die. Build that fire up a little more."

While papa and the judge made grandpa comfortable, I carried wood for the fire.

"There's no use standing around gawking at me," grandpa said. "I'm all right. Get the coon out of that tree. That's what we came for, isn't it?"

The tree was about thirty feet from our fire. We walked over and took a good look at it for the first time. My dogs, seeing we finally were going to pay some attention to them, started bawling and running around the tree.

Papa said, "It's not much of a tree, just an old box-elder snag. There's not a limb on it."

"I can't see any coon," said the judge. "It must be hollow."

Papa beat on its side with the ax. It gave forth a loud booming sound. He said, "It's hollow all right."

Squatting down between my dogs, I held onto their collars.

Papa turned to the judge, "Come on and help me. I think we can push it over."

After much grunting and pushing on their part, the tree snapped and fell. I turned my dogs loose. On hitting the ground, the snag split and broke up. Goggle-eyed, I stood rooted in my tracks and watched three big coons roll out of the busted old trunk.

One started up the gully, running between us and the fire. Old Dan caught him, and the fight was on. The second coon headed down the gully. Little Ann caught him.

Hearing a loud yell from grandpa, I looked that way. Old Dan and the coon were fighting close to his feet. He was yelling and beating at them with his hat. The judge and papa ran to help.

The third coon climbed up the steep bank close to me and disappeared in the thick cane.

Hearing a squall of pain from Little Ann, I turned. The coon was really working her over. He had climbed up on her back and was tearing and slashing. She couldn't shake him off. Grabbing a club from the ground, I ran to help her.

Before we had killed our coon, Old Dan came tearing in. We stood and watched the fight. When the coon was dead, papa picked it up, and we walked back to the fire.

"How many coons were in that old snag?" papa asked.

"I saw three," I said. "The one that got away climbed out over there." I pointed in the direction the coon had taken.

I never should have pointed. My dogs turned as one and started bawling and clawing their way up the steep bank. I shouted and scolded, but to no avail. They disappeared in the rattling cane.

We stood still, listening to their voices. The sound died away in the roaring storm. Sitting down close to the fire, I buried my face in my arms and cried.

I heard the judge say to my father, "This beats anything I have ever seen. Why, those dogs can read that boy's mind. He just pointed at that bank and away they went. I never saw anything like it. I can't understand some of the things they have done tonight. Hounds usually aren't that smart. If they were collies—or some other breed of dog—it would be different, but they're just redbone hounds, hunting dogs."

Papa said, "Yes, I know what you mean. I've seen them do things that I couldn't understand. I'd never heard of hounds that ever had much affection for anyone, but these dogs are different. Did you know they won't hunt with anyone but him, not even me?"

Hearing my grandfather call my name, I went over and sat down by his side. Putting his arm around me, he said, "Now, I wouldn't worry about those dogs. They'll be all right. It's not long till daylight. Then you can go to them."

I said, "Yes, but what if the coon crosses the river? My dogs will follow him. If they get wet, they could freeze to death."

"We'll just have to wait and hope for the best," he said. "Now straighten up and quit that sniffling. Act like a coon hunter. You don't see me bawling, and this old foot is paining me awful."

I felt better after my talk with grandpa.

"Come on, let's skin these coons," papa said.

I got up to help him. After the skins were peeled from the carcasses, I had an idea. Holding one up close to the fire until it was warm, I took it over and wrapped it around grandpa's foot. Chuckling, he said, "Boy, that feels good. Heat another skin the same way."

The remainder of the night I repeated it over and over.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Make me the happiest man in the world, Veronica—divorce me!"

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They Save Infant Eyes

(Continued from Page 18)

"It should be done soon. Tomorrow, if that's all right with you."

The young couple nodded numbly. Mrs. Scott began to cry. She and her husband had left home expecting the visit to include only an examination and diagnosis. Doctor Reese was sympathetic. The sequence of events that the Scotts had experienced was typical, but that did not make it easier for the parents.

Retinoblastoma is uncommon, affecting only one child out of every 23,000. It is a highly malignant, quick-spreading tumor that ordinarily crops up in the retina of the eye. The white spot that Mrs. Scott saw in her daughter's right eye was cancer. The disease is congenital—the child is born with it. Usually it becomes visible before the age of two; sometimes it is seen in infants only three weeks old. There is a strong hereditary tendency in the disease. According to Doctor Reese, approximately 50 per cent of retinoblastoma survivors may expect to pass on the disease to their offspring.

Because it is fairly rare, as well as difficult to diagnose, it often slips past the attention of the obstetrician, pediatrician or family physician.

"The first sign of retinoblastoma is usually a yellowish-white reflection in the pupil of the eye," says Doctor Reese, who has studied and treated the disease since the early 1930's. "To some people it looks like a cat's eye and it may be noticed only when the child moves his eye in a certain direction. It may be ignored by doctors and parents if they are unaware of its possible implications.

"The unnatural gleam, however, doesn't tell the whole story, because other eye conditions may cause this reflex in the pupil. The eye must be studied carefully for accurate diagnosis. But it is manifestly impossible to study the eye of a struggling infant. Diagnosis can only be done if the child is anesthetized."

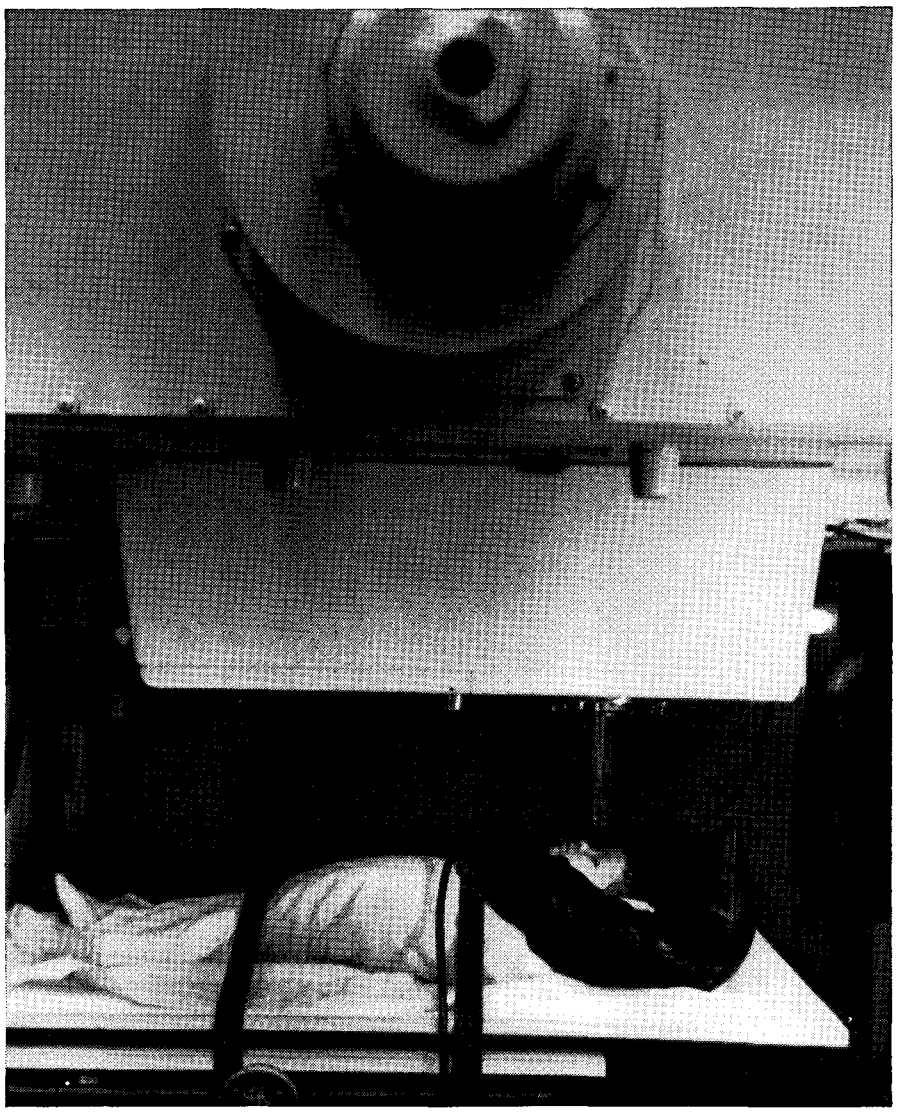
In more than a third of the cases the tumors are established in both eyes, with the disease more advanced in one eye than in the other, as the physicians observed in the Scott baby. On occasion the clinic staff has encountered cases where the condition in the better eye had previously been missed. When the initial diagnosis was made, physicians saw only the obviously cancer-ridden eye, which they removed. They hadn't caught the tiny tumors in the other eye. Left untreated, these malignancies grew, the eye became critical, and the child had been referred to the Retinoblastoma Clinic for treatment.

Early detection of the cancer is vital. When the tumors are small, they are treatable. If the condition is not recognized soon enough, the tumor cells destroy the eye, then may invade the brain by way of the optic nerve, or slip into the blood stream. Since this kind of cancer is ferociously malignant, the outlook in these cases is nearly hopeless.

That's why the clinic doctors didn't want to waste any time in the Scott case. In eliminating the tumor-loaded right eye, which was blind beyond salvage, they would remove a threat to the baby's life. Removal of the eye also would answer a crucial question—had the tumor cells invaded the infant's eye socket or migrated along the optic nerve to the brain?

On the following afternoon, Tuesday, a surgeon removed Susie's right eye. When he came out of the operating room he told the Scotts that he thought he detected some tumor around the optic nerve; he didn't know whether it extended beyond the section of surgery. Later, laboratory analysis showed that the cancer had not spread beyond the excised portion of nerve or into the socket. At this point baby Scott's life was secure, which was the primary aim of the medical team. The next job was to destroy the tumors in the remaining eye and to preserve vision.

Prior to enterprising work done by the Institute of Ophthalmology during the past decade, the chances for preserving sight in such cases were generally poor. The chief weapon against the disease is radiation—a course of X-ray treatments. Retinoblastoma is sensitive to X ray, while the retina itself is relatively resistant to it.



New York: Sandra Colindres, a three-year-old from Honduras, receiving X-ray therapy for eye cancer at the Institute of Ophthalmology. A special "Flexicast" steadies her head.

But it took years to fix the proper dose of X ray. Small doses failed to destroy the tumors. Big doses frequently destroyed the extremely sensitive lens and cornea of the eye and caused blindness. Killing the tumors also killed the eye.

Some progress in solving the problem was made by Doctor Reese and Dr. Hayes Martin in the late 1930's when they developed special equipment and techniques that delivered the X ray in a narrow beam to the tumors in the rear of the eye, thus avoiding the sensitive tissues in front. Unfortunately the heavy doses of radiation tended to destroy more than the tumors. Months and sometimes years after treatment, the X ray caused conditions that led to blindness. There was also latent damage to the skin, bone and other tissue around the eye socket. In the cases treated with heavy doses of X ray, about 50 per cent of the patients survived, and only about half of the survivors retained any vision.

In 1953 Doctor Reese, while visiting a physician at Johns Hopkins University, was shown slides demonstrating the effect of nitrogen mustard on a tumor similar to retinoblastoma. The chemical was dramatically potent. It appeared to annihilate the newly formed cancer cells.

Later Doctor Reese, with chemotherapist Dr. George A. Hyman and other associates, experimented on animals with X ray in combination with nitrogen mustard and related chemicals. They finally settled on the use of triethylene melamine (TEM), a chemical similar to nitrogen mustard. TEM apparently has an affinity for the retinoblastoma cells. It is highly toxic, however, and has to be administered with infinite care. Dosage was determined by the weight and age of the patient. If the tumors were small, the drug was injected intramuscularly in the child's buttock. In advanced cases the drug was administered surgically—the carotid artery in the neck on the side of the eye to be treated was exposed, and the TEM injected directly into it. This technique delivered a proportionately larger dose of TEM to the tumors.

In either instance the patient has to be closely watched. TEM may cause fever and nausea. More important, it temporarily reduces the body's ability to produce white blood cells. The drop in blood count is both an indicator and a warning. It tells the physicians that the chemical is being delivered to the tumors. If the blood count decreases too much, however, it means that TEM in itself is endangering the child, and other drugs must be administered to counteract its impact on the blood-producing cells. There isn't much leeway in determining a dose that is both effective and safe.

TEM's effect encouraged the retinoblastoma team to modify drastically its X-ray treatment. Some physicians believe that TEM and X ray are synergistic—that one increases the effectiveness of the other. Whatever the action, the results prompted the institute physicians to reduce the X-ray dosage by two thirds and thus avoid the tragic, frustrating side effects of the higher dosage.

The great advantage doctors have in treating retinoblastoma is that they can see what is happening. The tumors, when alive, are full and pink-colored and growing rapidly. If treatment is successful, X ray and TEM stop the multiplication of tumor cells and gradually kill off the tumors. The blood vessels feeding the tumors shrivel. The tumors turn from pink to white, shrink and disintegrate into what the doctors call "cottage cheese."

In cancer treatments, physicians usually wait five years before considering a patient cured. Similarly the retinoblastoma team requires a five-year period of follow-up examinations. Except in an unusual instance, however, the doctors can determine within a few months whether the treatment is successful. "Once the tumors succumb to therapy," Doctor Reese said, "they rarely recur."

By the time little Susie Scott was examined, the team was succeeding in destroying tumors and saving sight in a great majority of cases considered treatable. This is an astonishing record. Retinoblastoma is one of the fastest-spreading cancers, yet physicians have been able to push it into the top cure-rate category of all cancers.

"The most important reason for this cure rate," Doctor Ellsworth explained, "is that the tumors can be seen even when very small and treated before they spread out of control. It proves that cancer may be treated successfully if detected soon enough. In the Scott case we thought the baby's chances were fairly good. The three tumors were not too big and they were in good position for radiation treatment."

The day after the removal of her eye, Susie Scott was as bouncy as ever. She experienced virtually no pain from the surgery nor was she bothered by a loss of vision, since the removed eye had been useless.

The injection of TEM, under the direction of Doctor Hyman, caused her no trouble, except for a slight fever. The first blood test showed that her blood count had dropped according to expectations. After Susie was observed for twenty-four hours in the hospital, her parents were told that X-ray treatments would begin the next day.

While the staff of the Institute is geared through training and experience to work fast to save life and sight, many of the parents find that the rapidity of events tends to leave them in a state of shocked confusion. They can't help but feel that fate has picked out their child and themselves for an awful ordeal. They feel a terrible loneliness.

They need to be comforted and steadied into some semblance of emotional balance. The understanding of doctors, nurses and social workers isn't enough. They need more than this and they get it in an unexpected and surprising place—a four-bedroom apartment across the street from the hospital. The clinic maintains the apartment for the use of parents and patients on a "when available" basis. It is furnished to accommodate four families—there is a fully equipped kitchen, linens, a TV set, cribs, playpens, strollers, even a steam iron. In the basement of the apartment

(Continued on Page 60)

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(*Continued from Page 58*) building are washing machines and dryers. Around the corner there are stores for shopping and a movie theater.

The apartment eases both the emotional and financial problems of its out-of-town guests, who have come from every section of the United States and from Canada, Latin America, Europe, Africa and Asia. Most of the parents are young and they usually don't have much money. They're in a big, strange city, an expensive one. The initial retinoblastoma treatment takes a minimum of three weeks, which would mean three weeks of hotels, restaurants and taxis to bring the infants to the medical center.

Depending on the parents' finances, a nominal charge or nothing at all is paid for the use of the apartment. A large part of the expense frequently is met by contributions to the institute. The apartment quickly dissipates the feeling that parents are isolated in tragedy. "I was with three other mothers and their babies," Mrs. Scott said. "We all faced the same thing. We all knew what the others were going through and we each knew we were not alone."

The three other bedrooms in the apartment were occupied by Helen Senden, wife of a consular official in Germany, with her son; Evelyn Martz, from Pennsylvania, with her daughter; and Penny Hitch from New Mexico, with her son. Each of the children had gone through surgery for the removal of an eye. In all three, tumors in the remaining eye were quite advanced, so they had received their doses of TEM through the carotid artery. Before moving into the apartment, Mrs. Scott had felt desperate. After learning that the three other children had more serious medical problems, she felt less unfortunate.

When Mrs. Scott was settled in the apartment and Susie was scheduled for her series of fifteen X-ray treatments, one a day, Mr. Scott returned to Elmira. He couldn't help matters in New York, and going back to his job and taking care of his other children was better than sitting around the apartment and worrying about his daughter.

On the morning after moving into the apartment, Friday, Susie had her first three-minute X-ray treatment. Mrs. Scott carried her across the street to the Radiotherapy Clinic of the medical center. Radiologist Dr. Norah duV. Tapley picked up Susie, talked to her and commented on her serenity and loveliness. Then Doctor Tapley placed Susie on a table in the X-ray room. Still talking in a comforting tone, she and an assistant tightly wrapped the baby's legs in a crib sheet and fastened her securely to the table. Then she positioned the baby's head. During the treatment the head has to remain fixed so that the X-ray beam strikes only the tumor area and avoids the sensitive front part of the eye.

Until two years ago the parents, who were best able to keep the babies tranquil, remained in the room and held the head firmly in place. Doctor Tapley now uses a Flexicast, a large rubber bag partially filled with sandlike grains of plastic. When the air is pumped out of the bag, the grains form a mass, and the bag itself hugs the child's head as tightly as a plaster cast.

After the bag had cupped itself around Susie's head, Doctor Tapley aligned the barrel-like portal of the X-ray machine and fired about 230 roentgens of X ray at the tumors. In a few minutes Susie was back in her mother's arms.

Each weekday around noon the procedure was repeated. Soon the infant's left temple turned pink from the effect of the X rays. Twice a week she took a blood test to determine how the blood-forming tissue was recovering from TEM. The tests showed good progress. The turmoil in Mrs. Scott subsided a little. "The word 'cancer' has such a terrible sound," she said. "When treatment got under way, I felt better. Something was being done."

Between visits for X-ray treatments and blood tests, Mrs. Scott and the three other women tried to establish a routine in the apartment. Each mother made her own breakfast and did her own dishes. During the day the women did normal household chores—dusting, laundry, cooking, shopping and ironing. In the evening one or two women cooked a family meal. After eating, all four pitched in to wash, dry and put away dishes and pots. The cost of the food was divided four ways.

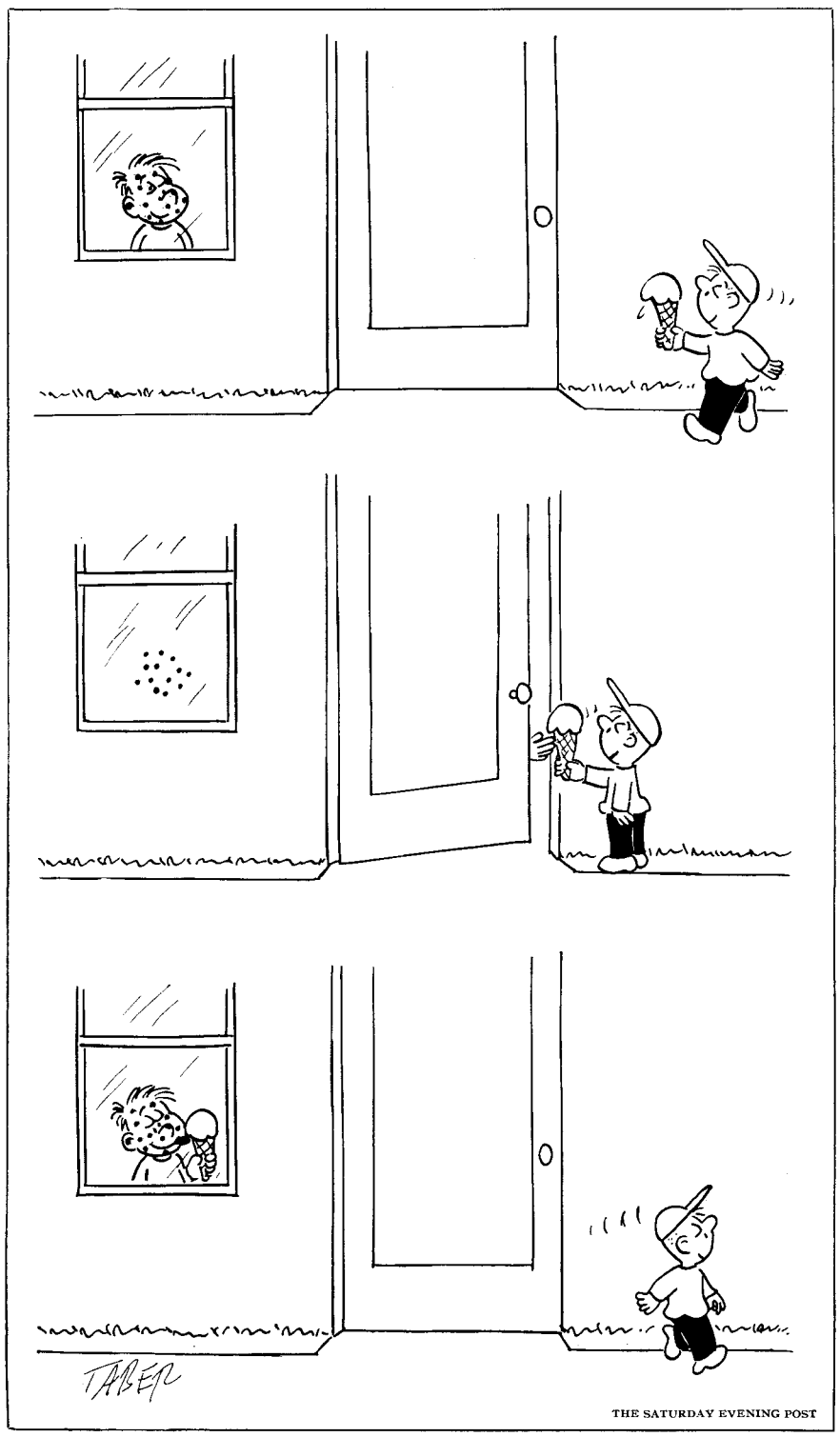
If the weather was nice, they walked the children along the streets or on Riverside Drive near the Hudson River. Sometimes the walks produced bad moments. Well-meaning strangers stopped at the side of the strollers or baby carriages to ask about the eye patches on the babies. "I knew they were trying to be nice," Mrs. Scott said, "but it was hard to take their sympathy. I would smile and try to explain about the eye." If the stranger became overly solicitous, Mrs. Scott had to smile harder, clenching her eyes to keep back the tears.

After the children were asleep, the women wrote letters home, watched television, drank coffee and talked. Sometimes they stayed up to watch the late movies on television.

The toughest period for each woman was at night, when she was alone with her infant in the bedroom. Then it was too easy to lie in bed and cry. Mrs. Senden sometimes had nightmares about her son's disease. Mrs. Scott often stood gazing at her sleeping daughter. It wasn't hard for her to slip into a fantasy and think, *She'll open her eyes and both of them will be there.*

But after two weeks Mrs. Scott readily faced the reality that one of her daughter's eyes was gone and highly specialized physicians were doing their best to save the other one. What she had in her child took on a new sweetness and dearness for her. One day, when I visited the apartment, I found her laughing and playfully nuzzling Susie in their bedroom. I asked if anything special had happened that day. "Oh, no," Mrs. Scott said, kissing her baby, "we're just busy living . . . aren't we, Susie?"

When the mothers were together during the day, each tried to subdue her anxieties in concern for the others. If one woman got a bad case of the blues, the others would stand by, keeping up a line of chatter or organizing a *Kaffeeklatsch.* Mrs. Martz's tenth wedding anniversary passed while she was at the apartment and, after talking with her husband on the telephone, she felt abysmally low. Mrs. Hitch and Mrs. Senden prodded her into going out, and the trio walked around Rockefeller Plaza for a while and wound up the evening having sundaes. Sometimes it was impossible to keep spirits bolstered. Once one of the mother's tears set off a chain reaction, and in a minute all four women were crying and holding one another. Then they dried their eyes and one of them left the apartment to get a big bag of caramel-covered popcorn, which they munched while watching television. "We didn't break down like that very often," Mrs. Scott said. "Each of us kept trying to help the others, and we appreciated one another. We knew we couldn't have kept hold of ourselves as well without the help of the others."



After fifteen X-ray treatments, which totaled 3500 roentgens, Susie Scott was discharged, and Mrs. Scott was instructed to bring her baby back in two months for the first follow-up examination. At the end of sixty days the retinoblastoma team would be able to see whether the combination of X ray and TEM was performing its mission. A long-time friend of Mrs. Scott drove up from Washington to spend the day with her and drive her home. Before leaving the apartment, Mrs. Scott and the three other mothers exchanged addresses, shed some tears and promised to send one another pictures.

The three other families remained at the apartment. Their children were receiving more extensive radiation treatment under the high-voltage Betatron. The high-energy level of this machine delivers a comparatively large dose of radiation through skin, bone and flesh to the tumor sites, whereas the conventional X-ray machine loses a large part of its delivery by absorption in the intervening tissue.

During the first month at home Mrs. Scott took Susie to a hospital twice a week for blood tests. Thereafter the infant was given the blood test once a week. Each report on the blood tests was recorded at the Retinoblastoma Clinic. The rate of recovery of the blood-producing cells would serve as a guide in determining the size of the TEM booster injection to be given at the first follow-up examination.

As the weeks passed and the time for Susie's two-month follow-up examination approached, the Scotts grew tense and nervous. "I was frightened as soon as I began packing," Mrs. Scott said, "and on the drive down to New York I was scared to death. It was like being in front of a firing squad and waiting."

On a summer Monday morning Susie again inhaled Fluothane and quickly drifted into sleep. Doctor Reese and Doctor Ellsworth peered into her eye. They, too, were eager to know the results.

As Doctor Ellsworth scanned the retina, he thought, *I think we've got them.* None of the three tumors showed a pink color. The blood vessels to the tumors were considerably smaller, and so were the tumors themselves. They were marble-colored and dead-looking.

The Scotts were waiting just outside the examination room. It was a hot morning, and they dabbed with handkerchiefs at the perspiration on their faces. They tried to stifle all feelings of hope and fear. Finally the two doctors came out of the examination room, walking fast and already thinking about the next child scheduled for examination. Doctor Ellsworth stopped before the Scotts and said, "She's doing fine." Doctor Reese added, "It looks like a cure." Mrs. Scott took a deep breath.

"It felt like Christmas," she says.

THE END

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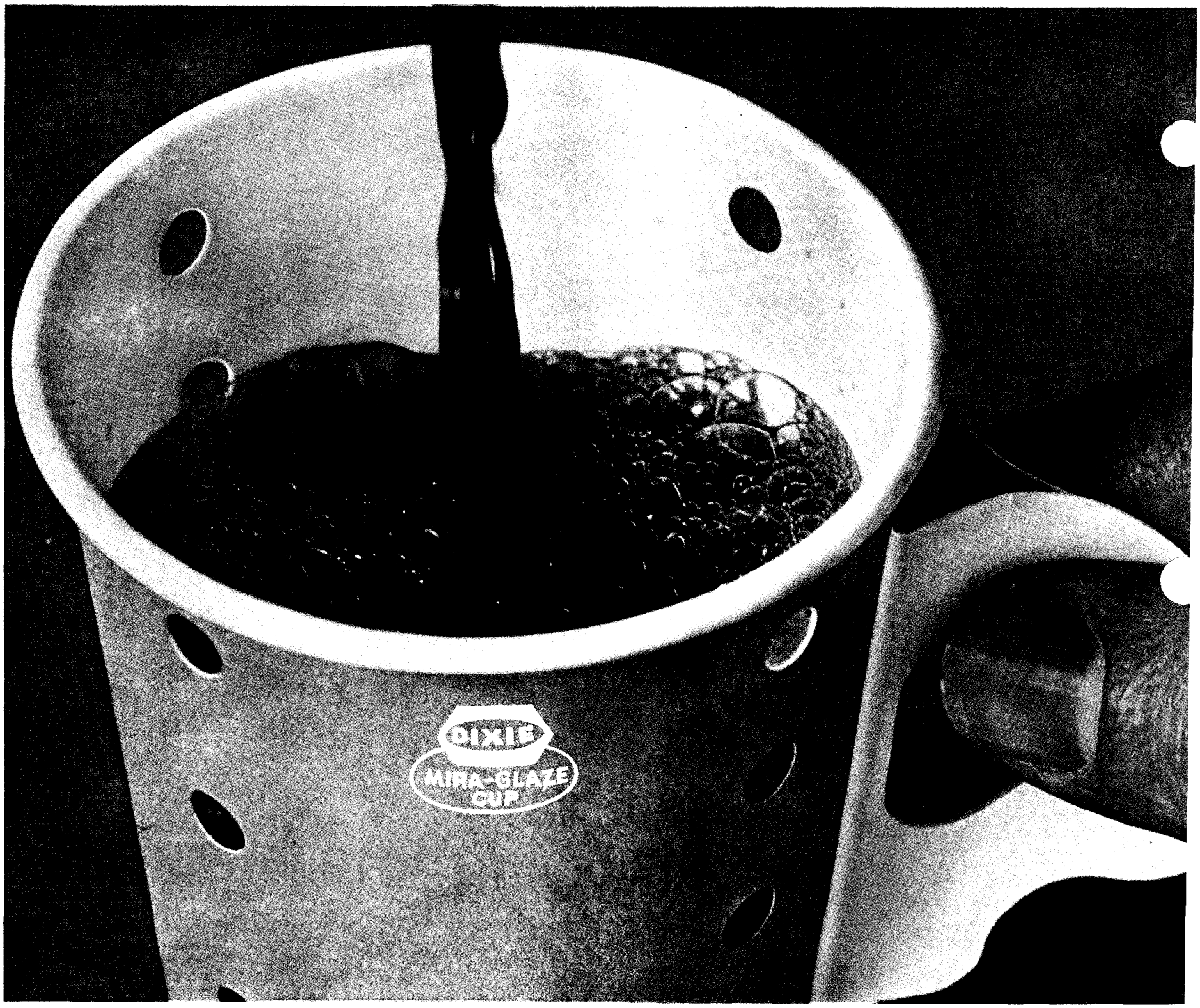

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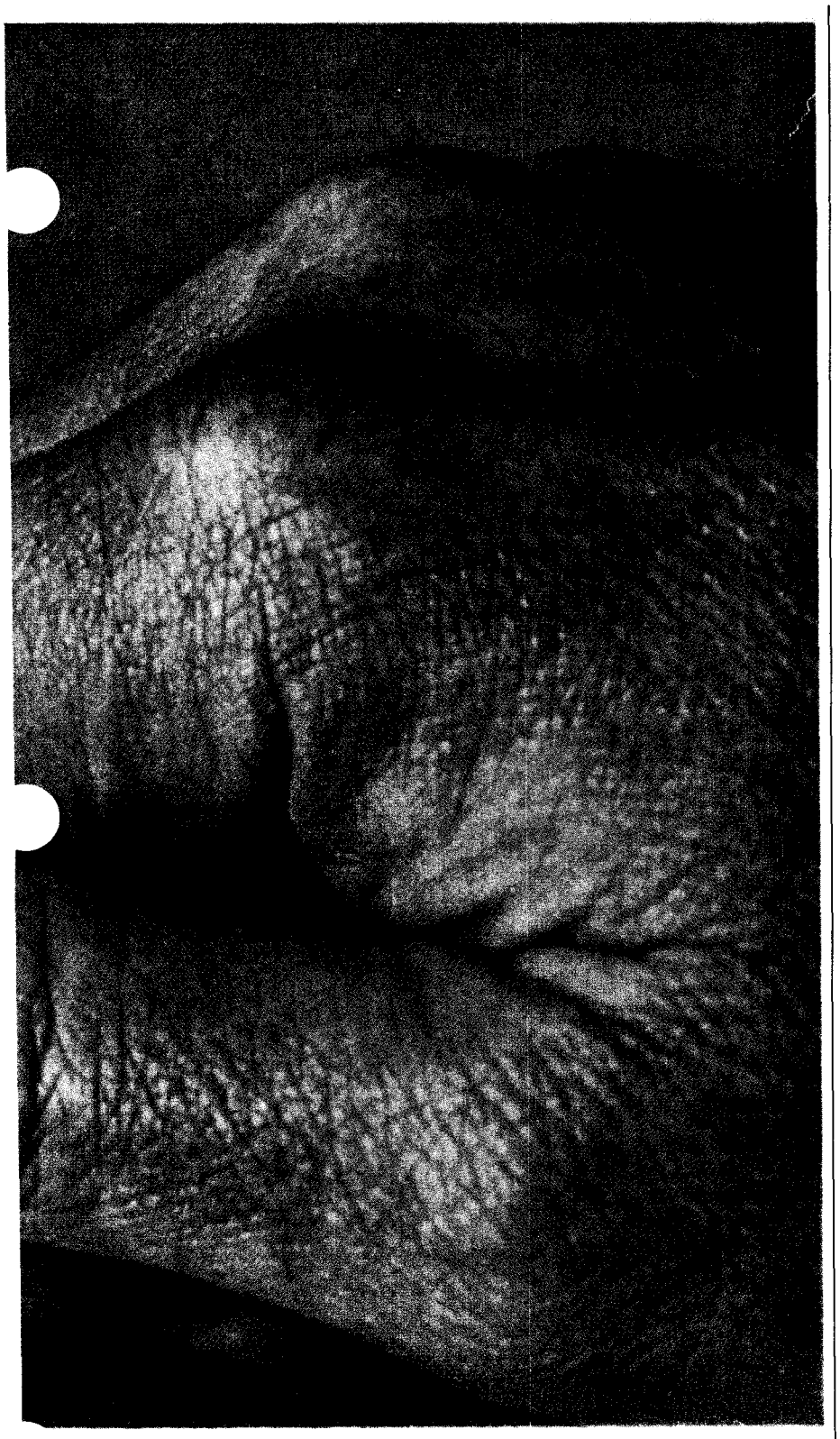

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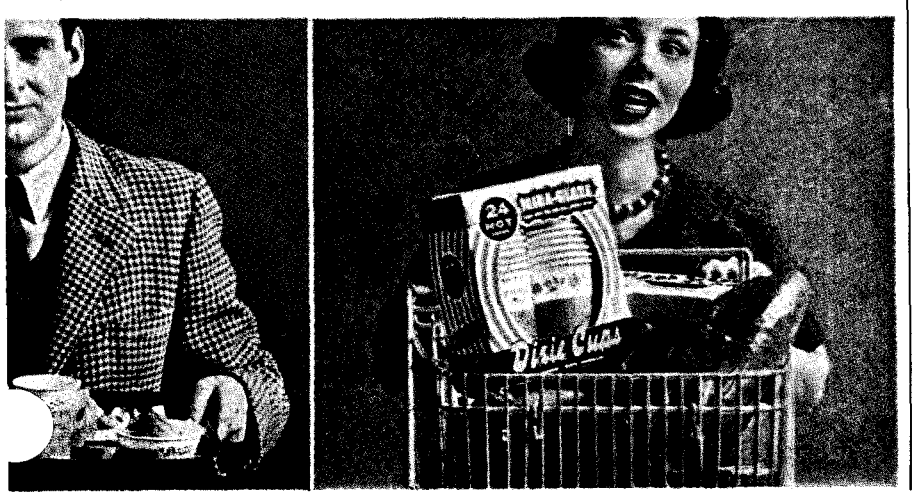

The Mind Readers (Continued from Page 37)

house for him—whatever the deal called for. She was neither hard nor cold, just a girl with no potential outside marriage, and no one but herself to play matchmaker.

Now it was two o'clock of a May afternoon. Mab sat, shining, behind her desk. She had spent her lunchtime going over her trap line and sweetening the bait—a shampoo and no set for the black-satin hair, a half ounce of new perfume.

Her skin was pale, her eyes were blue; she looked wonderful in violet and lavender. When Steve got ready to put them on the line, she would be lovely in pearls and white mink. There was time. She was twenty.

Behind Mab at the receptionist's desk a wall grille opened to Audrey, the phone operator. Audrey could control the reception room when Mab was running her little errands of mercy—setting out tea things for Mr. MacFee at four or, at 4:30, unlocking Mr. Wedgely's bar.

Just now there were no such duties and no clients. Audrey, who was forty and the mother of three, spoke from behind her grille wistfully. "You smell good, Mab. Must be nice to buy something as silly as perfume."

Mab considered perfume a good investment, not silly at all. She pitied Audrey—poor Audrey, who had married for a temporary passion called love and now had to work it out. Mab sent gifts to Audrey's kids and would always lend ten till payday. She passed the bottle of perfume through the grille. "Put on enough to last," she said.

"Thanks, lamb," said poor Audrey to the tiger.

Mab sat at her desk, arranged her orchid jersey dress with its slightly scooped neckline. The dress was fantastically becoming, and Mab had bought it with the narrow attention most people give to the purchase of stocks and bonds.

Audrey called from the phone board, "Mab! Mrs. MacFee wants Mr. MacFee. His office doesn't answer. Will you check the library?"

No phone was allowed in the sacred heart of the suite, its library. It was forbidden to disturb anyone at work in there. But Mr. MacFee never bypassed a phone call from Mrs. MacFee, so Mab said, "O.K.," and, wrapped in scent, went through the door.

Outside the library was a gold-lettered sign, QUIET. Mab entered on tiptoe. The room held six nonglossy tables, twelve black leather posture chairs, and books. There was nobody she knew in the library.

At the farthest table, head bent, sat a man Mab had never seen before. His hair was short and wiry, and his glasses made a T square with his long nose, which divided his face like a partition. Writing, he sat back of a stack of books. It seemed he had left the world and might not return for a while.

Mab stood like a pastel butterfly pinned to the red carpet. She listened and felt that she heard something. After a few seconds she went to the bookshelves. She was looking for something she'd never heard of. She found it, Roget's *Thesaurus*. She opened the book. Just lists of words. She closed it, carried it to the long-nosed boy. What was she doing? It was ridiculous.

After a while, as though coming up from underwater, the young man looked at Mab. Behind his glasses his eyes were as bright as gold-flecked fish in bowls. "What can I do for you?" he asked as if this were a shop and she a customer.

Mab said, "Here's this book." She lowered the thesaurus to the table.

"Thanks," he said. "How did you know I wanted it?"

"I didn't know you wanted it."

"Then it was especially nice of you to find it for me. I was too lazy to get up and hunt through the shelves."

"I never heard of a—um—thesaurus before."

"Great book. Synonyms and antonyms, you know."

Uninvited, she sat opposite him. "I'm Mab Hershey," she said as though he had asked her name. "I work here."

"Lucky organization," he said.

"Are you a junior here? Or a clerk?" she asked.

"I'm not a lawyer, a junior lawyer or a lawyer's clerk. My whole family is embarrassed about it. But I'm stuck. I'm a writer. Someday."

"What are you doing here?" This room was consecrated to the law.

"You don't have to send for the cops. I have permission." His grandfather had been Judge Firsk, and his own name was Wenceslaus, he said, and he had been given research privileges. "But I didn't expect a gorgeous assistant," said Wenceslaus Firsk.

Mab fled without getting him the Fowler's *Modern English Usage* she somehow knew he needed.

Now, Mab Hershey was a girl who tried never to do anything for no reason.

With so much of their income taxed to balance the budget, the big problem for most folks is how to budget the balance.

CHESTER L. MARKS

She had reasons for where she worked, what she ate, what she wore, what she said and what she did. And no reason for thinking all afternoon about Wenceslaus Firsk, but she did.

Had she dreamed him and his book? Why didn't he come out? It was five o'clock now, closing time, and he hadn't appeared. At 5:15 she decided the incident in the library had been a teeny-weeny mental aberration from not eating lunch. She went to the ladies' lounge to get irresistible for Steve, and when she returned—polished and plumed—she was so pretty she practically loved herself.

While she waited she sat in one of the reception-room's client chairs. She closed her eyes to keep them rested and bright for Steve. She opened them. She rose and drifted like a well-dressed leaf back to the library. She walked in.

Wenceslaus Firsk was still there, facing the door. His smile was a slice of light. "Hi!" he said.

"You wanted to see me?" Mab said.

"I did. I do. And you're worth seeing."

"What did you want?"

"I don't know. I was just thinking how nice it would be if you came through that door. And you came."

"Are you some kind of hypnotist or something?" she said.

"Gosh, no."

"Do people always obey your thoughts?"

"They don't even listen when I holler."

"Then what's the matter with me?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I mean, why do I seem to be reading your mind or something?"

"Whatever you're doing, don't stop."

"You stop. Stop thinking about me."

"Never," he said. Then he was silent.

(*Continued on Page 65*)

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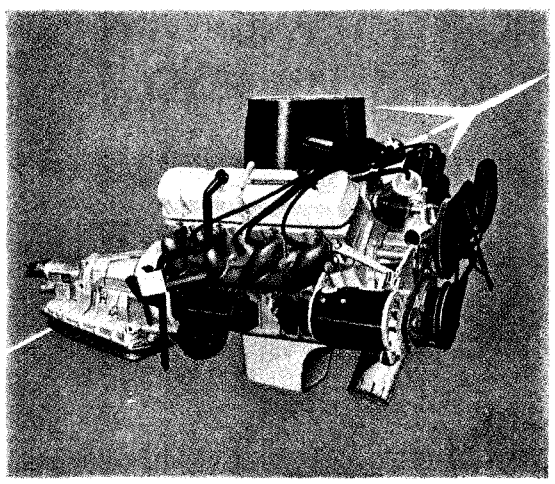

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(*Continued from Page 63*) Suddenly Mab said, "I'm twenty." She was stunned. She never told her age.

"Sorry," Wence said. "I shouldn't have let that cross my mind. But I'm twenty-two, so that's all right."

"What's all right about it?"

"Usually, in a relationship, the man should be older than the woman."

"Let me put this out of your mind," Mab said. "There is no relationship."

She went back to the reception room, where Steve was waiting for her. He had brought an article he wanted her to read, "Why a Woman Is Still Necessary in an Appliance-Filled Home."

Steve took her to dinner, but he did not ask her to marry him. He did ask her if she realized how many young married people were leaving the suburbs and moving back to town. The question might have been motivated by love—or real estate.

Usually Mab ate lunch at Bunny's Burger, where service was rapid and prices fair. But today she decided to go to Marco's, where leisure came high. Why? She scolded herself, walking in the spring noontime. *Turn around and go back to Bunny's. Idiot, you can't afford Marco's.*

• •

Morning in Cambodia

By Gladys W. Ekeberg

Naked as flowers
Stand eight dark, small
bodies in a line.
Their mother pours over
each head
A pan of rain or well
water.
Like little wind-shaken
flowers
They dry in the sun.

• •

She went right along to Marco's. When she walked in, Wenceslaus Firsk was in the lounge, waiting for her. He advanced to meet her, his nose like a prow cutting the way.

"It worked," he said. "This is great. I kept seeing your face before me, so I invited it to lunch."

"I wish you'd sent the message that you would finance the deal," Mab said. "I worried all the way."

He laughed. She laughed. He was happy. She was happy. For heaven's sake, she was even catching his moods.

Wence ordered clams and little steaks. He was, if not a man of the world, at least a boy of the world.

I like this boy, Mab thought. *I like this lunch and this laughing. It's fun, and that's the way spring is supposed to be. But I've got to be fair to Wence. And my future.* So she told him about Steve Newtowner, to whom she practically was engaged.

Wence was a word splitter. *Do you mean practically as popularly accepted—"almost"? Or in the true sense, meaning not theoretical but functioning? In other words, if you're engaged, where's the ring?*

His questions were as pointed as a row of pins, and Mab didn't want to get stuck on them. She was silent. Then she flared. "How dare you?" she blazed at Wence.

"Sorry," Wence said, "I didn't mean to be thinking that. I just got some ideas. I forgot that you'd know what's on my mind."

She laughed. He laughed. They were right back with it again.

Then Wence was serious. "Mab, don't marry that guy."

"Not till the exact minute he asks me."

"Do you love him?"

"He's healthy, good-looking, prosperous, polite, intelligent ——" She stopped to breathe.

Wence considered the list. "I'm healthy," he said. "And there I leave you. But, Mab, marriage needs something else."

"What?"

It was surprising what a laugh did for Wence's funny, long face. It looked gilded, as by sunlight. "End of talk," he said. "I'm not going to think something I could get my face slapped for."

Mab gave Steve an article to read, "The Success of Men in the Hands of Women." He returned the magazine with a note asking her to dinner. She accepted, also by note. Everything in writing. Legal, sort of. Her schooling was nearly over, and graduation approached. She felt it.

At dinner she wore a good dress for a proposal—black, with white skin showing. The neckline advertised for pearls. During dinner she listened to Steve tell about an interesting new case. She admired his grasp of the matter, and he admired her grasp of his grasp.

After dinner Steve said, "What shall we do?"

If you want a man to propose, you've got to give him peace and privacy. "Let's take a ride," Mab said demurely. She was full of the pleasant expectancy of someone who has bid and expects to make seven no-trump.

She settled herself beside Steve in the car she coveted. They went smoothly up the west side of Manhattan. Steve talked about the office, and Mab thought, *We can be married next month. June is nice and official for weddings, and Steve would like that. Steve would like initials embroidered on things, too,* I think. *But nothing about a wedding takes as long as monogramming.*

Steve had found a country road with a dead end, or maybe the automobile club had diagramed it for him. There, in the moonlight, he stopped the car.

Mab's heart did not flutter, her pulse did not pound. She thought, *Anything is easy if you put your mind to it.* "We're here," Mab said. She meant, *I have arrived.*

There was a long preamble before the main speech. After all, Steve was a lawyer, and things appeared to him in all their ramifications. He spoke of his prospects, his family and his ambitions. He covered each subject like wall-to-wall carpet.

Mab nodded at everything.

There were many whereases and therefores. The proposal was tidy, as though it had been typed on legal-sized foolscap with six copies. Here it was at last on the dotted line, "Mab, will you marry me?"

"No!" said Mab Hershey, who had been waiting months to say "Yes." She went limping on into the astonished silence. "I mean, no thank you."

Steve was angry. He had always been successful. Probably even a successful baby. He didn't know what to do with failure. He backed the car around and took bigger roads out of the smaller until they reached the highway. He was silent.

In panic, Mab wondered how you could get a lawyer to repeat a proposal. Could you say, "I don't believe I understood?" Or, "Would you mind repeating the question?" Could you say, "There's a preposterous boy named Wenceslaus Firsk, miles away. He was the one who said No. My own answer would have been yes, *yes!*"

She couldn't say it. It didn't make sense. And you had to make sense for a

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HOLIDAY

Magazine

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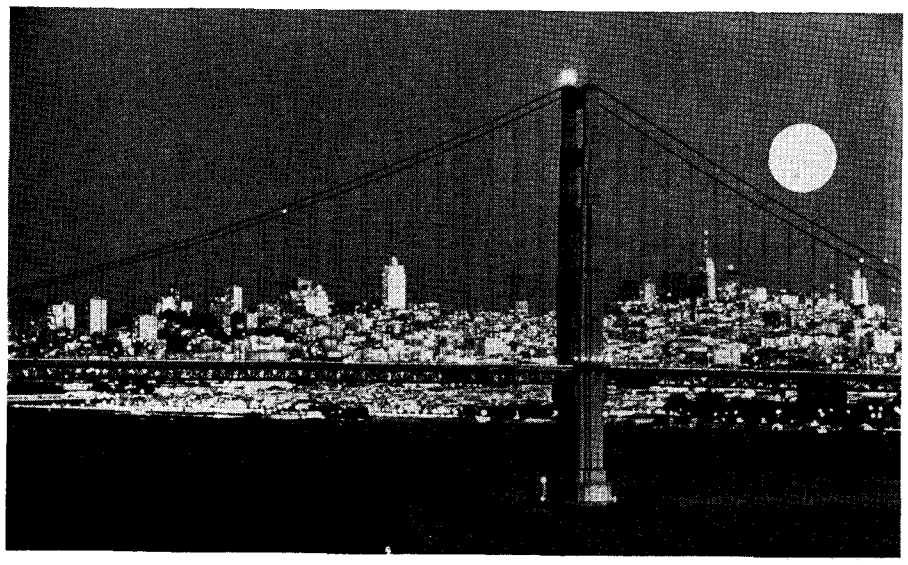

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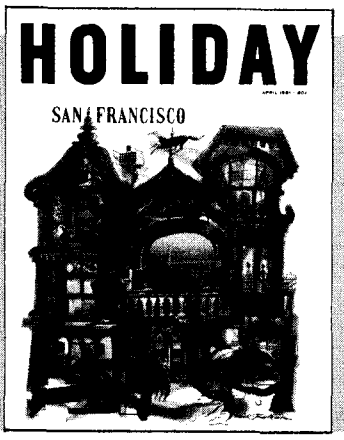

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man like Steve Newtowner. So Mab sat frozen silent in the wreckage of her dreams, a tiger who had opened the trap and let the victim get away.

It was afternoon of the next day before Wence Firsk came into the office library. Mab was waiting for him. She wore a purple blouse and a black skirt. She felt like a killer. She hoped Wence got the idea, because really she might kill him.

She closed the library door behind her. She snapped shut the book Wence was reading. "How *dare* you turn down Steve Newtowner's proposal?" she demanded.

If you didn't hate Wence, you might melt in the smile he gave you. "When did Newtowner propose to me? And what?"

"*My* proposal, I mean. You refused him. You made me refuse him! How could you!"

"I was hoping you wouldn't marry him, Mab," Wence said gently. "I guess you got my message."

The anger drained away; she was just shaky and baffled now. She sat at the table with Wence. "How did you do it? How did you make me say No?"

"The whole thing is between me and your subconscious," Wence said.

All the fight went out of Mab Hershey. She couldn't cope. She wasn't a tiger—just a little human in a big world. She knew herself suddenly for what she was—a pretty little girl who spent too much money on clothes. Not stupid, but not as bright as she'd thought. Defenseless, she said, "Our minds get like—locked together. Why?"

Wence understood that she was disarmed. He took her hands; she let them rest in his. "Honest, I don't understand it any better than you do. This is the best I've been able to come up with. It's like an important invention by several men, thousands of miles apart. It's like great minds running the same channel."

"We're not great minds," Mab said.

"Speak for yourself." He grinned. "Well, O.K. then, it's like answering the phone and finding on the line the very person you were going to call. Or like two people saying the same thing at the same time. Or old husbands and wives exchanging ideas without having to talk."

"We're not old husbands and wives."

"I wish we were." He was just a funny-looking boy, terribly in earnest. "Mab, there's something between you and me. Don't you feel it? Like we were meant for each other."

She took her hands from his and hid them in her lap. "Even if there is something between us, Wence, there shouldn't be. You're a kid. You can't even take care of yourself. I need a *man* to take care of me, Wence."

She sighed and spoke as she never had spoken to anyone. "I've always been poor. Even when my folks were alive there wasn't enough money to train me for anything. Now I'm all alone, and the only thing I can do is be a receptionist. A good receptionist," she added with quick pride. "But while I'm still pretty and young I'm going to settle my life and make sure it's solid." Sadly she said, "Please don't spoil it for me, Wence."

"I don't get my grandfather's inheritance till I'm twenty-eight," Wence said. "But the interest is twenty-five hundred a year. And I might sell what I write. Sometime." He swallowed. "I don't suppose it's much to get married on."

"I don't want to read your bankbook," Mab said gently. "I just want you to let me live, not to interfere."

"I'd do anything—anything, rather than harm you, Mab."

"Then will you stay out of my mind?"

"I'll try," he said after a while. "And if you feel me thinking, just hang up. Like a phone. Maybe that will help."

"Thank you, Wence," Mab said.

They stood; they shook hands. "Good-by," they said to each other.

"Good luck," she said.

"From now on I'll work at the Public Library," he said.

Mab stood at the door, her back to him. The lines of her blouse and skirt were very good. "Thank you for what you just thought, Wence," she said.

"Break the connection, Mab," he said.

In the absolute silence, there was a soundless click.

Wenceslaus Firsk was gone, and he had taken his thoughts with him. No more mental jolts for Mab, no more strange instructions. She went back to the tiger business. The big game still grazed, untrapped.

But sometimes life plays pleasant tricks. Mab could hardly believe it. Since her refusal of him, Steve adored her. Mab figured it out this way: having been rejected, Steve was going to take his case to a higher court. He enjoyed the fight to get a favorable verdict. Lawyers hate to lose.

So Wenceslaus Firsk had not hurt her. He had actually helped her. Mab could stop prowling now; she could stand still and let Steve catch her.

She wished she could tell Wence. She wished she could see him. She found herself sitting quite still, listening. But the line was out of order. Poor Audrey was concerned. She said she thought Mab seemed listless. How about taking some vitamins, the kind she gave her kids? Or a shot of B_{12}?

But Mab couldn't confide in Audrey. She couldn't confide in any sensible person that she'd had a mysterious connection with a man and that now, when it was over, she missed it.

She went out with Steve, but she was quiet, abstracted. The less she said, the more infatuated he became. Pretty soon he'd repeat his proposal. The case of Newtowner vs. Mab Hershey was due to come up on the docket.

The last day of May slipped off the reception-desk calendar. It was the first of June. *The month of marriages*, Mab thought, dusting. She wore a lavender shirt dress, her hair was black satin and her eyes blue as distant mountains. Her mind was distant too. She had to rouse herself to say "Good morning" to Steve.

He gave her a small package, ribbon-poufed. "This is for you, Mab. Try to imagine what it portends."

She thanked him and hoped she would remember to look up "portend."

"About tonight," Steve said. "I'll make dinner reservations. Let me know where and when." He smiled his good clean-cu smile and went his well-organized way.

Audrey's voice came through the grille. "Some people make dinner dates. You. And some people make dinner. Me."

Mab came close to the grille. "Audrey," she said sympathetically, "are you ever resentful?"

"Why, sure," said poor Audrey. "But would I change things? Why, no. Open your present."

Steve's gift was a handsome datebook. The kind people get and give around January first. Mab held it up for Audrey to see. "The year's half gone," she said. "I don't know why he gave me this."

At the switchboard Audrey pulled a cord and pushed a key. "He means your year's just starting. Your life's just starting."

And "portend" meant "foretell." *Nice and tidy on the first day of June*, Mab thought. *Steve's going to ask me again. And this time no one will stop me from marrying him. The way I know what Steve is going to do is through his actions; from the outside.*

The way I knew about Wence was without knowing how I knew, from the inside. It was a marvel, a little miracle. And it was Wence's and mine. The wonder of what there was between us annoyed me, and I threw it away.

She went back to Mr. MacFee's office and, very businesslike, spoke to his secretary. "Do you have a phone number for a young man named Wenceslaus Firsk? I have an important message for him."

The secretary searched the files. "The last address I had was Princeton University. He was in and out of here a few weeks ago, but then he stopped coming. I neglected to make a change-of-address card."

Then Mab asked Audrey if she knew how to reach (*Continued on Page 68*)

"To Grandma's. She loves me even if I am stupid."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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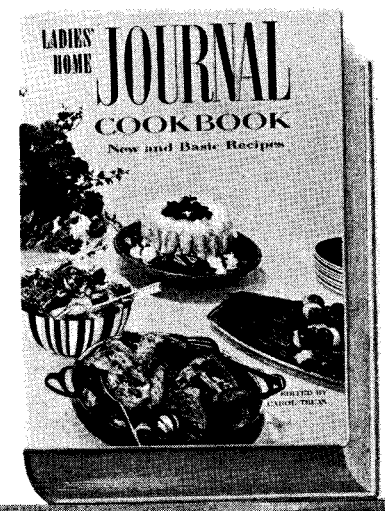

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Judge Firsk's grandson. But Audrey had never heard of him.

The offices grew busy. Mab was a stewardess with a full planeload, soothing, steering, cheering. Whenever she had a minute, she concentrated on Wence, trying to catch a mental message from him. Nothing came through. The line was dead.

In panic she thought, *I told him to stop thinking of me, and he did. He's forgotten me.*

She spent her lunchtime at the Public Library. She tiptoed through rooms of researchers and scholars, looking for one long head, one long nose in a book. No Wence.

Maybe he was lunching at Marco's, the scene of their short history. The maître d'hôtel remembered him. Who could forget him? "No, Miss, I haven't seen Mr. Firsk in some time."

All over New York City it was June first. Mab walked back to her office building thinking, *Who cares? The sun is dancing on the car fenders. The sky is bluer for being squeezed between skyscrapers. So what? I had best, but I only wanted second best. Now, second best is all I'm going to get. I could have given best. Now, second best is all I've got to give.*

Sure as anything, I'm going to marry Steve. It's as though I took a little ride in a barrel floating on a river. Now that the barrel's getting near the falls, it's kind of late to decide that I don't want to take the ride.

At the office Audrey had a note for Mab from Steve. It read, "Dinner at eight, reservations Marquise Roof. Pick you up, your place, 7:45. I will wear white jacket, black tie. Will you plan equivalent costume?"

Mab looked at the note. *Steve and I can have a spectacularly successful life together*, she thought. *He will show me how to do all the right things, and I will do them. We will have the right number of kids, they will go to the right schools, and in ten years the firm's name will read . . .* AND NEWTOWNER.

She put her head on her desk. *Oh, Wence!* She didn't make a sound. It was a silent cry. *Oh, Wence*, she sent the soundless call seeking through the millions of people in the great city. *Wherever you are, Wence, listen!*

Wence came at closingtime, after the last client had left the reception room. Mab saw his funny, ugly, beautiful face.

"Is it you?" Mab said.

"It's got to be me."

"You came."

"I got your message."

"I didn't know it worked both ways. Not only from you to me but from me to you."

"Like a phone," he said. But he stood, planted. He did not approach her. She went to him.

"I'll keep my job," she said.

He knew exactly what she meant. "Your salary added to my twenty-five hundred won't make us rich. But we could live."

"Do you still want me?" she asked hopefully.

He kept his hands in his pockets. "I'm only twenty-two," he said.

"I don't care what your age is."

"You are a little orphan girl, and you only have a few years to find security—to find a man like Newtowner to protect you."

His eyes were warm gray, gold-specked. His mouth had humor brackets at the corners. But he was immovable.

Mab stood quiet, listening. She smiled. "At least you're on the line again, and I hear you well. You want to know if I love you." She put her arms around him as high as she could reach. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him. Wence held her and they fused like spheres of mercury.

When the long kiss ended, Mab saw Steve Newtowner politely watching from the doorway.

Steve said, "I came to tell you that I had ordered orchids. I thought you might want to plan a dress to wear with flowers." That was Steve, best restaurant, best clothes, best corsage. Only not best loved.

Mab stood beside Wence like a statue of WOMAN beside MAN. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be much of a wife for an important attorney," she said.

Steve took his time bringing in the verdict. "You are right," he said. Then, "Well, excuse me, please. I'd better call the Marquise and cancel my table." He was gone.

Mab looked at Wence. It was wonderful to hear a proposal without words. "Yes," she said, "I will marry you as soon as we can get the license."

The next kiss was initiated by Wence. "There's one way we can save money," he said. "We won't need a telephone."

It was the end of Audrey's day at the office. She came from behind her grille, tired, with hours of work waiting for her at home. "Well, you sure disposed of Steve Newtowner," poor Audrey said to Mab. "I never thought you'd turn into me—a wife, a paycheck. After while, a mamma."

Shoulder below shoulder Mab stood by Wence. Beatifically she said, "We're different. We're going to be the perfect husband and wife. We read each other's minds."

Audrey checked the list of food she would shop for on the way home. "Read each other's minds?" she said absently. "Doesn't everybody?" THE END

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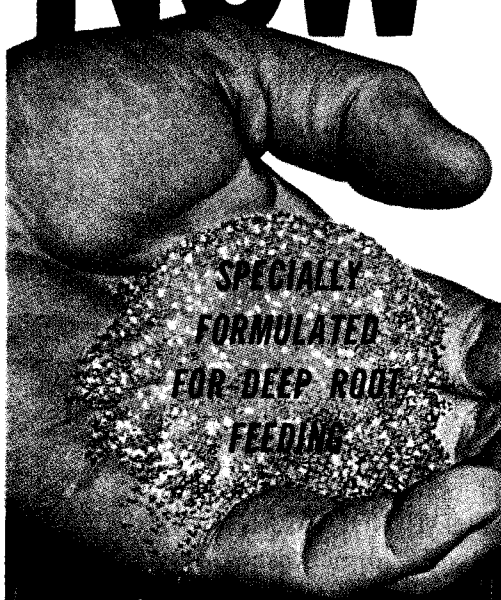

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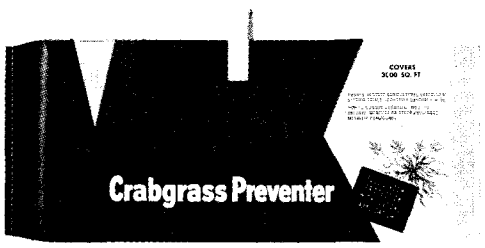

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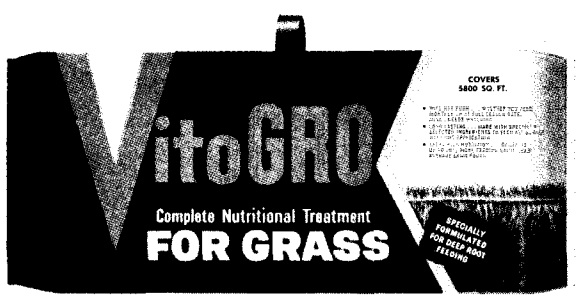

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Of Men I Have Known

(Continued from Page 31)

In the autumn of 1946, when I was Under Secretary of State, my chief, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, was in New York at the United Nations, battling with Molotov over a long list of disagreements, from control of atomic energy to peace treaties. Mr. Molotov had decided to celebrate the Soviet national day, the anniversary of the October Revolution—which confusingly occurs in November by our calendar—at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. He also wanted to be received by the President. In those days of man's innocence about the Russians, Mr. Byrnes did not want minor irritations to add unnecessarily to major ones. He telephoned me to take personal charge of the visit and see that no hitch or untoward incident should mar it.

So I was on hand at the Union Station with the Soviet ambassador to greet Molotov. These ceremonies over, he refused my invitation to drive with me in the unglamorous hand-me-down which a parsimonious government provided for the Under Secretary of State and entered the black, sleek embassy limousine. We stood respectfully until it should drive away. As the chauffeur stepped on the starter, fire shot out of the hood, followed by a strong odor of burnt paint. Security agents swarmed around the car and cautiously looked under the hood. The trouble happily was mechanical and not political, but the car was definitely un-co-operative.

Molotov and the Russian ambassador joined me in my car, to the vast pleasure of the State Department chauffeur, who had never had a police escort before or been able to test out the old car for speed. As we swung into Pennsylvania Avenue, he began to push the leading motorcycles. The officers put on speed and started their sirens. My car gained on them again. Again, in self-protection, they moved faster. Traffic and pedestrians scattered. At sixty miles an hour I intervened, and he did slow down as we made the S turn around the Treasury. When we pulled up at the Soviet Embassy on 16th Street, he was obviously too happy to be scolded.

Molotov, in the midst of the screaming sirens, was being as affable as he could be. How was it, he shrieked in Russian, translated by Pavlov beside me, that he had not met me before at any of the wartime meetings? Because I wasn't there. But why wasn't I there? I said my chief during those meetings, Mr. Cordell Hull, always gave two answers to my question, why I was always left in Washington. I could, he said, take my choice. One was that he could not spare me; the other, that I needed his watchful eye upon me.

This was the sort of humor that Molotov understood. He smiled with the spontaneity of a mechanical tiger. "The Secretary," he beamed at me, "has the jolly spirit."

I did not have it long. A meeting at the White House, an interminable reception at the Soviet Embassy, and I had reeled home to dinner and rest, when Stanley Woodward, Chief of Protocol, came to tell me that Mr. Molotov was on his way to the station to return to New York. He did not believe that duty required that I say farewell again on the train. But Mr. Byrnes's admonition rang in my ears.

"Stanley," I said, "in the words of the old woman as she put on black underwear for the funeral, 'when Ah moans, Ah moans.'" So we went off together to say a ceremonial farewell and to watch our visitor's train disappear down the darkening track.

Andrei Vishinsky was not a leading figure in the Communist hierarchy. He was no Molotov. Clever and useful, he was used. A Menshevik, not a Bolshevik, he never did belong to the inner circle. Cesare Borgia would have recognized his role, as Stalin was quick to do when the purges began. Vishinsky was the prosecutor who produced those debasing and, to the West, inexplicable "confessions."

One evening, in May, 1949, during the conference of foreign ministers in Paris, he dined with our American group at Ambassador Bruce's residence. The evening passed pleasantly enough. Toward its end Vishinsky started to talk of the first time he had seen Charles Bohlen. It had been some years before, when Bohlen was a junior officer at the Moscow Embassy. Bohlen remembered the meeting, but said that he had seen Mr. Vishinsky long before that. Vishinsky guessed unsuccessfully a number of diplomatic receptions. "No," said Bohlen, "it was at the Bukharin trial." Bukharin had been a friend of Vishinsky, who got him condemned to death. One of the episodes at the trial had been Vishinsky's production of a talisman which Bukharin's wife had sewed in the lining of his coat to bring him luck. Vishinsky had taunted him on the luck which had brought him to the prisoner's dock.

As Bohlen pronounced the name, Vishinsky turned deathly white. "Oh," he said, "that was not a diplomatic job." Then, hastily getting up, he said that it was late and he must be off. From the look of him, Bukharin's ghost went home with him.

Vishinsky was short and slim, with quick, abrupt gestures and rapid speech. He gave the impression of nervous tension. The close-cropped gray mustache, merciless blue eyes and sharply, if not finely, cut features set him apart from the stocky, peasant-faced Soviet officials and secret-police agents around him.

We met first in May, 1949, at the *Palais Rose* conference in Paris. Knowing his formidable courtroom reputation, I was braced for a dangerous and adroit antagonist. But neither then nor later did I find him so. Instead, he proved to be a long-winded and boring speaker, as so many Russians are. His debate held no surprises or subtleties. His great penchant, again like many Russians, including Khrushchev, was for Russian fables. In retaliation I, too, began to rely on fables and epigrams, making them up, even Russian ones, when nothing appropriate came to mind. One day, when he had made a particularly outrageous proposal, I said that, to use an old American Indian saying, his proposal was as full of propaganda as a dog was of fleas, only in this case it was all fleas and no dog. The laughter which followed convinced him that this would be in every paper in France by morning. He indicated that that point was mine, and went on good-naturedly to something else.

One contest we carried on enlivened those dreary meetings for me. The dining room of the *Palais Rose*, where our sessions took place, had three double French doors looking onto a garden. The room, though large, was crowded with staff people sitting in rows behind the ministers and their immediate aides at the table. It became stuffy and hot. The center doors were to Vishinsky's right and a little behind him. Being susceptible to drafts, he objected to their being opened. So I would wait until he was well launched on a speech and then motion to a most co-operative English girl, a member of the British staff, whose seat was by these doors. Very softly she would open one of them. As the reviving and balmy spring air began to restore us to consciousness, Vishinsky would stop speaking and go into those convulsive gasps which precede a sneeze. Then out would come a fine explosive one. He would look angrily at the door, which one of his men would jump to close.

One evening he gave us a return dinner. "Us" included Ambassador Robert Murphy (then my adviser on German-Austrian affairs), Philip Jessup, Foster Dulles and Chip Bohlen. Among the Russian guests was General Chuikov, governor of the Soviet Zone of Germany and commandant of the Soviet Sector of Berlin, a great ox of a man, his chest covered with medals—one, he pointed out, conferred by General Eisenhower. He was able, he said, to crack a man's skull with a blow of his fist. While we were having sherry, the general spoke of the French-door episode with some amusement. He plainly stood in no awe of Vishinsky. I then did an imitation of Vishinsky speaking and being caught by the sneeze, my Russian being pure gibberish, made up as I went along. The general bellowed, slapped his thigh and spoke to the interpreter. "The general," said he, "says, 'begin at the beginning and do it all over again.'" He kept me at it until dinner was announced. Vishinsky's smile became forced.

Six months later, in November, 1949, I crossed the general's trail again, this time in Berlin. The brief thaw of May had passed and by November a political freeze was on again. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, then commandant of our sector in Berlin, had a reception for me to which the three other commandants were, of course, invited. General Chuikov, he said, would not come; he had not attended any Western social function for months. I offered a ten-dollar bet that he would. General Taylor took it. The reception had been going for an hour, and my chances seemed pretty slim. Then there was a great clatter at the door and in came not only General Chuikov but all his staff.

While we were exchanging noisy greetings and he was demanding the Vishinsky speech, up came a waiter with a tray of cocktails, a large tray. Chuikov took a solemn appraising look and began to drink them, before I realized his mistaken assumption of a challenge.

"You don't have to drink all those, general," I assured him. "They're for everybody." He looked immensely relieved. "Good Lord," I went on. "You must have a tin stomach." It was translated. He shook his head.

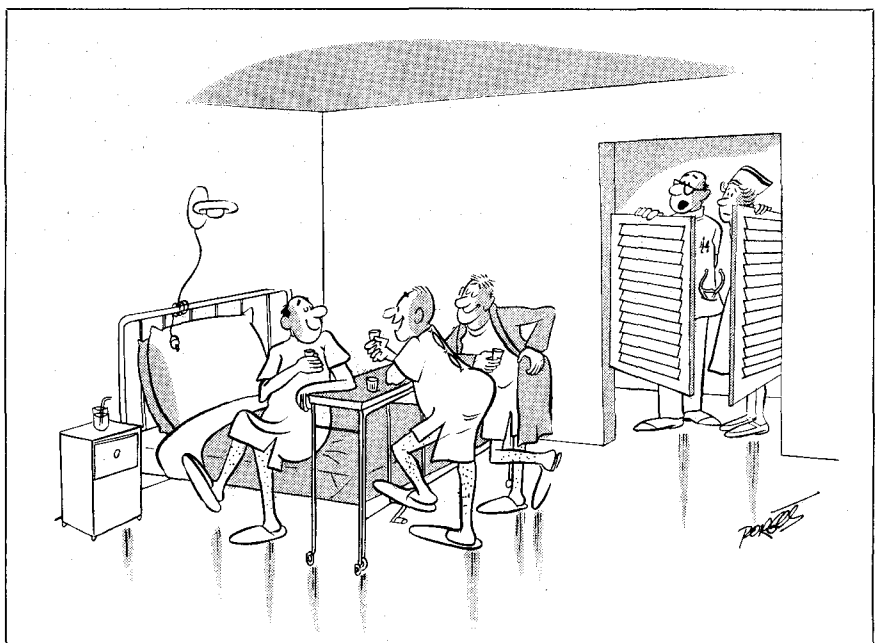
"No," he said, "steel." Of course, none of this jollity meant anything or had the slightest effect on events.

It seems almost as though Russians going abroad are sent to a school of dialectics, where naturally coarse manners are made intentionally offensive and where the students are trained in a technique of intellectual deviousness designed to frustrate any discussion. For instance, if one is inexperienced enough to be involved in discussion of the merits of free thought, free expression and a free press, the riposte is that our information media are owned and used by the imperialist-monopolists to poison and misinform the masses. How much better the wise parent who forces his children to speak the truth by punishing them when they tell falsehoods. Even better, we are told, is the Soviet Government which makes the truth so abundantly available to all citizens that there is no need or place for private versions and perversions of it. This same pattern of thought can be applied to elections, in which the same benevolent Soviet system safeguards the ingenuous elector from the misguidance of self-interested and ambitious men, by permitting only one candidate—in other words, "the best man." After a few evenings of this talk, anything is preferable.

In official negotiations the methods employed have a common root. My discovery of it, and consequent saving of my sanity, I owe to Averell Harriman. Toward the end of the war I found myself the head of an American group negotiating with a Russian group for the delivery and payment of some war-surplus property when hostilities should stop. After the third meeting it dawned on me that the Russians were merely saying the same things and that we were getting nowhere. I disclosed my frustration to Averell, who was in Washington.

"Take a few days' recess," he advised, "then meet, give them a paper with your proposal, explain it and recess again. This will enable them to cable Moscow and get instructions." He explained that none of our oral proposals had been sent to Moscow, since to have done so would have opened the sender to charges of being impressed by what we said, but that a written proposal was another thing. This had to be reported. To suppress it would be to assume responsibility, which also could lead to criticism. This advice worked. The negotiations got nowhere; but they ended, of which there had seemed to be no possibility before.

The personal and social hours, which were of such (*Continued on Page 71*)



"Are you sure it's medicine they're taking?"

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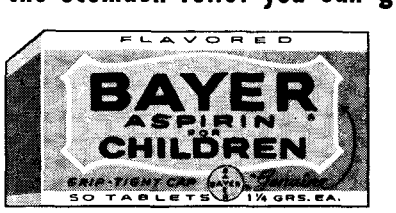

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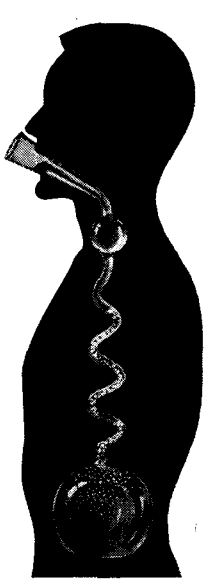

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(*Continued from Page 69*) vast importance in working out arrangements with our allies, were of no use with the Russians, and were a weariness of the flesh. Any device to pass the time was eagerly grasped. Such a device came to me on what promised to be a grisly evening at Trygve Lie's home on Long Island.

During the General Assembly session of the autumn of 1950, Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations, gave a dinner for the attending foreign ministers, insisting that I should attend and be especially agreeable to Vishinsky. That evening I set out resignedly from my Waldorf Tower prison in the official limousine, competently guarded by two security officers. Very soon the evening began to take on a fairy-tale unreality.

We were purring along some Brooklyn avenue when the most hair-raising sounds issued from under the car's hood, as though at the same moment every bearing in the engine ran dry of oil and shrieked in agonized protest. The chauffeur, who had driven Secretary Charles Evans Hughes and all his successors—and still (1961) does—swerved his beloved chariot to the curb and stopped the engine. This did not, oddly enough, stop the shrieks. We all got out to watch the unveiling of the mystery. Passing citizens joined us. The hood was raised; and there, on top of the engine, was one of the Waldorf-garage kittens, who had sought a quiet rest and got the hot-foot treatment.

At dinner I found myself on one side of the hostess—Lie's charming daughter—with Vishinsky on her other side. The episode of the kitten kept all of us out of trouble for a time. Then we listened to an account of how hard Vishinsky worked, and at Churchillian hours between midnight and dawn. Several of us complained mildly of our lot. We diplomats should, I suggested idly, form a trade union, since in all countries we seemed to be an exploited group, underpaid, overworked and universally abused. Interest began to grow, and our conversation broadened up the table; Miss Lie was having a good time.

Vishinsky demurred to a trade union. In the Soviet Union they were not necessary to protect the workers, he said, since that was the principal purpose of the state. Soviet trade unions stimulated production. That settled it, Miss Lie decided. We could not have a Soviet-style trade union because Mr. Vishinsky was by his own statement already overstimulated and overworked, as were all foreign ministers and secretaries general. So we must have an old-fashioned, reactionary trade union to protect the members. Mr. Vishinsky, she thought, would be just the man to head it up. This was impossible, he said, because he would have to be nominated—and who would do that?—and elected, when we all knew that the vote in the Assembly was always forty-five to five against Soviet proposals, as indeed at that time it was.

Our gallant hostess deserved help. As for the nomination, I said, I would do that myself, and do it there and then. The election would depend on our joint efforts, for not only must I present the candidate in a favorable light but he must do the same thing in his acceptance. No doctrinal dissertation would do; he must go all out for votes. All interest at the table had by this time centered on our end of it. The Secretary General, who had no idea what was going on, looked worried, but not agitated, as his daughter was obviously enjoying herself. In answer to his puzzled look, Miss Lie announced that Mr. Acheson was about to nominate Mr. Vishinsky to lead the newly formed trade union of foreign ministers. Mr. Vishinsky's speech of acceptance would follow.

I rose and addressed the convention, while our hostess held up the next course. Only the opening sentence now comes back to me across the years. "Foreign ministers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains of office!" The theme, of course, was our pitiable condition, the brutality of our exploitation and oppressors, who were the entire population of the self-governing world, and the qualifications of our peerless leader, a veritable David who with a smooth pebble from the brook would smite this Goliath.

Vishinsky very good-naturedly did his part. I wish I could say that it was with a gay burlesque of our great American political institution, the nominating convention. But caution intervened. Whether because MVD men lurked among his guards or fear of leaks to the press came to his mind, he played it in a low key. But Trygve Lie's purpose had been achieved. Tensions were relaxed.

As the "hate America" campaign grew in fury during 1951 and 1952, the vilification of our leaders and our people, the germ-warfare accusations and the barbarities of the Chinese prisoner-of-war camps ended even such amenities as I have described, if they can be called that. My encounters with Vishinsky in those years were restricted to debate during sessions of the General Assembly of the United Nations, both in plenary meetings and in committee meetings.

In these debates my impression of 1949, that Vishinsky was not effective, was borne out again. It was strange that this was so, because the man had ability. But judged both from the point of view of his effect on the delegates and his world propaganda effect, he was a failure. At the 1951 session in Paris I put forward our Government's broad and comprehensive plan for the control and limitation of armaments, the first effort of this kind since the proposals for the international control of atomic energy in 1946. This proposal for staged advances in both reduction and control of all armaments was of the utmost importance, as all the delegates recognized at once. Indeed, it is still pretty much the core of all western proposals made since. Everyone was aware that any such plan bristled with difficulties requiring years of negotiation. But this serious start on what many regarded as the No. 1 problem of our time dominated the thinking of the delegates.

Vishinsky spoke the next day. Overnight foreign ministers had thrown away their prepared speeches to address themselves to this new center of all interest. Vishinsky spoke to a hall crowded to hear the Soviet Union's response to the American lead. He had, so he said, laughed all night! The utter and cynical frivolity of this response stunned the Assembly. As he went on to heap ridicule upon the plan and upon the motives of those who proposed it, a sense of deep anger grew throughout the audience. In a few days the same anger was apparent in the greater world audience. Vishinsky had bungled his case.

No, Mr. Vishinsky was not a formidable opponent. He was not equipped, as is Khrushchev, to use debate, discussion and negotiation for their chief function in Soviet strategy. Unfortunately, what this function is remains ill understood in non-Communist countries. I have heard people who should know better say happily, "As long as we keep them talking, they're not fighting."

Nothing could be more untrue: They are fighting. They are adopting a tactic specifically prescribed by Lenin to delay the crises while demoralizing and weakening the enemy. To our minds, international conferences and international negotiations are so completely means for ending conflict that we are blind to the fact that they may be and, in the hands of experts, are equally adapted to continuing it.

Negotiation, in the classic diplomatic sense, assumes parties more anxious to agree than to disagree; and who are, therefore, willing to make concessions in determining what shall be agreed upon. But, as a friend put it, Americans in recent years have come to see three elements in the process of negotiation. There is the element of the high-school debate, in which the judges are the newspaper columnists, and the Asian and African leaders the audience. In other words, this element stresses the impression made by the negotiation, often a contrived impression, as in the Geneva summit meeting of 1955, rather than its outcome. The second element is the Yankee horse trade. Here the emphasis is on outmaneuvering the opponent, on the game rather than on any importance of the game.

The third element is the evangelical one of a revival meeting. Take the sawdust trail to salvation or suffer damnation in the fires of a nuclear hell. "There is no alternative to negotiations with the Russians," is the constant theme of a well-known columnist and a prominent politician in this country and of a large section of the British Labor Party. This is, of course, silly. For if there is no alternative, and if the Russians will negotiate, as is now the case, only on their own terms, then there is no alternative to surrender. But there plainly is an alternative, which is, by action, to change the attitude of the other party. Negotiation should not be, as some conceive it, mere talk apart from action. Negotiation and action are parts of one whole. Action is often the best form of negotiation. It affects the environment which in large part is likely to determine the outcome of negotiation. The Sputniks were powerful moves in negotiation; so was the Marshall Plan. Mr. Khrushchev at the 1960 Paris summit meeting, as at the New York General Assembly, was affecting the environment of international relations. He was using conference and the forms of negotiation as an instrument of war.

True negotiation with the Russians, when and how it can occur, has been admirably summed up by Sir William Hayter in the excellent article already mentioned:

> Negotiation with the Russians does occur, from time to time, but it requires no particular skill. The Russians are not to be persuaded by eloquence or convinced by reasoned arguments. They rely on what Stalin used to call the proper basis of international policy, the calculation of forces. So no case, however skillfully deployed, however clearly demonstrated as irrefutable, will move them from doing what they have previously decided to do; the only way of changing their purpose is to demonstrate that they have no advantageous alternative, that what they want to do is not possible. Negotiations with the Russians are therefore very mechanical; and they are probably better conducted on paper than by word of mouth.

NEXT WEEK

THE NEW UTAH:
CHANGE COMES TO ZION
By Robert Cahn

HOW DREAMS PROTECT OUR SANITY
By Jerome Ellison

OF MEN I HAVE KNOWN:
MY ADVENTURES AMONG THE U.S. SENATORS
By former Secretary of State Dean Acheson

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
THE CONNECTING IMAGINATION
By Stephen Spender

THE CRAZY WORLD OF DOG SHOWS
By Bill O'Hallaren

In his concluding article in next week's *Post* Mr. Acheson tells the intimate story of his experiences—some pleasant, some not so pleasant—with outstanding United States Senators of the last two decades. He salutes Arthur H. Vandenberg for great achievements.

—THE EDITORS

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What Africa Is Really Like

(Continued from Page 33)

at. You cannot expect people most of whom are sick of more than one debilitating disease to be models of energy and competence. What is amazing is that most Africans are as cheerful and vigorous as they are. By the same token, it would be foolish to expect a government run on the "Wawa" system to be a model of enlightened and efficient parliamentary democracy. Lesson No. 1 for anyone who wishes to understand what is happening in Africa is thus very simple—do not judge Africa by American or European standards.

The lesson is reinforced when you leave the European-built cities and go out into the rain forest and the bush. With *Post* photographer Ollie Atkins, I made a number of trips into the African hinterland, in Guinea, Ghana, Togo, Nigeria and in the Congo's Katanga Province. Always we found the same thing—go a few miles outside the cities and, except for a few traces, you are back in pre-European Africa.

Even in the cities, to be sure, you find Africa at your hotel door. The musty Mainland Hotel in Lagos, Nigeria, for example, is eminently British—you are ruthlessly awakened there at dawn with a cup of tea, however much you may protest that you'd rather sleep. But right outside the door there are several fingerless victims of leprosy, and a "spider man," who scuttles about on all fours, begging alms. A little distance from Ghana's sleekly modern Ambassador Hotel in Accra, the fishing boats drawn up on the beach are carved out of solid logs.

Outside the cities there are more traces of the departed British in the former British territories of Ghana and Nigeria than there are of the French in former French areas. In former French territory the African-built villages look for the most part precisely as they must have looked before the first European set foot on African soil, whereas the villages in Ghana and Nigeria are likely to be roofed with rusty tin, which is doubtless pleasanter for the inhabitants, but which makes them look like the city dump.

There are other differences. A "struggle against nudity," no doubt inspired in part by prudish Anglo-Saxon ideas, is being waged in the British areas. No such struggle is being waged in the French areas. Driving through two former French colonies, Togo and Dahomey, a heroic couplet of doubtful origin kept coming to my mind—"Breasts and bosoms have I seen of various shapes and sizes, From poignant disillusionments to jubilant surprises." There were a lot more poignant disillusionments than jubilant surprises, and I ended up a strong partisan of the "struggle against nudity."

But these differences are obviously superficial. Except for the tin roofs, an African village grows up out of its surroundings and seems to be part of those surroundings. And though they may be separated by thousands of miles, one African village is much like another, in the eye of the casual beholder. To be sure, some of the houses, the prettiest, are round, like beehives, and some are square or oblong. Some are made of palm leaves and some are made of rush and bamboo or, more likely, hardened mud. To the anthropologist, these differences are no doubt fascinating and important. So, no doubt, are the differences between a proud Moslem Fulani and a fierce pagan Matabele. But to the casual traveler both the people and their plan of life seem remarkably similar, from Senegal 4000 miles south into the Rhodesias.

You see a village off to the side of the road, and you stop your car and take a few pictures with that invaluable ice-breaker, the one-minute camera. Soon you are surrounded by the whole village, giggling and clamorous. There is almost always one man—but usually only one—who speaks English or French after a fashion, and he will gladly conduct you on a guided tour of the village.

The houses are spread about higgledy-piggledy, so that there are no well-defined streets—when the family expands, a new room or hut of dried mud or rush is simply added. Near the cities especially, you are likely to see some "European" objects—sewing machines, radios, a couple of bicycles, some cheap furniture. Sometimes you find certain pretensions to grandeur.

In the throne room of the paramount chief in a coastal village in Ghana, for example, there were nine elaborately carved stools for the subordinate chiefs, a throne covered with skins, faded photographs of the chief with former British governors, and a long wicker basket in which the chief was carried shoulder-high on ceremonial occasions. The basket was fully equipped with pillows, newspapers, a pack of cigarettes and even a pair of

... ...

For the Record

Waste not your curse
On the D.J.'s chatter.
You'll need it worse
When he plays the platter!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

nail scissors. But, especially far from the cities, the huts are often no more than simple shelters from the elements, and there is no furniture of any sort on the concrete-hard earth floors.

The people look remarkably like those pictures in the geography books of our school days. Often the men, belying the health statistics, are magnificent physical specimens, their smooth muscles glistening blackly in the sun. The women always seem to be working at something, cooking or pounding grain, or carrying heavy objects on their heads—in Ghana especially you almost never see a woman without something on her head. The children are both jolly and shy at the same time.

All together, the Africans are most likeable people and, despite the barriers imposed by language and culture, their reactions are entirely human and understandable. I remember a young girl, who was obviously the local belle, and who very much wanted to have her picture taken. When I took her picture and gave it to her, she looked at it in dismay and went off into a corner and pouted tearfully, and finally she tore the picture into little bits. She was pretty, but, like other women, she thought she was prettier than she was.

Yet those barriers imposed by culture and language exist all the same. On long drives through the jungle you find yourself wondering what these people are really like, what really goes on in their heads, behind the big white smiles with which they greet the strangers from a far-off land.

A long drive on a jungle road is a curious experience. There is never a view—only the road ahead and the jungle high on either side, a furiously competing tangle of shrubs and vines and trees, with here and there a little clearing, for a few manioc or banana plants or the shrubs which denote a cemetery. You long, after a while, for a distant object on which to focus your eyes, and you begin to feel that behind that high jungle wall there are things you don't understand, and never will.

And there are such things. Many dignified and well-educated officials in Black Africa have elaborate tribal markings on their faces. I remember especially a highly articulate cabinet minister in northern Nigeria, who was very caustic about the stupidities of American foreign policy, and who had marks on his face which made him look just like a cat. These tribal markings are made in secret tribal ceremonies. The skin is cut, hot ashes are rubbed into the wound, and it is considered a terrible disgrace to cry out. But this is not the sort of thing you discuss with a cabinet minister. It is the sort of thing that is hidden behind that jungle wall, even to white men who have lived their lives in Africa.

Other things, very strange and rather terrible by our standards, go on behind that jungle wall, like the elaborate, secret and very painful rituals of ceremonial circumcision and clitoridectomy which are practiced by many tribes—often with old razor blades, and cold water as the only anesthetic. Even more primitive and more terrible practices have not disappeared from tropical Africa. Not very long ago a plane came down in the Nigerian rain forest. When a rescue party reached the scene, the corpses were found to be headless—the heads had disappeared into the forest. As in the Congo, a sudden wild savagery can replace the jolly indolence of the bush-dwelling African.

All this is not said by way of invidious comparison. Africans are in many ways a lot more civilized than Europeans or Americans. The Africans did not produce Hitler or the hydrogen bomb. By comparison with our wars, tribal wars in Africa are rather genteel—bloodletting is usually kept to a minimum by tacit mutual agreement. The Africans are naturally polite people too—you will find a lot more courtesy from the mammy-wagon drivers on the Ghanaian bush roads than you will encounter on the New Jersey Turnpike. The point is not that Africans are inferior or superior to Americans or Europeans. The point is that they are different. Nor is this at all surprising, since the environment that produces them is utterly different from the environment that produces a European or an American.

American Negroes in Africa are, I found, acutely aware of this difference. "I never realized before I came over here," one able American Negro remarked to me, "how much I am an American and how little an African. Hell, I never know what these people are thinking." And this is not surprising either. Americans three or four generations removed from Poland or China or England are very much more American than Polish or Chinese or English.

The difference in environment has produced a political system which, while it borrows superficially from both West and East, is essentially African. One difference is that in Africa, as in Elizabethan England or the Boston of John F. Kennedy's grandfathers, politics offers the one great means of advancement for an ambitious man. University students in Africa hardly ever plan to become businessmen or engineers or doctors. They want to be politicians or government officials.

Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, tells his followers, "Seek ye first the political kingdom, and all other things shall be added unto it." Including, he might add, limousines, bathtubs lined with Italian marble and steatopygous mistresses—in Africa the backside has the same symbolic significance as the bosom in our culture, and falsies are worn on the behind. The African politicians have inherited the palaces of the former colonial overlords. They have also inherited the opportunity to enrich themselves. With a few startling exceptions, like Nigeria's Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Balewa—who struck me as one of the most impressive men I have met on my travels—that is just what they are doing.

"Dash" is the word for bribery throughout former British territory, and "dash" is given and received with verve and enthusiasm throughout tropical Africa, perhaps especially in Ghana. One high Ghanaian official has acquired three houses, five cars and large bank accounts in Switzerland and London. He is widely supposed to have made his mark in life through a trade deal with the Soviets which involved a particularly juicy slice of "dash." But this has not hurt him a bit politically. On the contrary, to have received "dash" on such a heroic scale is to be much admired and is, therefore, a positive political asset.

It is also a political asset to be known to be especially successful with the ladies—the attitude toward sex in tropical Africa is markedly relaxed. An American in Nigeria became influential in important political circles by emulating the hero of *The Apartment*, and turning over his house to leading politicians for their dalliances. He finally had to call a halt to get a good night's sleep. One of the most respected African political leaders acquired a beautiful West Indian girl on a trip to the United States, and has been living with her in what the West would call sin for months. Although he has a legal wife already, he is much admired for his acumen in acquiring so desirable a partner.

For what the West would call sin is not what Africa would call sin. And the peculiar perquisites of high political office in Africa have their uses. When politics provides the quickest road to riches and other desirable things, as in the days of the Cecils or the Marlboroughs, a high order of talent is attracted to government service. There are some very able men—as well, of course, as some venal and self-serving men—in African politics. Aside from Balewa, I was particularly impressed by Sékou Touré of Guinea (pro-Communist though he is), Sylvanus Olympio of Togo, and President Azikiwe ("Zik") of Nigeria.

By the same token, what the West would call ridiculous or demagogic often makes an odd sort of political sense in Africa. Take, for example, the "Welcome to The Osagyefo" which I witnessed at a crossroads a few miles outside of Accra, the capital of Ghana.

Ghana's President Nkrumah likes to be called "The Osagyefo," which means, impiously, "The Redeemer" or "The Saviour." On this occasion, a "Welcome to The Osagyefo" had been organized by his C.C.P. or Convention Peoples' Party, to celebrate the great man's return to Accra after a few days of political fence-mending in the interior. Nkrumah was supposed to arrive at about four in the afternoon, and well before that time three distinct groups had gathered at the appointed place on the outskirts of town.

One group consisted of the Chief of Oblogo and his entourage of about a dozen tribesmen, all clustered under an immense, multicolored much-patched velvet umbrella. The umbrella, introduced to Africa centuries ago by the Portuguese, (*Continued on Page 74*)

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(*Continued from Page 72*) is a symbol of chieftainship, and the bigger the umbrella the bigger the chief. The Chief of Oblogo clutched in one hand a bottle of kirsch, and in the other a staff topped by a crudely carved sheep decorated with gold radiator paint. I tried to interview the chief, who seemed an amiable fellow, but all I could get out of him was, "Umbrella very heavy."

The second group consisted of political personages led by the Secretary General of the Party, the Honored Tawia Adamafio, in a magnificent robe and a white crepe de Chine undergarment. The Honored Adamafio remained for the most part in his Mercedes-Benz—all the political personages had handsome limousines—while his subordinates joked, slapped each other and had frequent recourse to a supply of stimulants. When the Honored Sackey, from the Accra Central Constituency, did a fine jig in the middle of the road, the Honored Adamafio decided things were getting a bit out of hand, and the Honored Sackey was led off, grinning.

The third group consisted of a chorus of white-clad females, who sang what sounded like South Carolina spirituals—they had the same repetitious contrapuntal themes. They sang two songs—"Kwame, Kwame, Our Osagyefo Is Coming," and "Our President Has Done Wonderful Things for Us." Meanwhile, at frequent intervals a motorcycle policeman would roar down the road, and the exciting word would be passed, "The Osagyefo is coming."

At last, just before dusk, the Osagyefo came, in a bright-green limousine and a white linen suit like the uniforms worn by British governor generals. He moved among the admiring crowd and at last confronted the Chief of Oblogo, who shouted at him in a loud and furious voice, and then poured half the contents of the bottle of kirsch upon the ground, to appease the spirits of the dear and presumably still-thirsty departed. After the Osagyefo had turned away, the Chief of Oblogo appeased his own thirsty spirit by taking an enormous swig from the bottle of kirsch.

After that the whole lot of us drove into town, past groups of children holding signs saying, WE LOVE OUR OSAGYEFO and CHILDREN FOR OSAGYEFO, to Kwame Nkrumah Circle, which is embellished with the great man's name in tricolored neon tubing. As we drove, I wondered about the meaning of this peculiar business, which goes on every time Nkrumah returns from a few days of politicking outside Accra, and which seems to come straight out of an Evelyn Waugh satire.

I am prejudiced against Ghana. Perhaps it was the state of my digestion while I was there—an upset stomach unquestionably affects the political judgment. In any case, Ghana struck me as the very embodiment of "Wawa," and Nkrumah seemed to me a self-righteous and pretentious politician. It would be easy just to make fun of Ghana. For example, simultaneously with the "struggle against nudity," a campaign for re-Africanization is being waged. "Girls," a writer asks admonishingly in the government newspaper, "have you kept up with your drumming?" Presumably drumming is African, but nudity is not.

There is something oddly irritating, too, about Ghana and its president. "Nkrumahism," which Ghanaians are grimly warned in capital letters to READ, LEARN AND INWARDLY DIGEST is simply diluted, warmed-over Marxism. Under the Preventive Detention Act, Nkrumah and company have jailed or exiled hundreds of people they dislike, without trial or terminal date—if the British had passed such a law, there would have been a world-wide outcry. And the officially encouraged Nkrumah-worship has reached the point of just plain silliness, as the "Welcome to The Osagyefo" suggests.

And yet, in an African context, what Nkrumah is doing makes a sort of sense. Nkrumah is trying to replace tribalism with nationalism. To that end, he has crushed the power of the tribal chiefs, of whom the most powerful was the Asantahene, chief of the great Ashanti tribe, and inheritor of the famous Golden Stool. For a long time Nkrumah did not dare to show his face in Kumasi, Ghana's second city and the Ashanti capital. But now the Asantahene has been transformed into a Nkrumah stooge, and the Ashantis disciplined by such methods as the Preventive Detention Act. And, as one shrewd Englishman in Accra remarked, "Nkrumah is trying to become the Ghanahene." Nkrumah, in other words, is trying to become to all of Ghana what a great chief like the Asantahene once was to his tribe.

All over Africa other African leaders are trying to do the same thing. That is why the one-party system and the cult of the personality are to be found all over Africa, irrespective of pro-Communist or anti-Communist orientation.

The need to replace tribalism with a sense of nationhood accounts for the stridency of African nationalism. African nationalism produces such absurd symptoms as the Ghanaian post cards attributing every important advance in history to Ghana. But African nationalism also serves as a barrier to Communist imperialism.

For no African leader, however closely he may follow the Soviet line, is ready to turn his country into a docile Soviet satellite on the Eastern European pattern. Nkrumah, Sékou Touré, and Modibo Keita of Mali are all Soviet fellow travelers, but, besides being vain men, they are also genuine African nationalists by their own lights, and they are in no hurry to become mere puppet automatons like Romania's Gheorghiu-Dej. Moreover, the Kremlin lacks in Africa the ultimate military sanctions which are needed to turn them into puppet automatons.

Therefore my own guess is that no African state is likely to go the whole way to become a true Communist satellite. But there is a real chance that in many parts of Africa all western influence may be eliminated and western interests destroyed. That is the other side of the coin of African nationalism. For race hatred is a proved and powerful instrument of nationalism, and race hatred can be exploited by the Communists as an instrument of the destruction of western interests in Africa.

The African has good reason to hate the white man in many parts of Africa. That is above all true, of course, in the Union of South Africa, which is ruled by the Dutch-descended Afrikaners, who are a small minority of the total population. It is entirely natural that the Afrikaners should love their beautiful country and that they should mean to hold what they have. But they seem to be determined to make certain that they will eventually lose what they have.

By their apartheid policies they have alienated the other minorities, the English-speaking whites, the Indians, the "colored." And instead of adopting the sensibly cynical course of creating an African middle class with an interest in maintaining the status quo, they have systematically humiliated and infuriated the 9,000,000 Africans who constitute a three-to-one majority of the population. I got a sudden insight into the depth of race hatred on both sides one evening in Johannesburg, when I took a taxi to the house of a white friend, to meet a Black African nationalist leader.

Meeting an African political leader in South Africa is a difficult business. It is illegal, of course, to meet an African at a hotel. About the only way to talk to an African is to arrange to meet him at the house of a liberal white—and even this, of course, is a pretty risky business for both the white and the African.

On this occasion I had been told to appear at nine in the evening at the house of a charming lady, whom I shall call Katherine. Outside my hotel I took a taxi. The driver, a blond Afrikaner, who spoke the peculiar, Cockneylike accent of the working-class Afrikaner, turned out to be a chatty fellow. He had been in the police, he said, but he had quit when he had been shot in the stomach—he pronounced it "stoomach"—while searching for arms in one of the African "locations." They had found the arms—seven guns and a lot of ammunition—but they never did catch the "dommed Kaffir" who shot him.

Why, I asked, were the Africans hiding the arms? The driver turned round in his seat and looked at me in surprise. "Why, to fight us, of course," he said. "Whatever else?"

We arrived at the address. I asked the driver to wait, and went through a walled garden. Katherine opened the door, led me into the living room and introduced me to Charlie, who sat in a corner, nursing a glass of beer—for which Katherine could have been arrested, since it is illegal to offer alcohol of any kind to an African. Charlie had a handsome, bitter face. He was self-educated, but highly articulate, and clearly far more intelligent than the taxi driver waiting outside. With a curious acid detachment he described the life of peonage a black man leads in white South Africa—a life in which he has no political or economic rights at all, can own no property, and can work only as a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." He went on to talk about the life he had led as a political prisoner—he had just been released from jail. He described a regimen of systematic humiliation, in which a dozen men were crowded into one small cell and given a single bucket for bathroom purposes.

"I can understand," I said, "why you hate the Verwoerd government. But do you Africans also hate white men in general?"

There was a pause.

"Tell the truth, Charlie," said Katherine.

"We hate your bloody guts," said Charlie, with a savage smile.

Outside I found the blond taxi driver asleep at the wheel, and woke him up. He was still in a chatty mood, and h volunteered that he had been at Sharpe ville, where last March the police killed about seventy Africans when the police station was surrounded by an African crowd. I asked how the shooting started.

"You know how it is," he said. "One fired, then all fired." He turned around and grinned at me. "I got five of the bloody bastards myself," he said. "Saw 'em go down." When he saw no answering grin, he turned again and was silent for a moment. "We're in a war already," he said sullenly. "Kill or be killed, like any war. Only a lot of these bloody fools don't know it yet."

As far as South Africa is concerned, the taxi driver was no doubt right. "Too late" was a phrase I heard again and again in South Africa. The Afrikaner government has destroyed all bridges between the races—there is obviously, for example, no bridge between Charlie and the taxi driver. "Africa for the Africans" has become the black man's cry, and that cry means "kick the white man out."

The same cry is being heard further north as well. In Salisbury, in Southern Rhodesia, where desperate last-minute efforts to find some accommodation between the races are being made, I talked to two young African nationalists in my hotel room. They were quite sure that they would win in the end—as are most whites in Rhodesia. What then would happen to the 250,000 whites? "They will have to give up most of their land, of course," said one of the young men, "but they can stay if they behave." The second young man remarked reflectively, "Some Europeans are all right, but most are evil people." There, suddenly, was the mirror image of white racialism.

In West Africa, where the whites have never been more than a tiny minority—thanks to malaria and the heat—the traveler encounters little of this black racialism. But there are those who believe it is very much there, beneath the surface. In Elisabethville I met a much-traveled French journalist who had spent years in Africa. "Suddenly it is everywhere, this feeling against the whites," he said. "It is part hatred and, since the Belgians panicked here in the Congo, part contempt."

Where race hatred does not exist, it can be created. It is significant that the propaganda line of the pro-Communists in the Congo has been viciously anti-white. It is also significant that Patrice Lumumba's assassination was the signal for Communist-instigated antiwhite demonstrations, not only in Africa but among nonwhite people all over the world.

Racialism is an explosive political weapon, and it could no doubt be used by the Communists with devastating political effect against the West in Africa. But at least the Soviet leaders ought to bear in mind that it is a two-edged weapon. Everywhere in Africa the fierce rivalry between the Russians and the Chinese for primacy in world Communism is evident. Russian and Chinese missions openly snub each other and work at cross purposes. Before using the weapon of race hatred against the West in Africa the Soviets ought to pause and consider the fact that Russians are white men too, and Chinese are not.

This is the second article by Mr. Alsop his extensive reporting mission in Africa. T third will appear in a coming issue.

—THE EDITORS

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A woman who pays attention to what her husband says is probably looking for an argument.

Any man who never makes a mistake has a good secretary.

The best thing for wrinkles is older friends.

If a woman jumps when her husband puts his foot down, they're probably on the dance floor.

Anybody who thinks television has killed conversation in the American home doesn't pay the telephone bill.

A problem child is one whose parents don't believe in heredity.

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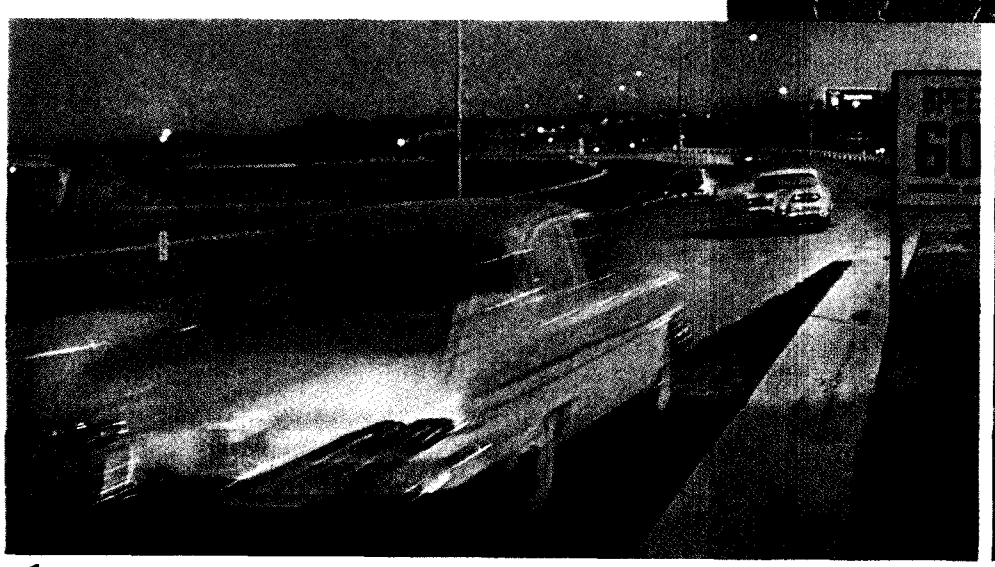

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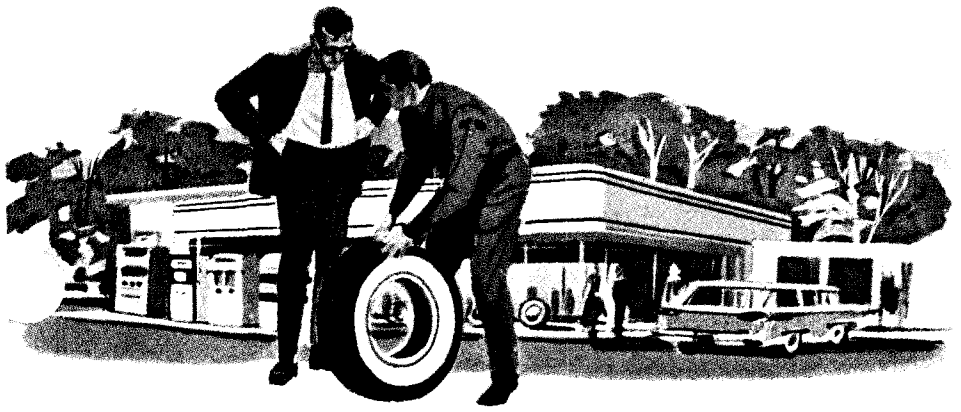

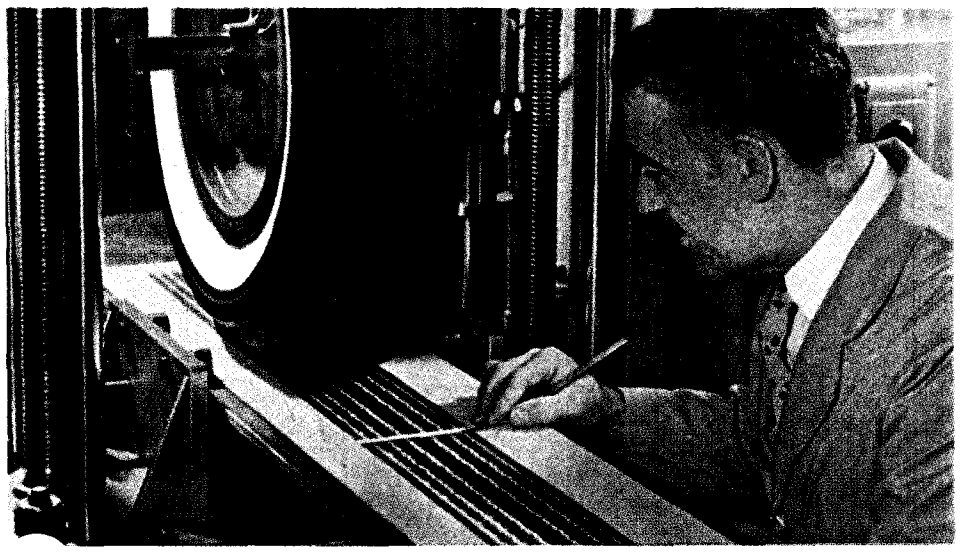

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The Captive Outfielder

(Continued from Page 21)

mother had, by a very great struggle, got him into the conservatory. She had enough money for his tuition only. Eating was a great problem. He could afford only one good meal a day at the conservatory cafeteria so that he was almost always hungry and cold. But he remembered how the great Glazunov had come to the cafeteria one day and had seen him with a bowl of soup and a piece of bread

"This boy is thin," Glazunov had said. "From now on he is to have two bowls of soup, and they are to be big bowls. I will pay the cost."

There had been help like that for him—occasional help coming quite unexpectedly—in those long, grinding, lonely years at the conservatory. But there were other terrible times. There was the time when he had reached such an age that he could no longer be boarded at the conservatory. He had to give up his bed to a smaller boy and find lodgings somewhere in the city.

He had enough money for lodgings, but not enough for food. Always food. That was the great problem. To get money for food he had taken a room in a house where the family had consumption. They rented him a room cheaply because nobody wanted to board with them. He would listen to the members of the family coughing at nighttime—the thin, shallow, persistent cough of the consumptive. He was terribly afraid—afraid that he would contract consumption himself, which was incurable in those days, and die. The thought of death frightened him. But he was equally frightened of disappointing his mother, for if he died he would not graduate and all her efforts to make him a musician would be wasted.

Then there was the time he had had to leave Russia after the revolution. And the awful months of standing in line to get a visa and then to get assigned to a train. It had taken seven months. And the train to Riga—what an ordeal that had been. Normally it took eighteen hours. But this train took three weeks. Three weeks in cattle cars in midwinter, jammed up against his fellow passengers, desperately trying to save his violin from being crushed. A baby had died in the cattle car, and the mother kept pretending it was only asleep. They had had to take it from her by force eventually and bury it beside the tracks out in the howling loneliness of the countryside.

And out of all this he had got music. He had become a musician. Not a concert violinist, but a great orchestral violinist, devoted to his art.

He told the boy about this, hoping to get him to understand what he himself had gone through in order to become a musician. But when he was finished, he knew he had not reached the boy.

That is because he is an American boy, Mr. Olinsky thought. *He thinks all these things happened to me because I am a foreigner, and these things don't happen in America. And maybe they don't. But can't he understand that if I made all these efforts to achieve music—to be able to play the works of Johann Sebastian Bach as Bach wrote them—it is surely worth a little effort on his part?*

But it was no good. The boy, he knew, sympathized with him. But he had not made a real contact with him. He hadn't found the missing something that separated this boy from him and the boy from music. He tried again. "Tell me," he said, "what do you do with your day?"

"I go to school," said the boy flatly.

"But after that? Life is not all school."

"I play ball."

"What kind of ball?" asked Mr. Olinsky. "Bouncing a ball against a wall?"

"No," said the boy. "Baseball."

"Ah," said Mr. Olinsky. "Baseball." And he sighed. He had been more than thirty years in the United States and he didn't know anything about baseball. It was an activity beneath his notice. When he had any spare time, he went to a concert. Or sometimes he played chess. "And how do you do at baseball?" he said.

"Oh—not very good. That Grasshopper Smith. He always strikes me out."

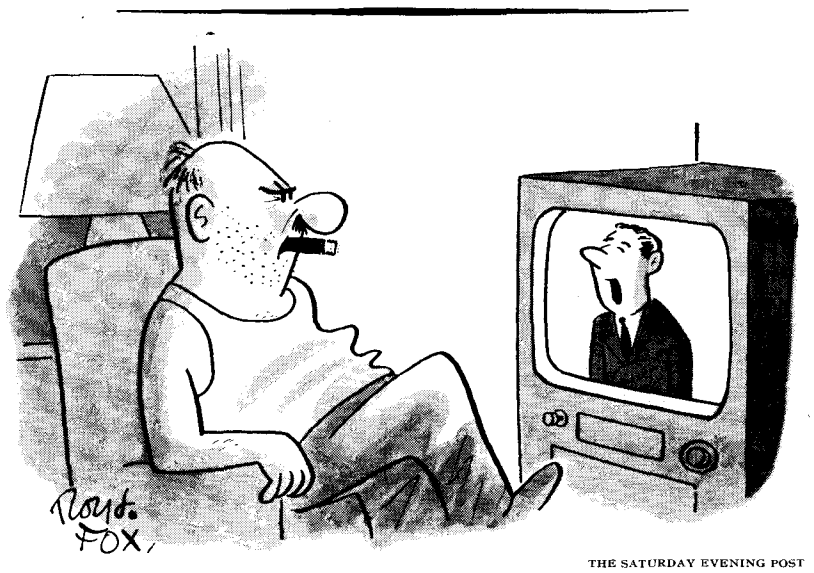
"You have a big match coming up soon perhaps?"

"A game. Yes. Tomorrow. The Giants against the Yankees. I'm on the Yankees. It's the play-off. We are both tied for first place." For a moment he seemed excited, and then he caught a glimpse of the great musicians around the wall and the bleak stare of Johann Sebastian Bach, and his voice went dull again. "It doesn't matter," he said. "I'll be struck out."

"But that is not the way to think about it," said Mr. Olinsky. "Is it inevitable that you be struck out? Surely that cannot be so. When I was a boy ——" Then he stopped, because when he was a boy he had never played anything remotely approaching baseball, and so he had nothing to offer the boy to encourage him.

Here was the missing part then—the thing that was missing between him and the boy and the thing that was missing between the boy and Johann Sebastian Bach. Baseball. It was just something they didn't have in common, and so they couldn't communicate with each other.

"When is this game?" said Mr. Olinsky.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now you can be kissing sweet."

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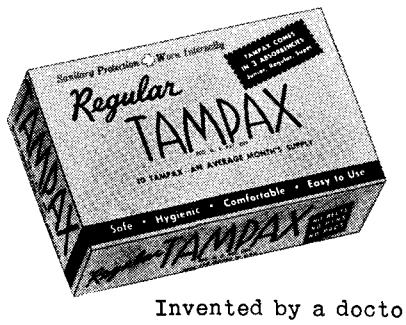

Invented by a doctor ...now used by millions of women

"Three in the afternoon," said the boy.

"And this Grasshopper Smith is your bête noire—your black beast, huh?"

"Yeah," said the boy. "And he'll be pitching. They've been saving him for this game."

Mr. Olinsky sighed. This was a long way from the Arioso. "Well," he said, "we will consider the lesson over. Do your practice and we will try again next week."

The boy left, conscious that all the musicians were watching him. When he had gone, Mr. Olinsky stood before the portrait of Johann Sebastian Bach.

"Baseball, maestro," he said. "Baseball. That is what stands between him and you and him and me. You had twenty children and I had none. But I am positive that neither of us knows anything about baseball."

He thought about this for a moment. Then he said, "Twenty children—many of them boys. Is it possible, maestro—is it just possible that with twenty children and many of them boys? . . .You will forgive the thought, but is it just possible that you may have played something like baseball with them sometimes? And perhaps one of those boys always being—what did he say?—struck out?"

He looked hard at the blocky features of Johann Sebastian Bach, and it seemed to him that in one corner of the grim mouth there was a touch of a smile.

Mr. Olinsky was late getting to the Clark Stadium Recreation Park in Hermosa Beach for the play-off between the Giants and the Yankees because he had spent the morning transposing the Arioso from *A* major into *C* major to make it simpler for the boy. Indeed, when he got there the game was in the sixth and last inning and the score was three to nothing in favor of the Giants.

The Yankees were at bat, and it seemed that a moment of crisis had been reached.

"What's happening?" Mr. Olinsky asked a man seated next to him who was eating a hot dog in ferocious bites.

"You blind or something?" asked the man. "Bases loaded, two away and if they don't get a hitter to bring those three home, it's good-by for the Yankees. And look who's coming up to bat. That dodo!"

Mr. Olinsky looked and saw the boy walking to the plate.

Outside the studio and in his baseball uniform he looked very small. He also looked frightened, and Mr. Olinsky looked savagely at the man who had called the boy a dodo and was eating the hot dog, and he said the only American expression of contempt he had learned in all his years in the United States. "You don't know nothing from nothing," Mr. Olinsky snapped.

"That so?" said the hot-dog man. "Well, you watch. Three straight pitches and the Grasshopper will have him out. I think I'll go home. I got a pain."

But he didn't go home. He stayed there while the Grasshopper looked carefully around the bases and then, leaning forward with the ball clasped before him, glared intently at the boy. Then he pumped twice and threw the ball, and the boy swung at it and missed, and the umpire yelled, "Strike one."

"Two more like that, Grasshopper," yelled somebody. "Just two more and it's in the bag."

The boy turned around to look at the crowd and passed his tongue over his lips. He looked directly at where Mr. Olinsky was sitting, but the music teacher was sure the boy had not seen him. His face was white and his eyes glazed so that he didn't seem to be seeing anybody.

Mr. Olinsky knew that look. He had seen it often enough in the studio when the boy had made an error and knew that however much he tried he would make the same error over and over again. It was a look of pure misery—a fervent desire to get an ordeal over with.

The boy turned again, and the Grasshopper threw suddenly and savagely to third base. But the runner got back on the sack in time, and there was a sigh of relief from the crowd.

Again came the cool examination of the bases and the calculated stare at the boy at the plate. And again the pitch with the curious whip of the arm and the release of the ball one second later. Once more the boy swung and missed, and the umpire called, "Strike two." There was a groan from the crowd.

"Oh and two the count," said the scorekeeper, but Mr. Olinsky had got up from the bench and, pushing his way between the people on the bleachers before him, he went to the backstop fence.

"You," he shouted to the umpire. "I want to talk to that boy there."

The boy heard his voice and turned and looked at him aghast. "Please, Mr. Olinsky," he said. "I can't talk to you now."

"Get away from the back fence," snapped the umpire.

"I insist on talking to that boy," said Mr. Olinsky. "It is very important. It is about Johann Sebastian Bach."

"Please go away," said the boy, and he was very close to tears. The umpire called for time out while he got rid of this madman, and the boy went to the netting of the backstop.

"You are forgetting about the Arioso!" said Mr. Olinsky urgently. "Now you listen to me, because I know what I am talking about. You are thinking of a quarter note, and it should be five sixteenths. It is a quarter note—*C* sharp—held for one sixteenth more. *Then* strike. You are too early. It must be exactly on time."

"What the heck's he talking about?" asked the coach, who had just come up.

The boy didn't answer right away. He was looking at Mr. Olinsky as if he had realized for the first time something very important which he had been told over and over again, but had not grasped previously.

"He's talking about Johann Sebastian Bach," he said to the coach. "Five sixteenths. Not a quarter note."

"Bach had twenty children," said Mr. Olinsky to the coach. "Many of them were boys. He would know about these things."

"For cripes' sakes, let's get on with the game," said the coach.

Mr. Olinsky did not go back to the bleachers. He remained behind the backstop and waited for the ceremony of the base inspection and the hard stare by the pitcher. He saw the Grasshopper pump twice, saw his hand go back behind his head, saw the curiously delayed flick of the ball, watched it speed to the boy and then he heard a sound which afterward he thought was among the most beautiful and satisfying he had heard in all music.

It was a clean, sharp "click," sweet as birdsong.

The ball soared higher and higher into the air in a graceful parabola. It was fifteen feet over the center fielder's head, and it cleared the fence by a good four feet.

Then pandemonium broke loose. People were running all over the field, and the boy was chased around the bases by half his teammates, and when he got to home plate he was thumped upon the back and his hair ruffled, and in all this Mr. Olinsky caught one glimpse of the boy's face, laughing and yet with tears pouring down his cheeks.

A week later the boy turned up at Mr. Olinsky's studio for his violin lesson. He looked around at all the great musicians on the wall, and they no longer seemed to be disapproving and disappointed in him.

Paganini was almost kindly. There was a suggestion of a chuckle on the noble profile of Mozart, and Beethoven no longer looked so forbidding. The boy looked at the portrait of Johann Sebastian Bach last.

He looked for a long time at the picture, and then he said two words out loud—words that brought lasting happiness to Mr. Olinsky. The words were: "Thanks, coach."

The Arioso went excellently from then on. THE END

"Knees and toes in, slightly, Mrs. Boon.
Reins held firmly but not tightly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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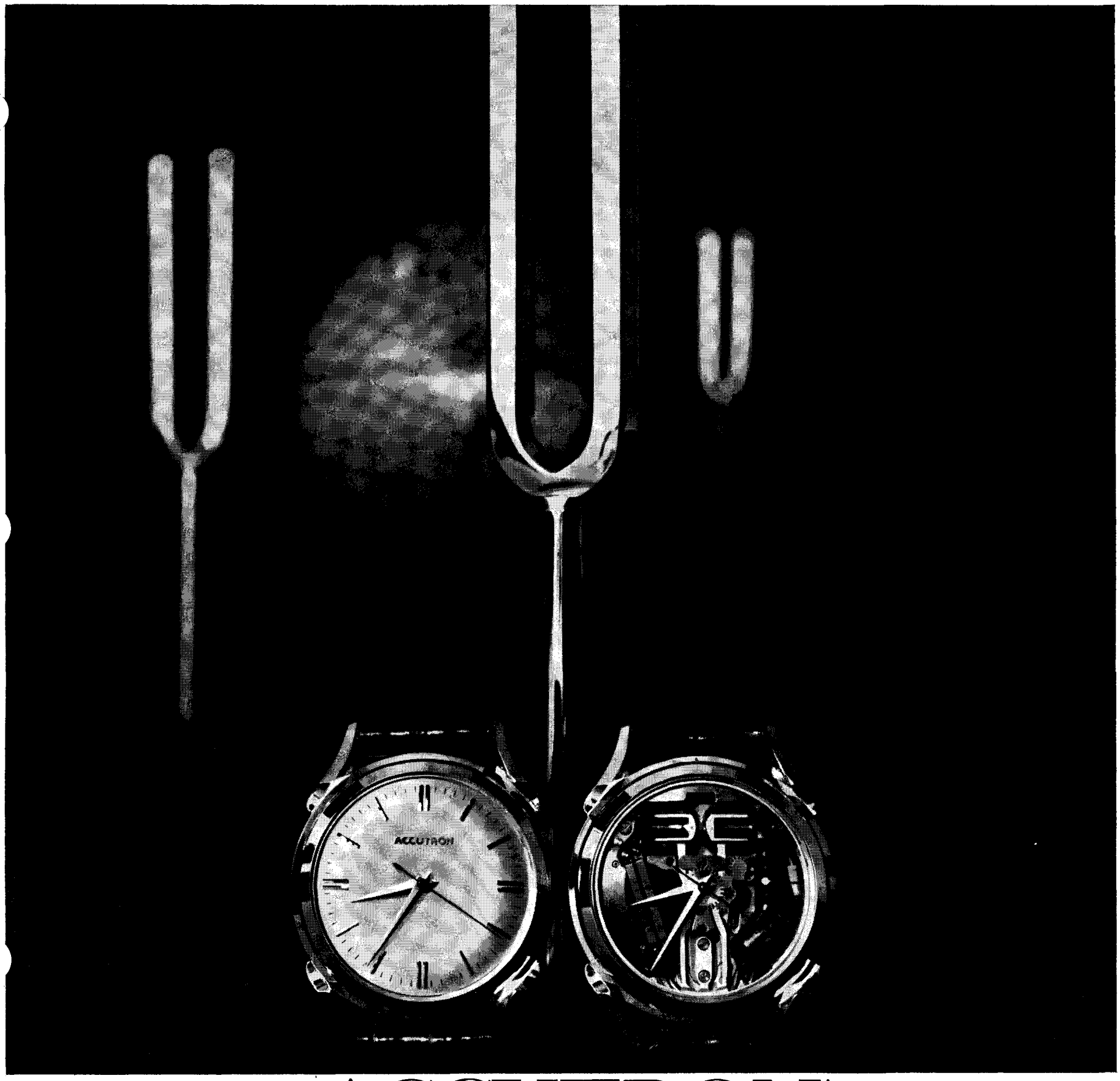

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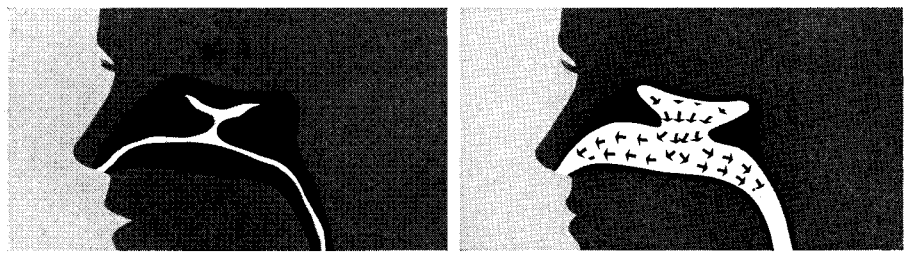

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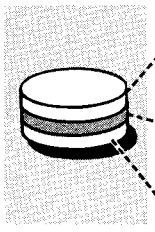

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The Twister (Continued from Page 35)

come. Bell—" he turned to me—"Bell, we'll borrow a chain saw from Mister Mantree at the mill and chop and saw her down in four-foot lengths."

I nodded. "And stovewood too," I said. I couldn't put any zip in my voice. It wasn't the heat; I liked the heat, mainly. It was only that standing under the pine and talking, I felt like the pine was listening. It'd been there in my Granddaddy Hattram's time. He was dead and sleeping in the cemetery west of the village. I thought how many times he must've stood himself up here looking down across the fields he'd wrested from the rocks and the brush.

I could tell from my father's eyes—steel-chip blue they were, and steady—that he was thinking about the same way.

"Plenty of stovewood, Bell," he nodded. "We'll lop it up in short lengths. There's cords of it here for cooking years to come."

A breeze came in under the shade and lifted Carry's silky hair. She looked a lot like ma, but not so set in her ways. I couldn't see ma from here, but I knew she'd be watching us time to time from a window.

She was a good woman, ma. She was just notionable the way my father said. She'd got this thought in her head and couldn't throw it out. Winters are lonesome on the Four-Chopt Hill. I reckoned with Carry and me off to school in the winter days and my father helping down at the mill the times he wasn't busy with stock, she got to brooding. She'd come from the village when she was a girl. She wasn't what you'd call a mountainside woman. She kept remembering the village talk and all that in her blood.

My father sighed and ran his right hand down the shiny ax helve. He squinted out to the north. "Rain's coming," he said.

There was a cloud over there about the size of a plum-tree crown. It was moving lazy. Carry watched the cloud. One of the cows—Junabye—got up looking clumsy for a second when her back legs and knees straightened. She switched her tail and came walking over and looked down where Carry sat. Carry said, "'Nother cloud comin' behind it."

We were all watching. The new cloud was like the first, but faster. It was catching up to the first one; it was like watching a little race. The clouds' shadows, moving southward, swept over the tiny roofs of the village in the distance on the south of the pine. Crows flapped over our fields from the east, four of them going low, their shadows skimming the corn.

They didn't stop in the corn though. I said, "You know, I always kind of thought this pine keeps off the crows." Carry and my father looked at me. "Yes," I said. "They see it up here on the peak of the land, and it looks to them like a big green man or maybe a green woman giant waving its arms at them. You notice they always skirt our corn?"

My father sucked in his underlip. "That's true, Bell. Now I never thought of it before. I never mind seeing a single crow in this pine."

Carry reached up to pat Junabye on the nose. The other cows were getting restless too. They were looking around with their eyes like deer. I thought one reason, too, why they liked to lie under the pine was because there weren't any flies. There were flies all through the grass and along the road. There were even flies down by the creek, along with the dragonflies and the water skimmers. The cool wind under the pine kept them out.

My father said, "I mind I used to come here when I was a little tad." He'd stepped closer to the pine trunk. He laid a hand on the bark. "It was a place to get above things and with things," he said. He was speaking soft. Carry and I cocked our ears, kind of, to listen. "It was like swinging above the earth," he said. "Sometime. I'd climb it, though it's hard to climb, and you have to cling like a squirrel." He looked up.

I said, "I know how it is to climb. I used to climb it too, fore I got more grown and not fit for such scuttering tricks. But when I was a younger chap, I shinned up her a lot."

Carry said, "'Nother cloud now."

It was a bigger one, chasing the first two—purple-colored and strange. I'd hardly ever noted such a strange cloud before. It seemed to be coming along as low to the earth as the crows had flown. The topmost boughs shook in the wind. The wind gust passed along. A few needles floated down and stuck in our hair. I brushed them out of mine.

I was thinking how it'd been for my father and for me when we'd sat up in that pine. It wasn't anything you could say easy to a mob of people. It was just floating and true and centered in the world, was all.

My father was stepping back. His voice changed a whit and got bonier in the middle. "All right, Bell," he said. "I'll take the first licks. You can be digging around to loosen the roots with the pick. Make holes under the top-root suckers with your shovel. We'll take it down stump and all by the time we're done. Haul out what roots we can today with the trace chain after we've felled the main trunk." He didn't even sound like my father.

I thought, not saying it or able to, *Wl love's a terrible thing*. For he loved m. and she wanted the tree out. It was what was putting the awful grittiness in his

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A Cat Named Rainbow

By Ellen Molloy Horan

LOST—Calico cat, female, vicinity of Eastdale. Name: Rainbow. Child's pet.

My calico cat with her purplish tail
Is roaming the streets of Southwest Eastdale.
Please call her Rainbow; she'll answer to that.
True, an unusual name for a cat,
But she likes it, and sometimes I call her R. B.
But that's just a secret between her and me.

I'm sad that she's gone, but I think I know why—
For the last few days, she'd been watching the sky
For a sign, I guess, and then with the rain
She was off, not to be seen again.
Come back, my Rainbow—you never will find
That big pot of gold, and you've left me behind!

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voice. His brown hair was grayed at the edges. The light that got in under the boughs glinted on the strap buttons of his overalls. He wasn't looking right at me.

"Yes, sir," I said. I started toward the nearest big root that showed above ground. It ran right across from the root Carry sat on. There were big green patches of moss between the roots. There were white-gray chips of stone and pieces of flint boulder. The jays were screaming again farther off.

I wasn't looking back at my father, but I was waiting for him to hit the first lick. The cows Robin and Gridge were on their feet, standing not far from Junabye. Carry got up too.

"Can't chop a tree in the rain," she said. "And it's going to rain now."

I looked around where she was pointing. So did my father—he'd had the ax back, ready to take the first cut. He lowered the ax and came stepping out where we were.

The clouds had all joined together. The air smelled brassy and queer even this close to the pine. For one second it was as if there weren't even any air, as if it all shut down and stopped being something you could breathe. It was like in that second you might not be able to breathe any air at all in the next second.

Then the wind came again, and there was plenty of air. Down in the field the corn all bent over at once, going white-green, and the leaves on the oaks and gumwood turned up flat and whiter, like a catfish's belly in color. I looked to the north. Somebody was yelling down there.

It was ma. She was coming along fast as she could, running.

I said, "Something's happened. The house is afire or something!"

My father's hand caught my arm. "No—she sees what I see and she remembers," he said. He was talking fast; there was a noise in the air, so I had to lean to hear him. I couldn't fathom what the noise was. It sounded like a sawmill going crazy. "Tornado!" he said.

Then I could tell; the noise came from the middle of the cloud that had been three clouds. It was what ma had heard. At the rim of the cloud the sky was saffron and gray—dirty-colored like mildewed corn. The cloud was walking and whirling as it walked. It was coming like the fast express from Atlanta over the darkening fields. In front of it everything seemed to split away. There were leaves and sticks and stones moving away from it. Rabbits ran past us so close to us their fur almost brushed our legs. They made big long leaps like they were suddenly giants. A fox came from the patch of oaks on the south and went like a red ball tipped with white into the sumac by the creek. Everything in the fields and on the Four-Chopt Hill was moving and waving. The cloud was louder. Ma was closer.

My father let go of my arm where he'd squeezed so hard his fingers felt like iron. He was running out toward ma. He grabbed her, and they came fighting their way under the pine into the wind. I ran out and helped them. Carry's face under the pine boughs looked like a brown comely stone as she leaned toward us.

All four of us were under the pine then. Ma was gasping. "If we had so much as electricity!" she said. "I'd've had the radio or the television on, like they do in the village." She was gasping, but she could still make a noise. Her voice cut above the sawmill grind of the cloud. She was pretty with her brown hair flying. "We'd 'a' had warning!" she shouted.

My father shook his head. Enough wind was hitting under here to make his hair string out over his forehead. My hair was doing that, and it felt tough all at once, like willow twigs lashing my skin. Carry was trying to hold her hair back from blowing.

My father shouted, "No warning in a tornado, you know that, Delly! Would have made no difference to have electricity!"

Ma's eyes flashed. She was cowering down low now, sitting on the big root where Carry'd sat, but farther back to the trunk. Carry was with her. They had their arms twined around each other. I looked back at the cloud. It seemed I couldn't stare away from it for more than a whisk at a time. It was as tall as the pine itself. It was a lot closer. All at once I couldn't even hear what my father was yelling. Then he was jerking me farther back under the boughs with him. The ground seemed to be whirling because of all the hatfuls of different color—yellow and gray-blue and black and dark green—being spilled from the shadow of the cloud. Rain laced out across the air hard as hail.

A bunch of it hit my face just like stones raking. I was scrooching down with my father and ma and Carry. The cloud was almost on us. Nobody could have heard anything else. It was screeching and lamenting like flame might talk if fire had words. Yet it was the opposite of fire and hateful as the breath of hell. And yet, too, it was a mighty thing that even if it swept you up and whirled you in it and squeezed out your breath and killed you, you had to admire.

The cows, bewildered, had moved a little distance and stood facing the cloud. Its reflection made their faces look amber and gold and sheep-white, with their eyes peeled back and innocent like little chaps'.

Then the whole pine shook. The ground under it quaked and for a second felt soft as a blanket tossing, and I thought fast as light, *It'll open and swallow us; we are done.*

The earth steadied. The wind was still bad, then not so hard and then slacking even more. I stood up. My father was standing too. So were ma and Carry. Tall as our pine tree, the cloud was moving on. It was going fast as a jet plane. I couldn't even open my mouth to talk. Nobody could. The cloud went on and hit our house square. Things went exploding into the belly of the cloud and were sucked up to its throat and whirled around the top of it; the whole house was gone—just sticks and stones and a rubble of foundation. It'd missed the barn. The cloud screeched down past the creek and then away. It howled up toward the mountains.

Everything was quiet and fresh. The air felt like God had cleaned it good for a long time. My father was looking at ma. He said, "Delly."

She was still looking out where our house had been—at the nothing there. Her eyes looked like the nation's end or maybe something beginning. Carry stroked one of her hands.

"Ma?" she said sort of soft and weak. "Ma? We're all alive; even the stock's all right. Ma?"

I stood on ma's other side. My father faced her. "Ma," I said, "it didn't even take the corn. It even spared that patch of tobacco up toward the creek bend. You can see, ma."

My father said, "Delly, we'll be thanking the Lord a long time for us bein' spared."

I said, "Missed the village, ma. Step around and look south, you can see. Whipped over the road, went right by alongside our pine—see the swath?"

She was looking straight at my father.

His Adam's apple worked. All at once he grabbed her, kissed her strong.

He said, "Delly, I'll build a new place—right up here where we can get the electric from the road. Build her on the other side too, so you can see your village any time."

It sounded like what ma said came from a well—a well once leaf-choked, but no more. "I've acted the fool! Why, why"—she looked up—"if we hadn't been under it ——" Most of the sky was getting blue as the eyes of big angels again. It was cool-bright under here. "It was put here by the Lord," she said.

Boughs moved lazily. A redbird came floating and sat rocking. Ma looked up and up. Needles drifted to her hair. My father had an arm around her. I thought how long the trunk had been here in every wind. I was glad. She said, still with her head back, "We'll have a right nice house in its full, deep shade. But let's build on this side. I don't care a snap 'bout overlooking the village."

THE END

"I guess when he'd worked himself up to this big pitch about us all rolling up our sleeves and putting the campaign over with a great big bang, I really shouldn't have yawned."

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Turn the Other Cheek

(Continued from Page 30)

wailing and will-less infants. He had bent over prostrate men in the field and had been unable to find any hurt upon them, save the awful wounding of the spirit which comes with suddenly feeling that you are a target for every blade and ball.

He looked into the girl's face and had never seen a woman so scared before. If she had been a soldier she would have been prostrate in her terror, and Baylor remembered sickly that once he had been a man who jerked such cowards to their feet, unable to comprehend a wound that did not mark the flesh.

"It's all right," he heard someone say soothingly to the girl in the wagon and was shocked to find the voice was his own.

The man on the wagon seat pivoted and looked at Baylor Crofoot.

"You got a long nose," the man said in a soft voice, but even so, the team started and the girl winced. Baylor Crofoot forced his eyes upward to look into the face of a man who was so feared.

"Who are you to be poking that long nose into something that's none of your business?" the man asked.

"I'm the schoolmaster in Concho." Baylor's voice carried no lifting note of pride or any hint of color. It was a wrung-out voice, with nothing in it that could offend.

The man's eyes took in Baylor's great size and filled with a rooster's fire of challenge. But he looked into Baylor's face, and the challenging fire winked out. Here was a big man who could be pushed. So Creech pushed him.

"Keep that nose where it belongs. You might get it smashed."

It was a flat challenge offered in contempt. Baylor dropped his eyes and licked his lips. The challenge lay there for all the idlers to see. When Baylor's refusal to pick it up was plain, Creech smiled and wrapped the lines around the socketed whip.

"Now I was hoping you might be the Devil in Concho," he said. "You're big enough for it."

The crazy rig and mismatched team had brought a crowd, and Creech looked down at them. "Who stands regular in the pulpit?" he asked, and one of the idlers jerked a thumb at Baylor.

"Sometimes we get Baylor Crofoot to say something on Sunday. We got no regular preacher in Concho."

Creech's eyes went back to Baylor with new interest. "You," he stated, and it was an insult, "preach easy forgiveness and turn the other cheek."

Baylor's voice was very careful. "I'm no preacher," he said. "When I talk I stick by what He said on the Mount."

Creech grinned at Baylor. "I got a feeling," he said with satisfaction, "you're going to be the Devil in Concho. We'll see. Now I don't hold with easy forgiveness. The guilty must be punished."

"Most people try to do right," Baylor said from a great distance. "And nobody can punish a man like he can himself."

Something drew his head around so he looked at the girl again, and he saw her head nodding jerkily, her face gone all soft and her eyes on him all brimming with hope.

Creech did not miss that. He grinned and swung down from the wagon. He was big, as tall as Baylor Crofoot and wider, thicker. His hair was long, gray-shot and dusty. His face was red, bold-featured and never still. There was a restless power to him. "Devil's talk," he said to Baylor. "Human flesh was made to sin, and sinners must be punished."

He went back to the wagon bed and got out a rusty coat. He shrugged his shoulders into it.

"Most seminary preachers need a church house to revive in," he said. "I've never preached in a church yet. I'm a makeshift preacher, so I got to make do. . . . Sing, daughter," he commanded.

The girl jerked, stirred and got her feet under her to stand unsteadily. She swallowed twice, opened her pale mouth and began to sing *Come to Jesus*. Her voice was no more than a long echo, a dangling string of sound in the afternoon heat. Creech looked up into the sky, nodding his head in time to the scared girl's scratchy singing.

When she was through he opened the Book at random and began to shout, reading how the Syrians were smitten by David. The idlers shifted uneasily. But Creech didn't read long. His eyes lighted on poor Emeterio Vasquez, and he stopped reading. Emeterio had once been a top horsebreaker, and the people of Concho treated him with charity, remembering how he had been on a horse. He had a great caved-in place in his forehead, and his eyes were empty. Sometimes he sat on the store porch, rocking against the terrible pains in his head, but usually he simply sat, docile as a child, smiling at the dim and unconnected images that ran before his eyes. He was smiling now and looking in simple wonder at the sight of the man standing out there in the dust, waving and shouting.

Creech walked over to Emeterio, shoved back Emeterio's hat and looked at the great scar and into the vacant face.

"Demons!" Creech shouted. "This Mexican is possessed by demons. I'll lay my hands on this Mexican's head and squeeze those demons out."

Baylor waited for someone to speak and finally spoke himself, his voice stiff with reluctance. "Not demons," he said. "A horse kick, not demons."

Creech looked at Baylor and he smiled.

"Demons," he said, "and you're going to help me. You're going to get down on your knees and pray while I squeeze on this Mexican's head."

Baylor stared at him, not believing. "Please," he almost whispered.

"Get down on your knees," Creech said distinctly.

Baylor felt it begin. Down in the pit of his stomach he felt the dirty gray wash of fear spill out and flood, spreading to suck all strength from his body. And the sucking fear was a crafty thing, leaving a coward strength enough to turn and run.

Creech caught him as he turned and hit Baylor a backhand smash across the mouth. No backhand blow would ever knock down a man as big as Baylor Crofoot. He stood there with the taste of blood on his tongue.

Creech let the silence stretch and then laughed. "I'm going to revive tonight," he told Baylor. "You be there."

Baylor Crofoot wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and turned to get out of there. His turn brought him so he would have faced the girl again if he had not dropped his face. One of the idlers caught his arm. "Baylor," he said, "we'd make sure it was a fair fight."

Baylor shook his head.

Creech looked at the crowd and swelled his chest.

"I could have printed a thousand handbills," he said, "but I've found out that whipping a man when I get into a town is cheaper and better. I'll have a crowd."

He took off the coat and threw it into the wagon. He turned and grinned at the idlers. "Who's going to buy a drink for a poor, dry preacher?"

The girl sat in the wagon while Creech walked down the street to the saloon, flanked and followed by the idlers.

Baylor Crofoot went to his hot, bare room and lay looking at the ceiling. Drama was a scarce thing in Concho, and he knew how fast the news of this would spread. It was not a country for cowards. It was a hard land where men had fought off Comanches while they had dug in and scrabbled for a place for themselves. It was a country where even the raggedest saddle tramp could walk as tall and proud as any man as long as he felt whole within himself. And now, within an hour, everybody in Concho would know that Baylor Crofoot—a man as big as Baylor Crofoot—was a man who would let another man slap him in the mouth and take it. Baylor licked the inside of his cut lips and found that humiliation and fear had a sour, gray taste.

When he felt sure that the story had reached as far as the blacksmith shop, Baylor Crofoot got up and left his room. The town was crowded, and as he walked down the street men would fall silent until he had passed, and then he could hear the talk rise swiftly behind him. These were the people who sent their kids to him to be taught, who sometimes invited him to supper and listened to him with respect. These were the people who sat in church and nodded as he spoke of turning the other cheek. But it was not a land where men turned the other cheek. Some men nodded to him distantly, and Baylor could see in their eyes a peculiar peering quality as they tried to discern in him somewhere something that should have told them that Baylor Crofoot was a coward. But some men who knew Baylor Crofoot didn't nod to him at all,

Baylor held his face still and his walk steady as he went toward the only man in Concho who might possess the sensitivity to comprehend the wound that men can suffer which does not mark the flesh.

The sun slanted in strongly through the open double doors of the blacksmith shop. Baylor's long shadow confessed his fears as it lay still for a long minute in the bright rectangle cast by the sun into the shop. John Goodhue had been frowning into a book held in his free hand when he saw the shadow. But by the time Baylor faced his small fears and entered, John Goodhue was decently back at his book, his other hand slowly turning the forge's blower handle.

John Goodhue was a quiet, squat man who did not look like a blacksmith at all. He walked with the smith's hunch, because the hammer had developed his right arm and shoulder, but there was a middle-aged softness about his middle and a scholar's softness about his mouth and in his eyes. People liked John and took advantage of his easy credit and liked his work, but his shop did not attract idlers, because John was too quiet.

He and Baylor Crofoot both lived in Mrs. Jennings's boardinghouse and many nights sat up late in the parlor, talking about books. John Goodhue was a reader, and sometimes his eyes would glisten as he read some strange and new idea, and he would fret a little until he could talk to Baylor about it.

But for all of that, the two were not friends. They took no liberties with each other, and friendship is a thing that does not spring up spontaneously, but must be formed laboriously, each man in the association revealing something of himself and being charitable of the revelations offered to him. Baylor Crofoot and John Goodhue had not done this.

John Goodhue looked up from his book and took in Baylor's swollen mouth. Baylor sat down on the anvil. He waited for John Goodhue to speak and was astonished at how tensely he waited. He had not thought another man's opinion of him could matter so much.

"Many people wouldn't brawl with a preacher," John said at last in his precise voice. "Like fighting a woman, kind of."

Baylor relaxed and thanked him with his eyes, but he shook his head. "This one is no preacher, John," he said. "No, he hit me, and I took it."

They had not revealed anything of themselves to each other, but for all that, John Goodhue knew a great deal about Baylor Crofoot.

"When this happened before," he said softly, "you left town. Is that in your mind now?"

"It's in my mind. But I've found that wherever I go, I'm pretty much locked up in Baylor Crofoot's skin."

John Goodhue nodded. "Is it—are you lonesome inside that skin?" he asked.

"Crowded, John," Baylor said wryly. "So many (*Continued on Page 84*)

"My husband is not only dashing and debonair, but wonderfully tender and considerate. Now you tell one."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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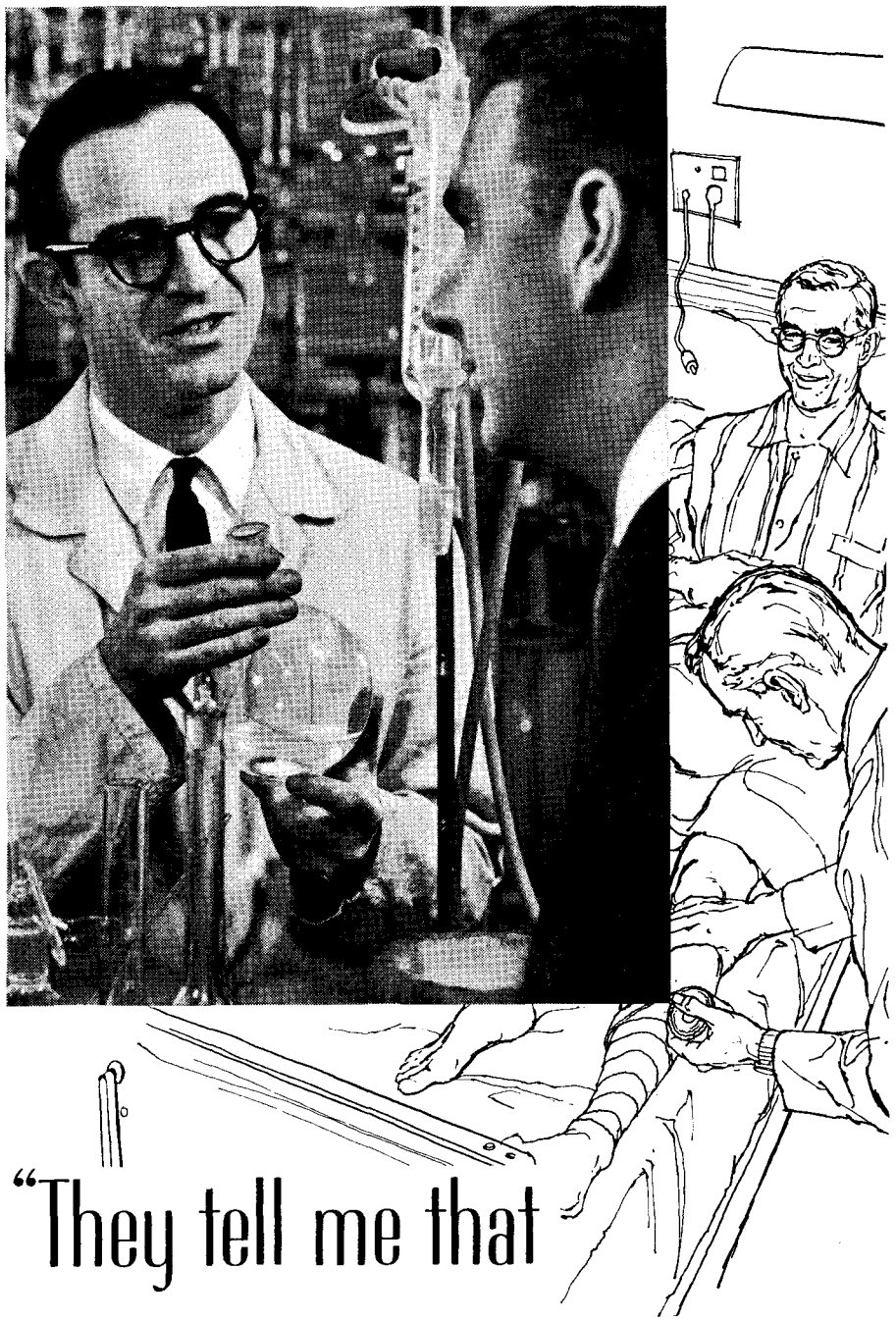

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(*Continued from Page 82*) people inside one skin. Schoolteacher, philosopher, coward."

"But lonesome too?" John Goodhue insisted, unable to pass up an opportunity to find out if everyone scratched at a scab of loneliness.

"Lonesome too," Baylor agreed in a deep voice. "So many people in one skin, and yet they deny each other. The schoolteacher denies the philosopher, and the philosopher the schoolteacher. But the coward stands alone and wouldn't deny anyone."

John Goodhue's eyes were soft behind his glasses. He turned his face to look into the forge and spoke with a quality of quiet yearning.

"Ah, Baylor," he said, "a man should have somebody. A man should have someone he can talk to."

Baylor Crofoot, a man who had withdrawn himself from life and had lived by his precious rules, had found that these defenses had not worked. He had been caught out. He was suddenly very tired of being alone. He suddenly wanted to tell it, to taste the thing and to roll its bitterness on his tongue.

"All right," he said at last and found he did not know where to begin. It was tempting to start with the excuses. To tell about having seen 6500 men dead in the snow. To tell of having looked into the faces of those dead men. It was tempting to tell of the terrible tiredness that settles in the vitals of a man after three years of war. But Baylor didn't do it, finding he was still too proud. So he told it starkly. He told of sitting on his horse at Cub Run, sweating a little, shaking a little as he always did before a battle and waiting for the bugle to blow.

"And then I was bolting. I was spurring my mount back through the lines away from my company. The bugle blew, and they went in under a green lieutenant, were cut off and killed almost to the man."

He wiped his face. "I fought the battle of Cub Run by hiding in the woods while my company was cut off and killed."

John Goodhue's mind was a bright and curious mind. "Baylor," he said, "tell me. What were you thinking of when you were sitting there waiting for the bugle? Just before you ran. What was in your mind?"

"It's strange, John. I was thinking of a little girl. A few days before Cub Run we were riding down a quiet lane, and we came upon a little girl just at dusk, driving an old cow down the lane. She saw us and began to run, screaming. We were the enemy. I wanted to head her and to hold her and to tell her that we weren't the enemy, that the steel wasn't for her. I wanted her to know that we were just men."

He stopped for a moment. "But I didn't. I didn't head her. I was too tired. As I sat there waiting for the bugle, I was wishing that I had told her those things and quieted her fears and her screaming. But I didn't. I was thinking what a horrible thing it was that a little girl, six, maybe seven years old, had to live in a world where people were her enemies."

John Goodhue nodded. "Yes, I can see that. And today, why did you run?"

Baylor shook his head. "That preacher had a daughter, John. She sat there in the wagon, and I have never seen a woman so scared. She looked at me and asked me for help with her eyes, and I remembered the little girl before Cub Run and knew I couldn't help her. Creech slapped me, and I was back at Cub Run, something in me making me bolt."

John Goodhue took his hand off the blower handle. "You know, I'm a man fifty years old, and I think maybe I'm a coward. I don't know. I've never been tested. Maybe I have grown very crafty about avoiding things that would test me. I think I'm a coward, and yet I don't know that I am. It bothers me sometimes."

"Thank God you have not been tested, John," Baylor said wearily.

"No, it bothers me. Oh, sometimes in my mind I do all kinds of heroic things. Sometimes I read of heroes, and my b doesn't tremble at all as I fight right side the heroes. But deep inside I think I know. I think I'm a coward."

"You think you're afraid, John," Baylor corrected him gently. "There's a big difference. A brave man is the man who does what has to be done even when he's afraid."

"Yes, yes," John Goodhue said, his eyes glistening. "And it's like tempering steel. It's like fire on steel. The steel stands the fire and is cooled, and it's hard. Once a man meets a test, he doesn't need to be afraid any more. His spirit is tempered."

Baylor's eyes hazed. "Is that how you temper steel, John?"

The glisten had gone from John Goodhue's eyes when he looked at Baylor. "I was only talking, Baylor. That's how you temper steel, but I don't know anything about the human spirit. I'm only a blacksmith."

But Baylor's eyes were alive. "But that's how you temper steel. It just could be the same, John. A sword blade can be mended, can't it?"

"Yes," John Goodhue said, "it can mended. Maybe it will never be as stro and beautiful as it was once, maybe the joint will always show." He looked at Baylor with a pained face. "But the pieces have to go back into the fire, Baylor. To be made whole, the broken blade has to submit to the forge."

Baylor stood up, and his face went dead and his shoulders slack. "I'm too tired," he said. "We're talking nonsense. When you're once a coward, you're always a coward, and there is no life like a coward's life. Try not to find out, John."

John Goodhue tonged the plowshare out of the forge and laid it on the anvil. He looked at the glowing metal, his face rapt. "It bothers me, not knowing."

Baylor wanted to get back to his room. He wanted to lose himself in a book or maybe sleep awhile. He got up but did not leave. *I'm breaking all my rules,* he thought tiredly and then let his value of John Goodhue's opinion of him drive him to foolish weakness. A coward had no right to be proud.

"Before Cub Run," he said stiffly, "I had commendations, John." Instantly was ashamed. He had had no practice framing the thing, and it had not come out right.

"I never have had any commendations, Baylor," John Goodhue said. "A man doesn't get a commendation for reading a book or for dealing in secondhand ideas. A man doesn't get a medal for living a secondhand life."

Baylor left, angry that he had told of his commendations. He was still angry when he saw Creech's mismatched team and rickety wagon in the vacant lot beside the saloon. The girl was arranging gear in the wagon bed. The afternoon heat was fierce, and yet she kept the shawl around her neck. Baylor's anger kicked him, and he walked over to her.

"Look," he said angrily, "the world is not your enemy. You don't have to be so afraid. I wish I could help you, but I can't. Can't you see that?"

She turned her huge eyes on Baylor, and as he watched, a tear gathered in each eye, grew large and fell.

"You're as big as he is," she whispered. "You're as big as he is, and told me it was all right. I believed y

"What is it?" Baylor demanded harsh "What are you so afraid of?"

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"I thought you might be the Devil in Concho and help me," she said, her mouth crumpled. "But you didn't."

Baylor shook her shoulder. "What do you mean? Who is the Devil in Concho? What does it mean?"

She pulled away. "He told you to be here tonight. You'll come. You'll find out about the Devil in Concho."

Baylor got out of there quickly and made it through the stares and the whispers to his room. He lay on his bed and tried not to feel anything. He tried to read and could not. He put his arms over his eyes to shut out the whole world, but he could not sleep. He was still like that when Mrs. Jennings knocked on his door to announce supper.

"I'm not hungry," he said irritably.

"I didn't think you would be," Mrs. Jennings said tartly and did not urge him.

A half hour later there was another knock. "I heard you weren't hungry,"

... ...

Not Quite, Despite the Date, Dear

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

Child of mine in legging,
Sweater, boot, coat, mitt,
This balmy day you're
begging
To shed a little bit.

Crocuses are budding,
So come, you, too, may
sprout
Through layers while sun
is flooding
The air with O-come-out.

Revel free and warm,
Unswathed from toe to
chin,
Before one last big storm
Shall blow you straight
back in!

... ...

John Goodhue said through the door. "Are you sick?"

Baylor opened the door to him and saw that John Goodhue's brown face was worried above his stiff white collar.

"No, I'm not sick."

"It's time to go to the revival."

"I hadn't intended to go," Baylor said, and he didn't know if he was telling the truth or not.

"But I heard he told you to be there," John Goodhue said. "I didn't want you to go alone. A man ought to have a friend beside him."

"All right," Baylor said. "I'll go, and I thank you for wanting to stand by me."

They walked together down the street toward the vacant lot beside the saloon, and Baylor again ran the gantlet of whispers and smiles. Before they reached the vacant lot, a small, wiry man came out of the saloon, stumbling a little. He saw Baylor's tall form, and when Baylor came even with him, he walked and stopped directly in front of Baylor, smiling up at him. He did not come up to Baylor's big shoulder, but he stood there barring Baylor's way, challenging him. Baylor moved to one side to pass, and the small man moved with him. Three times this was repeated, with Baylor's face growing white, and then the small man stepped out of the way, bowed elaborately and laughed loudly as Baylor passed.

John Goodhue's eyes behind his glasses were soft with sympathy. "Is that the way it is, Baylor?"

Baylor nodded grimly. "That's only the beginning. It gets worse."

John Goodhue took four steps. "You could have picked that man up and spanked him like a child, Baylor," he said. "Were you afraid of him?"

Baylor shook his head. "No," he said. "But you don't understand how it is, John. A coward, once he is a coward, can't pick and choose, saying, 'I'm not afraid of *this* man, but I am afraid of *this* man.' That's too degrading. A man who is a coward is a coward all the way, every minute, every day, afraid of every man."

John Goodhue nodded. "I can see that," he said softly. "I'm sorry, Baylor."

"So am I," Baylor said at last.

There was already a crowd. Creech had set up a long table within a roped-off enclosure and had lighted the whole area with torches. He was standing on the table, his daughter standing beside him, when Baylor and John Goodhue took their places in the back of the crowd. Baylor saw that the girl was standing as if in agony, her bones seeming to stick through her white skin, her eyes closed, staring blindly at him. She still clutched the shawl about her neck.

Creech looked out and saw Baylor Crofoot, smiled and, as if Baylor's arrival was the signal, raised his hand to silence the crowd. He began to shout from the first word, husking the words through his throat, his voice rising to a hoarse scream at the end of every sentence.

"Now I'm not reviving in a church because I'm not a church-house preacher. Some of the things I do don't set right with seminary preachers. I never went to preacher school, and I do things different. I don't hold with turning the other cheek. I know some of you do here in Concho. Back there in the crowd there's a man who believes in turning the other cheek, and maybe before this night is done, I might smite his *other* cheek."

He laughed and looked with satisfaction as the crowd turned in a body and looked at Baylor Crofoot, standing tall above the crowd.

"I'm hard on sin," Creech roared and drew them back to him. "I'm hard on sin, and yet I'm a healer and a layer-on of hands. I come into a town and lay on hands, squeezing demons out, and yet I'm always sad when I leave a town because I've left poor sufferers behind who need me and my hands. I ask myself what will the poor sufferers do when my hands are gone on down the road."

He bent and held up a bottle. "So I made up this elixir, this balm, this unguent. I made this with my own hands. It has secret ingredients, but the most secret of all is the touch of my healing hands. When I leave town, Concho will be changed. There is a Devil out there in the crowd somewhere, and I'm going to flush him out and down him right here before your very eyes. I'm going to show you that any man who takes sides with the Devil is going to have me to deal with. I've struggled with the Devil in towns from Denver to San Francisco, and I've never failed to down him yet."

He put down the bottle.

"Two dollars the bottle, but first I'm going to show you some sin. I'm going to show you a stubborn, vain and disobedient sinner, and I'm going to show you how hard I am on sin. I hope to flush out the Devil in Concho and wrestle him down. And I hope, after that, to leave in the hands of every sufferer from arthritis, rheumatism, headache and consumption a bottle of this elixir."

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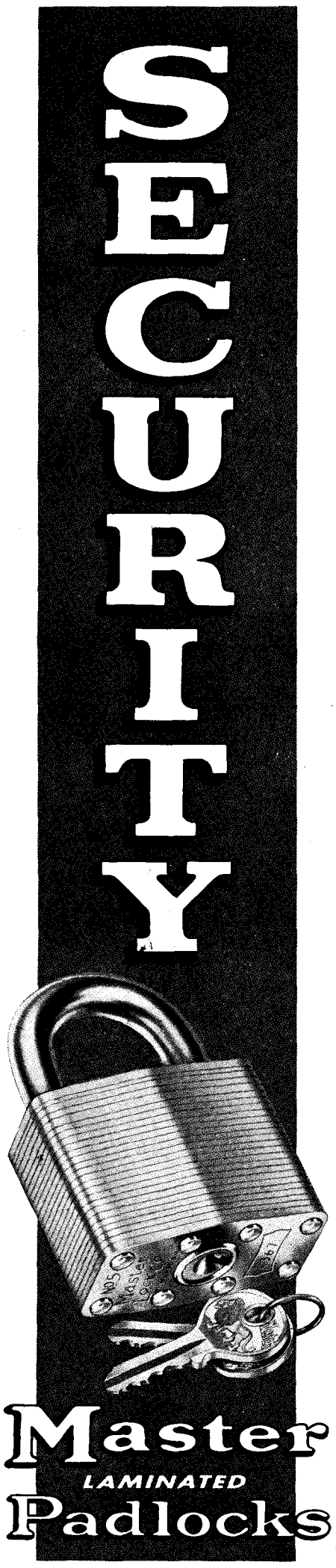

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John Goodhue turned to Baylor. "Why, he's a medicine man. I thought he was a preacher."

Baylor shook his head. "He's no preacher. He's using this revival to sell his quack medicine, that's all."

"Yes," Creech howled, "I'm a healer and a comforter, but I'm hard on sin. I'm going to show you a sinner, and how hard I can be. I fight sin wherever it's found."

He moved around so that he stood behind his daughter. "Wherever it's found," he said. "Here is Judith Creech, my flesh, my blood, my daughter and my cross. Vain, stubborn and sinful. She forsook righteousness. She wanted to sin!"

He reached out and pulled the shawl away from the half clutch of the girl. The other hand he twisted in her hair. He drew her head back, back, and the breath of the crowd went out in one huge audible gasp of shock. The leather collar that was around the girl's thin neck was fashioned from a piece of harness, doubled and riveted. The copper rivets that fastened it gleamed in the torch flare.

"She wanted bangles," Creech said, his voice a dry-mill sound. He waited until one instant before the first cough might sound, or the first angry mutter might be heard, and then he went on.

"I made her a body ornament. She wears it by day, and she wears it by night. The mirrors she sees herself in now are the condemning eyes of the righteous wherever she goes."

Baylor Crofoot let out his breath. "Let's get away from here," he said thickly, and John Goodhue did not budge.

"You wondered what she was afraid of, Baylor," John Goodhue said. "Oh, the poor, poor thing."

"Now, you testify. Testify!" Creech was commanding the girl.

The voice Judith Creech sent up was not a human voice at all. It was the harsh and senseless cawing of a trained crow.

"I'm a sinner. I'm evil, and I'm wicked," she cried out mechanically. "I wanted to be pretty. I wanted men to look at me and think I was pretty. I wanted to go to parties and to dance. I didn't know it was wrong, and when my father told me how wicked and evil I was, I tried to run away. I tried to flee my own father."

"Good!" John Goodhue shouted. "Good for you!"

A deep silence fell on the crowd, and John Goodhue paused, looked around, and when he spoke again his voice lacked power. "What sin, a girl wanting to be pretty? What kind of man would put a leather collar around the neck of a girl for that? She should run, as far and as fast as she can."

Creech looked down at John Goodhue, his eyes cool, his mouth smiling, nodding as if John Goodhue had done something on cue and had done it well.

"Will you be the Devil in Concho?" he asked John Goodhue. "In every town I go to there is a Devil who takes this sinner's part. Will you be the Devil in Concho? Then come up here, and let's struggle for this sinful girl's soul."

Creech stripped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, showing massive, corded arms, ridged, hairy and powerful.

"I'm ready, Devil," he shouted.

Baylor Crofoot looked at John Goodhue and saw that John Goodhue's gentle face was turning gray and a nerve kicked in his cheek. Baylor Crofoot knew that the slimy flood of fear was just beginning to overflow inside John Goodhue and would begin its upward flooding to possess the heart and the mind, and John Goodhue, the reader, the gentle man who sometimes wondered what he was, was going to possess the terrible knowledge that he was a coward. Baylor felt some vessel inside that had long been empty fill to overflowing and run like flame through his whole body. He was nothing; he knew what he was, but there were some men who should never know what they were, and John Goodhue should never know that he was anything but a reader, a man who sometimes wondered what he was and perhaps was vaguely bothered that he did not know.

It was close, because as Baylor put out his hand to touch John Goodhue's shoulder, John Goodhue turned his gray face to him. "Baylor," he said, "I'm a man fifty years old ——"

He was going to say more, but Baylor grabbed him and told him not to go up. "Don't go, John," he shouted loudly and held him. And so marvelous is the human organism that John Goodhue began to struggle to get free of Baylor's grasp and go up to wrestle Creech for the soul of the girl, Judith.

Baylor held him tight and said into his ear, "Let me down my own Devil, John. Let me go back into the forge."

And John Goodhue reluctantly ceased his strugglings, and they walked together up to the rope, and Baylor Crofoot stepped over the rope surely and took off his coat, feeling a wash of fear in him, a rising coldness, and knew that courage was nothing more than doing something important when you were afraid.

"Are we struggling for the soul of this girl, Judith?" Baylor Crofoot asked Creech, his voice like brass.

Creech smiled. "If you down me, I'll know He has forsaken me, His avenger, and I'll free her to sin as she likes."

Baylor smiled. "You're wrestling the Devil, and I'm wrestling the Devil," he said, "and I will down you and rid us of both our devils."

They were both big men and fiercely strong, and as the story was told and retold over the years, both were called brave. They rended and tore at each other for three terrible hours, and not once did either of them falter or cry out for mercy. They fought until blood blinded them, and then they fought by feel. They tried each other's strength and endurance in every way imaginable, with every cruel and tricky hold, and neither was stronger than the other. At last Creech dashed the blood from his eyes and snatched a flare and tried for Baylor's face with it. Baylor caught the flaming torch in his naked hand and held it, and people telling of it later say that the fire seemed to temper him, to make him stronger. At last Creech dropped his arms and was beaten. He was still standing, but his head was lowered, like the head of a dying bull buffalo. The blood dripped from his face as he stood, and the silence upon the crowd was so profound that in between the tortured gasps of his breathing they could hear the tiny splat of the blood dropping upon the ground.

Baylor turned and was handed a knife by his friend, John Goodhue, and then he cut the collar from Judith's neck, freeing her.

Creech raised his face and looked his daughter. "Let the Devil have you! he bawled and turned and walked out into the night. THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

District Attorney Flynn operated much like the battling prosecutors so vividly portrayed on the air, screen and stage. Accordingly Flynn insisted on going along when the police broke into Smokey Joe's apartment in a gambling raid. Joe was quickly convicted after Flynn, entrusting the prosecution to an assistant, became a dramatic star witness against him. Joe's counsel appealed on grounds that Joe had not received a fair trial.

"A district attorney should stick to his job and not try to be prosecutor, policeman and witness all at once," Joe's lawyer argued. "By appearing as a witness, Flynn used the prestige of his office to take an unfair advantage of my client."

"Far from being deskbound, a district attorney should get out and help obtain evidence," Flynn replied. "Having obtained evidence, certainly he should be allowed to testify as to what he has seen and verified with his own eyes."

If you were the judge, would you set aside Joe's conviction?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe's conviction was set aside. The court said a district attorney is supposed to be as diligent in protecting the innocent as in prosecuting the guilty. Unless absolutely necessary in unusual circumstances, it added, it is against public policy for him to take the stand as a witness.

Based upon a 1928 Missouri decision.

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South by Destiny, East by Chance

(Continued from Page 25)

In a weak moment I asked them to lunch, arranging for a chicken curry, with plenty of godhelpus and all the trimmings. After lunch the W.M.B. dis-peared. Although I didn't learn of it til too late, she went into the kitchen o teach my cook how to make curry!

"That fool of a woman you employ," she remarked casually, "either won't or can't understand plain English."

"I know," I agreed mildly. "She doesn't speak Urdu, Pashto, Hindustani or Swahili either. I really don't know what servants are coming to."

From all of which it will be apparent, the W.M.B. and I are better apart. We arouse the worst in each other.

One evening soon after the Hartington-Bullers came to St. Andon, there was a loose agreement reached at a cocktail party that "on the first really warm day" we would organize a picnic in the mountains.

At seven A.M. on a fine morning, the general, who likes an early walk, delivered a batch of notes to people who lived within walking distance. Mine read, in the style of battalion orders:

There will be a picnic today. Rendezvous at 1100 hours 1 km. south of Logis-du-Pin. ut shoes will be worn. You will bring ven pork chops and one bag of charcoal. ..H.-B.

I learned from several indignant phone calls that others had received similar orders. The upshot was that several of us—we called ourselves the Rebels—organized a rival picnic in another direction. Those who obeyed the orders and met at the rendezvous point returned home somewhat shaken by the experience. The salad dressing arrived, but no salad. The corkscrew, but no wine. There was no bread, cutlery or plates—and, of course, no pork chops.

Harty, as we were beginning to call the general, stopped in for a quick one on the evening after the picnic. "I'm afraid Isabel isn't too pleased with you," he said. "But I wish you'd tell me—in strict confidence if you like—why you and the others didn't turn up?"

"Because—and it isn't confidential—we don't like taking orders. I don't care for pork chops, either, but that isn't important."

"But surely you realize, my dear chap," ntinued Harty, "that someone has to ume command. Otherwise, these things ecome chaotic. You may believe me that Isabel is highly competent. Do you know," he added sadly, "that in the nearly fifty years we've been married, nothing like this has ever happened before."

"But Harty," I protested, showing him my written orders, "you must see that this was most unfortunately phrased."

"Don't think I am being deliberately obtuse," he said after reading it, "but I find it wholly admirable. It is brief, precise and capable of only one meaning. What more do you want? Bless my soul! Half the catastrophes in military history have been caused by the sloppy, ambiguous drafting of orders."

"But, Harty," I persisted, "this wasn't a military operation. It was a picnic—an informal social occasion."

I was wasting my time. The poor chap just could not understand why his wife's authority had been flouted.

My house was roughly two hundred yards in a beeline from Moravia, where the Hartington-Bullers lived, but on still evenings I could hear the bridge games. rthermore, I could hear the post-rtems which went on afterward far nto the night and sometimes, when I went for a walk in the early morning, I have heard the W.M.B. return to the attack over the breakfast table. How could people, I used to ask myself, think it worth while playing a game which caused such bitter, viperish recriminations? I still ask the same question.

Less still could I understand how any man could endure that woman's tongue-lashing and emerge from it serene and unscathed. "Don't distress yourself so, my dear," I once heard him say in a mutual friend's house after she had called him an alcoholic moron, "it's only a game."

He didn't say, "Don't distress me and embarrass everyone else within earshot."

She was well named the White Man's Burden. She was lucky not to be my burden, for I would have dropped her with a thud.

Despite his wife's and my mutual antipathy, a warm friendship came into being between Harty and myself. He used to visit me furtively at odd hours of the day and night and, once away from that woman's bellowed recriminations, he expanded wonderfully. He could talk interestingly on many subjects, among them geology, botany and his own politico-military theories. Some of the most pleas-

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Early to bed and early to rise usually makes a man the breakfast cook.

PEP MEALIFFE

---

ant days I ever spent were walking with him and our dogs in the nearby hills and pinewoods, talking as we went on a diverse range of topics. Never once, by word or inflection, was he guilty of the smallest disloyalty to the terrifying woman with whom he had spent nearly fifty years of his life.

"I wish you and Isabel hit it off better," he said to me wistfully on one of these walks, "because, although neither of you realizes it, you have so many ideas in common. It's such a pity, for you both miss so much."

"There's no logic in human attractions and antipathies," I replied in an effort to be tactful. "And when two people find that contact produces sparks, they are better apart."

"I know," he said sadly, "but I wish all the same that you would both make a little more effort to understand each other. Isabel has a fine—I am tempted to say noble—character. Without her I would have been lost."

Without her, I was tempted to say, he would probably have been retired two rungs higher up the military ladder.

It was on one of our walks that he broached the subject of gambling. "Some evening when you go down to the casino," he said, "I would be greatly obliged if you would take me. I have never been in a casino in my life," he added with a smile. "Isabel disapproves of gambling, and so, in principle, do I. To me the evil in gambling is that it encourages people to believe something which is fundamentally untrue—that we can reap where we did not sow. Do you gamble heavily?"

"No, never," I told him. "I play for trifling sums and extract a lot of amusement from it. Nor do I play according to any system."

"It is strange that you say that, for if I were ever to become a gambler, it is the systems which would interest me. I was—alas! it is the past tense—once something of a mathematician, and I do not regard it as impossible to evolve a system which would show a consistent profit over a term of years."

We talked that to death.

"But leaving systems aside," he went on later, "I confess to being sorely tempted to try my luck one evening. You see," he said sheepishly, "I have a project which is very near and dear to me and which, frankly, is far beyond my means. I have almost nothing except my pension. They say, don't they," he went on artlessly, "that people who play for the first time have what is called fool's luck?"

"That, I would imagine," I told him, "is a superstition fostered by the casinos to encourage people like you to try just once. Then, if you are a gambler at heart, you are hooked."

"You take a very cynical view of life, don't you?" he said with a troubled look in those candid blue eyes.

"If I do," I replied, "it is because I have found that life is a process of shedding one's illusions."

"How very sad for you!" he exclaimed. "That is not at all my experience. I have always cherished my illusions and I would not have it otherwise."

Now, there is a big difference between a simpleton and a simple man. Harty was the latter—his simplicity a part of the serenity which never deserted him.

A few days after this conversation I drove him down one evening to the casino in Cannes. At his own request I left him to wander alone among the tables, watching the play and the people. He did not gamble. After a couple of hours I found him at the bar drinking a meditative whisky-and-soda. "Well, what do you think about it?" I asked him.

"I find it a rather—grubby atmosphere," he replied. "I should not care to spend much time in here. I feel at this moment that I want to wash myself with some strong antiseptic soap. However, I must not be whimsical, for I intend to come again—just once."

He then went on to tell me that he had just received a windfall in the shape of a small legacy of one hundred pounds from a brother officer. "It is the kind of sum which really solves no problems," he said, "but it was such a kind gesture. It has warmed my heart to think that on the brink of eternity, with so many other things on his mind, an old friend remembered me. I feel, therefore, that I must do something—important with it. So if you will be kind enough to bring me down here again, I shall have that hundred pounds with me and place it, as a kind of propitiatory offering on the altar of the goddess of chance. If she smiles, I shall turn it into a sum large enough to finance the little project I mentioned to you. If she frowns, I shall have to forget it."

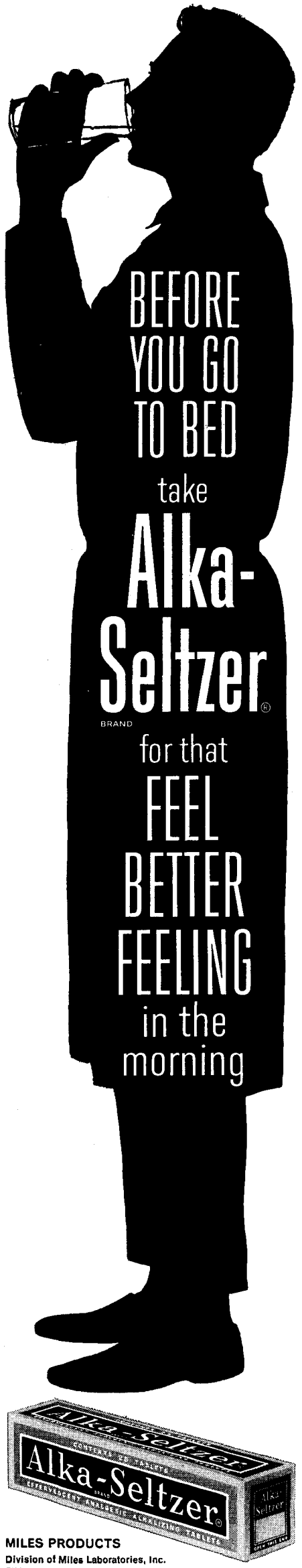
It was about a week before we went down again. He brought with him some one hundred thirty thousand francs, the equivalent of his legacy.

"Are you going to play a system?" I asked him.

"Dear me, no," he replied primly. "I have come here to throw myself on the kindness of the goddess of chance. To play in accordance with a system would be so—so insulting to her. It would be tantamount to saying that I had no faith in her. No, my dear fellow, I intend to rely entirely upon her smiles. Isabel and I were married on the twenty-third of June. I shall, therefore, play on the number twenty-three."

On the unlucky-in-love theory, this struck me as a good number to play. But I did not say so.

The limit on a single number at the table he led me to was twenty thousand



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francs, at that time about forty dollars. I watched him put the limit on Number Twenty-three. The rest of his capital, about one hundred and ten thousand francs, went on the middle dozen, thirteen to twenty-four inclusive. Harty was serenely unconcerned as the little ivory ball began to spin in the opposed direction of the wheel. It seemed longer than usual before it fell into one of the slots. It is seldom possible to see which one until the number is announced. Then the croupier called, "*Vingt-trois, rouge, impair et passe!*"

"*Vingt-trois* is the French for twenty-three, isn't it?" asked Harty.

I nodded.

"How very kind of her!" was all he said.

They paid him out seven hundred thousand francs on the number and two hundred and twenty thousand francs on the middle dozen. Although it is the custom for winners to leave their stakes down, he withdrew both of his, dropping an oblong chip for ten thousand francs into the box for the staff. With his original stake reduced by the amount of the tip, he had turned one hundred and thirty-odd thousand francs into one million and forty thousand.

"Are you not going to play any more?" I asked him.

"Of course not," he replied indignantly. "I have won what I required for my little project and I have no right to ask for more favors."

There was something intensely personal—as well as charming—about the relationship he had established with the goddess of chance.

"I wonder," he asked me on the drive home, "whether you would add to my debt of gratitude by allowing me to keep this money in your safe. It is too large a sum to leave lying about the house. Besides, I want the whole thing to be in the nature of a surprise for Isabel." To this I agreed.

Well, as might have been expected, someone saw Harty and me in the casino. That someone told someone else and, inevitably, it reached the ears of the White Man's Burden, who tackled me at a party within earshot of a dozen people.

"You know, or should know," she said, "that we cannot afford to lose money gambling. For you to encourage my husband to fritter away his hard-earned pension in the casinos on the coast is"—she paused—"the sort of thing I would have expected of you."

"Then why express surprise, Lady Hartington-Buller?" I asked, using the only weapon I had, since I could not become abusive. I just laughed in her face before turning away.

"I consider," came her parting shot, "that you are an unprincipled ruffian." She was gray with fury.

"It was naughty of Isabel to speak to you like that," Harty said later, "but she feels things so strongly and sometimes gets carried away by her subject. But," he added severely, "I consider you were very wrong laughing at her like that."

Then it was my turn to sound off. "I don't allow anyone, anyone at all to talk to me like that, Harty. You got me into the mess. It was only because of my feelings of friendship for you that I did not tell your wife plenty. Now you come and accuse me of behaving badly."

"But, my dear fellow," he said unhappily, "won't you understand that people just don't laugh at Isabel. It—it isn't done."

It was Harty's turn when they reached home. My way home led past Moravia, and she was really giving tongue. She called him but everything. It was still going full blast when I went to bed.

I saw Harty in the morning. He was pink-cheeked and clear of eye and obviously had slept well. Most men, I felt, would have looked crushed and beaten after such a verbal onslaught.

Some weeks passed without my seeing either of them, except in the distance, from which I deduced that I had been chosen by the W.M.B. for the role of the nasty little boy who lives next door.

Harty arrived very furtively one evening with a strange request. He wanted me to pay my private check for two hundred odd pounds to a firm of ship breakers on the northeast coast of England and to reimburse myself in francs from what I held of his. I did as requested, but I confess to being vastly curious. He did not enlighten me except to say, "This is a part of the little project I mentioned to you—the one which launched me on my career as a gambler."

Before leaving, he said, "Once more I am most grateful to you. It seems that I only come to you when I want something. But the truth is, as you have probably guessed, that Isabel is being—well, just a trifle difficult where you are concerned. She's taken a very poor view of you since you laughed at her in public. I suppose you wouldn't care to—well, make some little overture to her to show that you, well, regret it?"

This was too much. "Harty," I said, doing a slow burn, "when your wife apologizes to me for calling me an 'unprincipled ruffian' to my face and much worse things behind my back, I will consider withdrawing my laughter."

"But that was only a figure of speech, my dear fellow. She didn't mean it."

"Then she shouldn't say things she doesn't mean," I replied firmly.

About a month later I received an advice note from a shipping company in Marseilles, stating that they held at my disposal a consignment described as "ship parts." There was some hundred odd thousand francs to pay. Would I please arrange for clearance at my early convenience. As this was plainly Harty's project, as he called it, I asked him what he wanted done. At his request, I paid the bill and arranged for storage in Marseilles. Harty, who spoke no French worth mentioning, was unable to deal with such matters. But the air of mystery persisted.

It was in April that the W.M.B. announced that she was going to England for six weeks or so to stay with her sister. On the evening when she was due to leave by the Blue Train, the taxi ordered to take her to the station did not turn up. Harty, in a great state of excitement, asked me if I would drive them to the station. I did so and, upon arriving at the station ten minutes before train time, was rewarded characteristically. "I suppose I should thank you," said the W.M.B. acidly, "but I am sure you are pleased to see me go."

Harty didn't hear me reply, "I didn't realize that you were a mind reader, Lady Hartington-Buller. For the future I shall have to watch my thoughts more carefully." That held her. She nearly swallowed her bridgework.

At Harty's request, I next arranged for the delivery to him of the Marseilles shipment—which weighed over seven tons, by the way—and then I, too, left St. Andon for a few weeks. Urgent business called me north.

On my return in early June, among the letters waiting for me was an envelope delivered by hand. It contained a richly engraved card of invitation from Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Hartington-Buller, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. and Lady Hartington-Buller, to a supper party to be given on June 23, 1959, in celebration of their golden wedding anniversary. My relations with the White Man's Burden having deteriorated so badly, I was searching for a polite excuse for not accepting when Harty arrived.

"I want you to come along and inspect my little project," he said eagerly.

On the western side of Moravia was a rocky natural terrace which ended in a vertical drop of some sixty feet. It was about twenty-five yards in length and, I suppose, eight yards in width, tapering toward the western extremity. During my absence this had been leveled and cemented. Lines had been drawn in the wet cement in realistic imitation of wooden planks.

Around the whole, with massive iron stanchions set in concrete, was the stern rail of a ship. Two carpenters were busy fitting the scarred oak handrail, so that it appeared like the afterdeck of a fairly large ship.

My thought was that with unlimited stone available, to say nothing of first-rate masons, stone would have been a better—certainly a cheaper—medium. But it was his project, and I duly admired it.

"And this, I suppose," I said, "is where you plan to give the party. I wish I could come to it, but as your wife feels the way she does about me, I hope you agree that it is impossible."

Then he really hit the roof. I was being unreasonable in allowing what he called "one trifling incident" to warp my judgment. The poor man evidently felt so strongly about it that I said I would come. But it was against my better judgment.

For the next week Harty spent hours daily in planing, sandpapering, oiling and rubbing the wooden handrail around the terrace until, despite decades of exposure to sun and salt water, it took on new life. "If that stern rail could talk," I said, "what tales it could tell! I wonder what ship it came from."

"She spent some twenty odd years under the Greek flag," Harty told me. "Her name wasn't pronounceable. She took part in the North African landings and ran aground somewhere on the Algerian coast. Then she was bought where she lay, refloated and towed to England to be broken up for scrap."

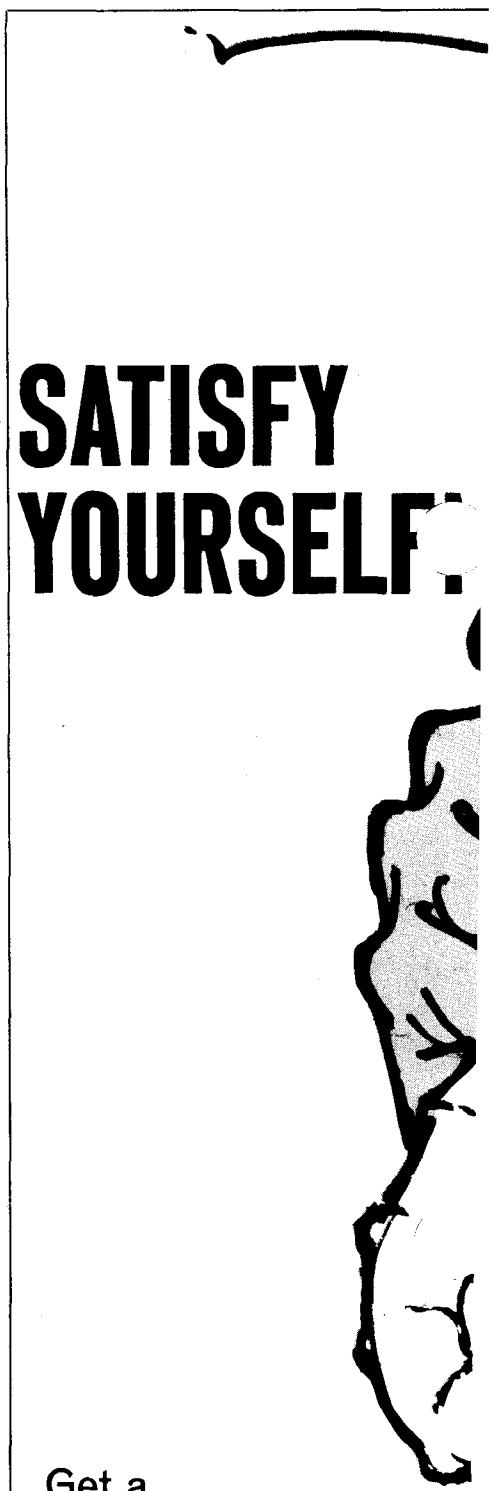
"So you know her history!" I claimed.

"Of course," he said gently. "Things like this are meaningless without their history. We have a fine old refectory table, and I always feel a great sense of

The Scrub Oak Tree

By Herbert Merrill

Some twenty years ago an acorn dropped
Into a rocky place where limestone showed
A few white teeth and where the forest stopped
Before the red slash of a quarry road.
It had no business to be hatching there,
Splitting the brown eggshell and thrusting out
A skinny leg of green life on the bare
Inhospitable ledge. A week, no doubt,
Would see it shrivel up and starve itself,
A pinch of failure in a cup of stone,
But there it stands today upon its shelf,
Its talons in the rock. I freely own
The whole thing baffles me, and I can show
Statistics proving that it couldn't grow.



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frustration that I know nothing of its story during the three hundred or so years before it came into our possession. The people who sat round it! The things they said! Their hopes and fears! Their joys and sorrows! They give old things a kind of immortality."

"I never realized until now," I said in tonishment, "what a romantic you are."

was learning many things about this erect old man who looked like a stuffed shirt and was nothing of the kind.

The peace at St. Andon was too good to last. The White Man's Burden arrived home two days before the golden-wedding party.

The breeze, coming from the direction of Moravia, carried hints that an emotional scene was being enacted there. I caught such snatches as "mad extravagance," "wanton waste," "new curtains"—suggesting to me that the W.M.B. had just inspected the terrace deck and was in the process of telling Harty what she thought about it all.

Harty himself came over to see me later in the day. For the first time since I had known them, his nerves showed signs of cracking under the strain. "Isabel is being just a little difficult about things," he explained. "I don't know what she's going to say when the caterer's men start arriving tomorrow for the party."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, aghast, "that you haven't told her about the party?"

"No," he replied, turning a little pale at the gills. "You see, I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Well, you have your wish!" was my unsympathetic reply. I was cutting roses when he came. "Take her a bunch of these with my good wishes," I added, "and that will be another surprise for her."

I didn't catch the words, but when he returned home with the roses, I heard the rise and fall of her voice like waves beating against a cliff. Another gesture had misfired.

Mercifully, I was elsewhere when the caterers arrived in the early morning of June twenty-third and proceeded to set six dozen bottles of champagne to cool in the bathtub before the W.M.B. had bathed. Believing that Harty had no money, she assumed that he had lost his senses and was doing all this—including the new terrace—on credit. For the first time, I found myself on her side. But what I did next was for Harty. I went down to the flower market in Nice during the afternoon and, for a trifling sum of money, filled my car with flowers. There is nothing like a mass of flowers, I have learned, to paralyze the critical faculties of women. It has much the same impact as mass circulations in an advertising campaign.

I arrived at Moravia at the moment when the White Man's Burden was tracing all her misfortunes and Harty's extravagances to the day when "that impossible man inveigled you into losing your money at the casino."

"But nobody inveigled me, my dear," Harty replied mildly. "I just ——"

She cut him off and was bellowing at him as I staggered in with the first load of flowers. "What do you want?" she snarled, turning on me.

"Ear plugs!" I retorted.

Until it was time to change, I had not quite decided whether to attend the party, because the sight of me quite evidently inflamed the White Man's Burden. However, soon after nine o'clock, practically suffocated by the smell of mothballs and wearing tails which had unaccountably shrunk, I put in an appearance.

"Welcome aboard *Moravia!*" said Harty warmly.

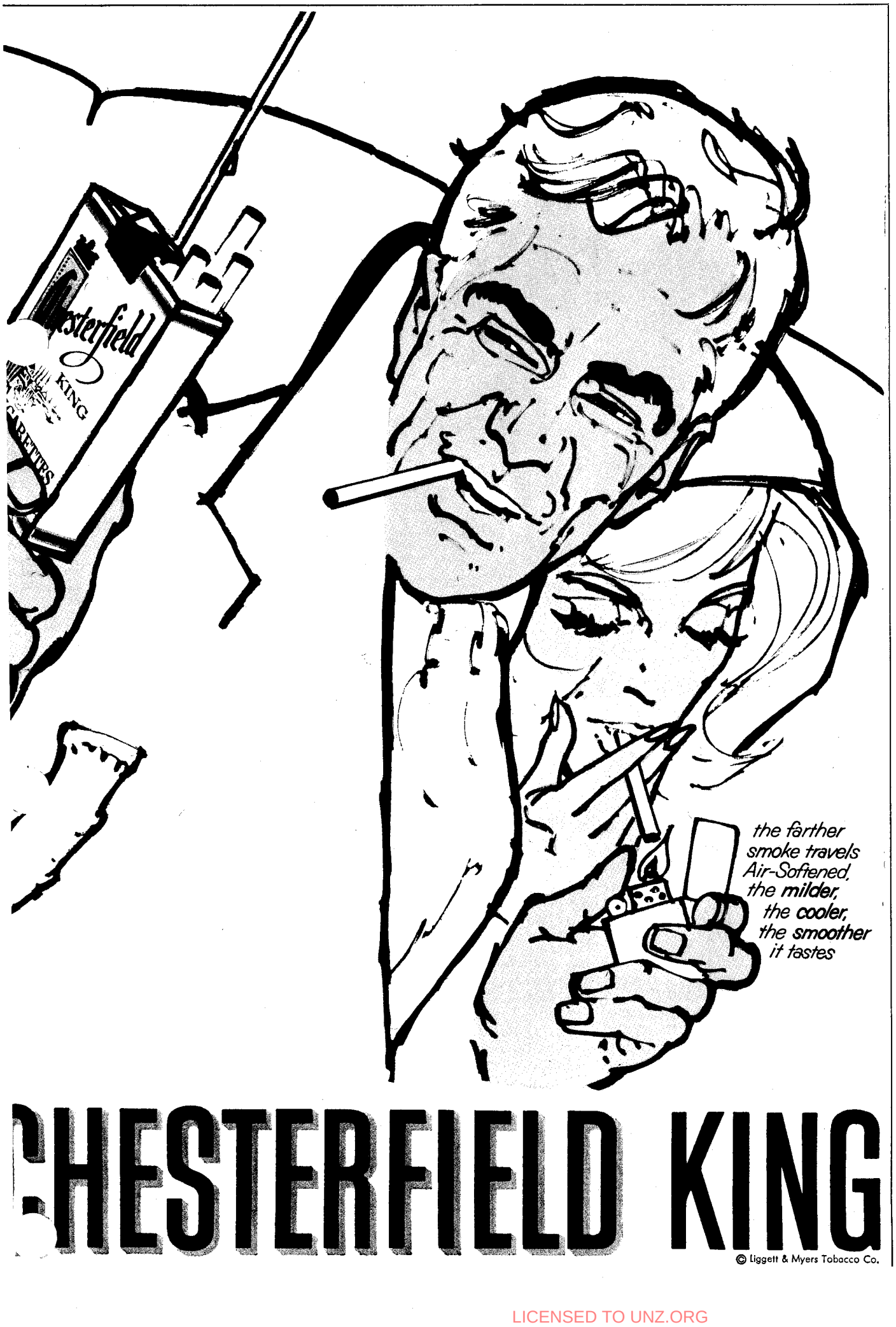
"So good of you to come!" said my hostess without conviction. "Harty," I heard her say a moment later, to an obbligato of popping champagne corks, "you must be completely potty. Who's going to pay the fantastic bill for all this nonense?"

"I am, my dear, so don't worry. Relax, enjoy yourself and leave everything to me."

Convinced, as I am sure she was, that Harty had gone round the bend, the W.M.B. behaved magnificently. From some secret wellspring of courage, which most women have in reserve, she went out smilingly among her guests. She was somewhat dazed, but she was a soldier's wife, only too well aware that old soldiers in retirement are prone to slip a cog or two. Her bearing seemed to say, "I'll have him certified tomorrow, but I'll support him tonight."

There were sixty-seven guests, about twenty of whom came from St. Andon and vicinity. One son and a daughter-in-law had come specially from Canada, while a daughter and son-in-law had flown from London. Friends had come from all along the Riviera, from Gibraltar, Rome and various parts of the British Isles. While the drinks were being served, a son phoned from a hospital bed in South Africa to tell the old couple that he was with them in spirit.

The general looked magnificent—his trim, erect figure set off by a suit of tails which, he admitted to me later, was thirty-five years old. The W.M.B. had a certain magnificence about her too. She reminded me of a picture I had once seen of the empress dowager. She wore a "garment" of beautiful (*Continued on Page 91*)



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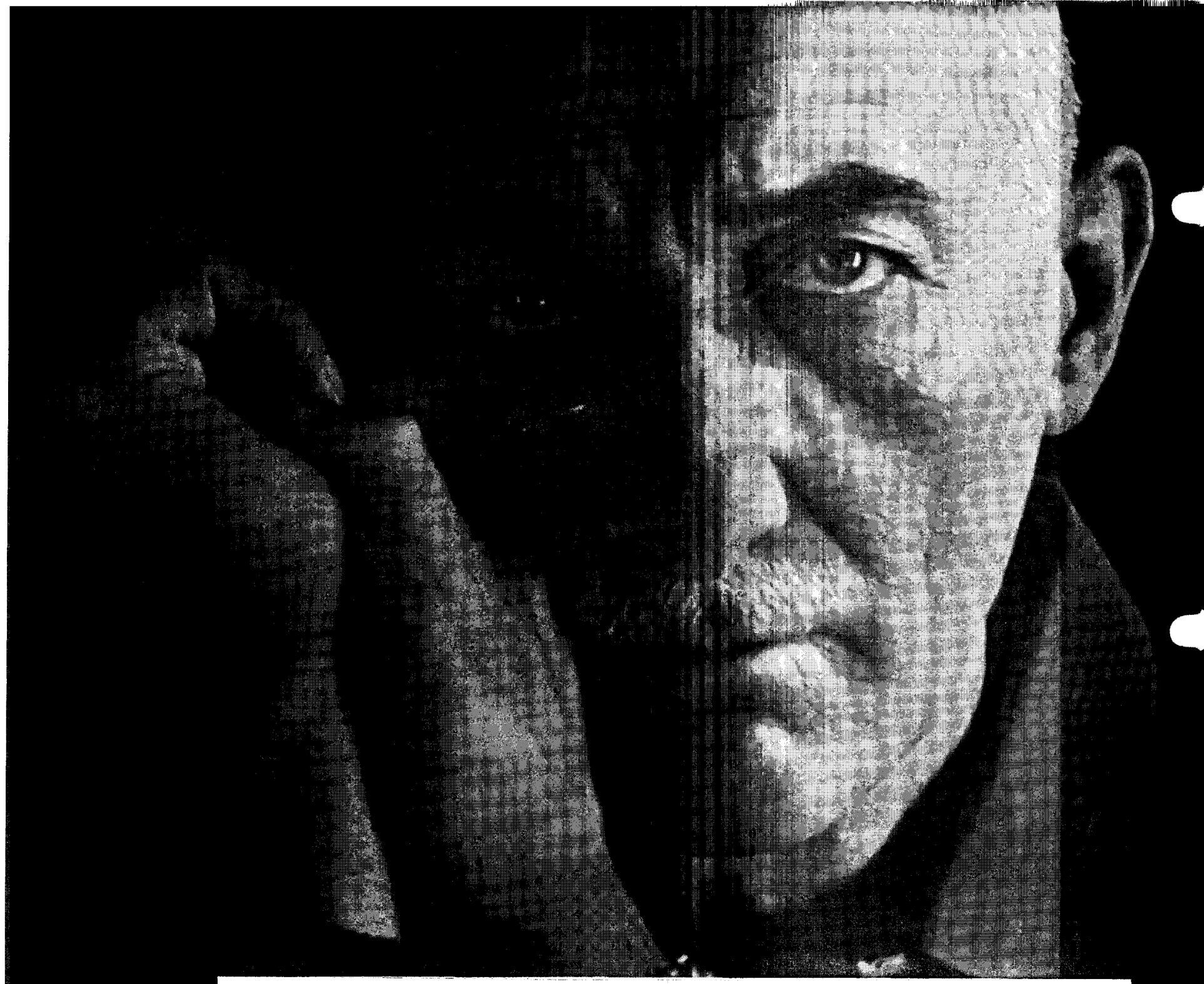

What many a man discovers after he's retired...

Often he finds too late that the rosy dreams he had of an enjoyable retirement can never come true

The reason, as you may unhappily discover *yourself* some day, is usually lack of money—with little or no hope of getting more.

Once those regular pay checks stop coming, all too many men wake up to the fact that it's not as easy as they *thought* to live on their retirement incomes. Often there's barely enough money coming in to provide the necessities of life. Even when a man earns a little money doing occasional jobs, he may not get by very well. He's forced to scrimp along just when his time's finally his own and he could start enjoying a leisurely life.

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(*Continued from Page 89*) quality Chinese silk, heavily brocaded in scarlet and gold on a vivid emerald ground. I am prepared to swear that—almost certainly for the last time—I heard the creaking of whalebone stays as she moved. It was grotesque if you like, but she carried it off with such dignity that we found ourves smiling with her, not at her.

Trestle tables had been arranged in a horseshoe, conforming to the curve of the ship's stern, with the table for our host, hostess and their children at the center aft. An awning had been stretched overhead, completing the illusion that we were on the afterdeck of a ship at sea. Of its kind I don't remember anything quite so realistic.

For the first time since I had known her, I found myself in deep sympathy with the White Man's Burden. Convinced by all these evidences of wild extravagance that Harty was as mad as a hatter, she moved among her guests like a queen.

The supper itself is not important. It suffices to say that it was excellent and well served, the wines good and well chosen. We came to the moment when, the coffee and liqueurs having gone the rounds, Harty rose from his chair and stood with his back to the stern rail, arms outstretched clasping it. "Shush! Harty," the W.M.B. said in a stage whisper, "nobody wants to listen to speeches."

But this was the night when Harty ld not be shushed. "My dears," he egan, bowing to his children, "and all of you good friends who have come to share with Isabel and myself the joy of this happy anniversary. . . ."

The baritone voice was firm, clear, resonant. This was, one felt from his voice and bearing, his little moment. It was a glorious evening. There was magic in the air. The nightingales were trilling in the trees around us. The fireflies came under the canvas awning to see what was afoot. We watched, fascinated, while Harty caught one, thrusting it into his wife's hair so tenderly that she might have been sweet seventeen.

"I am going to tell you a story," he continued, "but before I tell it, I want you all to imagine—for Isabel it will not be difficult—that you are aboard the good ship *Moravia* as she nears the end of her long voyage. And it has been a long journey—long, but I cannot tell you how happy. It began fifty years, fourteen weeks and three days ago, when the old *Moravia*, carrying the mails from Tilbury to Bombay, crept slowly down the London river in a cold drizzle of rain. I was then a young spark of twenty-seven, going to join my regiment up on the northwest frontier. Isabel, the daughter of a soldier, was going to join her parents in Quetta. She was twenty-one then. To me she is still twenty-one. But on that day we had not met.

"One hot, velvety night, as the old *Moravia* was leaving the Red Sea and entering the Indian Ocean, Isabel, with stars in her eyes, stood gazing over the stern rail thinking her own private thoughts. This"—he slapped the wooden rail affectionately—"was the exact spot. I followed her here. I had been watching her for hours, hoping to catch her alone. She pretends, even today, that she did not know I was following her, but she did.

"We stood together for whole long minutes without speaking, watching the phosphorescence in the ship's wake. Then I found myself holding her hand. Still we did not speak. For a minute, an hour, two hours—I haven't the least idea how long, because on such occasions time is not important—we stood leaning over the rail and holding hands. Then we kissed, and for me, at least, the course of life's voyage was set. . . . Then what happened, my dear?" he asked, touching Isabel on the shoulder.

"Then," she sobbed, "you asked me what my name was—and I've never been so embarrassed since that moment as I am now. You've said enough, Harty."

"I am nearly finished, my dear, so come here and stand beside me, just as you did on that long-ago night."

He paused and waited until she stood beside him.

"But what none of you knows," he went on, "not even you, my dearest Isabel, is that this rail"—he stroked the wooden rail lovingly—"is the selfsame one we leaned over that night. This, the iron rails and stanchions all around us, the identical ones, were around us that night too. The old *Moravia*, after more than twenty years under a foreign flag and another ten years aground on a sandbank, was refloated and went a few months ago to the ship breakers, from whom I acquired all this.

"With a small legacy I received not long ago I went to the casino. Twenty-three has always been my lucky number, so I played the number twenty-three on the roulette wheel—just one spin, sudden death, all or nothing. My good fairy was looking after me that night, for the little ivory ball went straight and true to number twenty-three, making all this possible."

He turned away from all of us, and the rest of what he said was addressed to her. "This is where the voyage began, my dear," he said to his Isabel, "and here, God willing, it will end, gazing over the stern of our ship and looking back across fifty years of such blissful happiness as no man has the right to expect. Thank you, my dear, with all my heart for every minute of it."

Then, in front of us all, despite her protests, he kissed her full on the lips.

The White Man's Burden, as always, had the last word. "Oh! Harty," she sobbed, straightening his tie and stroking his silver hair, "this is the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. Even if you are potty, I don't mind a bit; I'm so happy. And I'll tell you something else, now that it no longer matters. That night when you came to find me here, on this very spot, I was waiting for you."

We Scaled Doomsday Mountain (Continued from Page 27)

a Himalayan expedition, the headaches of organization and even the special agonies of high-altitude climbing, when the combination of blazing sun and snow makes you feel as if your head were in an oven and your feet in a freezer while you carry heavy loads. Instead you remember the comradeship of men who face a common hazard, the exhilaration of success and, above all, the magnificent mountains. So, after we were back home, I talked with George Bell, an experienced climber, about another Himalayan climb, and we looked for others who wanted to tackle Masherbrum.

Eventually there were enough climbers interested so that the expedition began to look like a possibility. We applied to the Pakistani Government for the necessary permission, and it came in November, 1959. Because of the fine performance of the Pakistani mountaineers on Hidden Peak, we wanted the expedition to be a joint effort by climbers from both countries. The Sports Control Committee of the Pakistan Army agreed to cosponsor the trip with the American Alpine Club, and following that action, the 1960 American-Pakistan Karakoram expedition was under way.

A ten-man party was formed under the leadership of George Bell, a thirty-four-year-old nuclear physicist from Los Alamos, New Mexico. George was a veteran of four trips to the Peruvian Andes and had been to K2 in 1953 and to Lhotse, near Everest, in 1955. From Seattle, Washington, came Dick McGowan, a twenty-seven-year-old geography teacher who is the chief guide on Mount Rainier during the summer. Dick had been on three Alaskan expeditions and had been with George Bell on Lhotse.

Dr. Tom Hornbein from the Washington University School of Medicine at St. Louis, Missouri, was our triple-threat man—mountaineer, physician and high-altitude physiologist. Tom, one of the original members of the Rocky Mountain Rescue Group, had done many extremely difficult ascents throughout the United States.

Willi Unsoeld, assistant professor of philosophy and comparative religion at Oregon State College, and Dick Emerson, assistant professor of sociology at the University of Cincinnati, rounded out the expedition's "faculty." Dick served with the 10th Mountain Division in World War II; Willi had been to the Garhwal Himalaya in 1949 and to Makalu, 27,790 feet, in 1954. For many years both had done the hardest climbs in Grand Teton National Park, Unsoeld as a guide and Emerson as a seasonal ranger.

Our three Pakistani mountaineers, Jawed Akhter, Imtiaz Azim and Mohd Akram Qureshi, were captains in the Pakistan Army. Imtiaz was a graduate of their mountain-warfare school; in 1959 Jawed had made the first ascent of 23,500-foot Malubiting East in the Karakoram with the British-Pakistan armed-forces expedition.

Tom McCormack, a twenty-five-year-old ranger from Rio Vista, California, and I, a twenty-nine-year-old attorney from Dallas, Texas, completed the team. We had climbed together in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru and had been members of the Hidden Peak expedition.

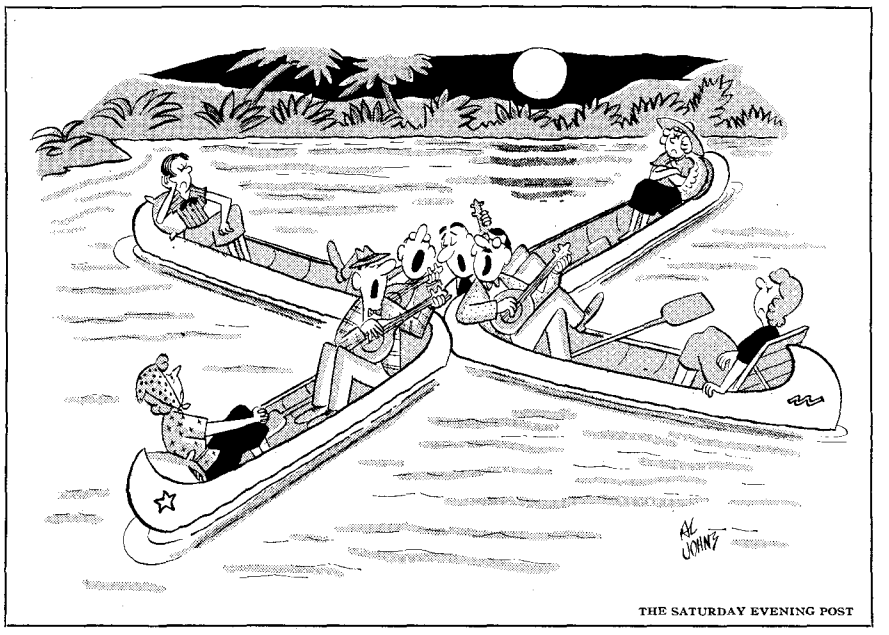
Once we had permission to climb Masherbrum, we entered a chaotic period. First we had to raise $30,000 to finance the expedition. Generous contributions from members of the American Alpine Club, together with a loan from the club and a grant from the Explorers Club, provided for half our budget. The members of the party chipped in everything they owned, and the trip was financed.

It is a mountaineering saying that each expedition stands on the shoulders of its predecessors. This was especially true with us. Maj. James Waller and Joe Walmsley, leaders of previous expeditions that tried to climb Masherbrum, gave us complete and accurate information on the obstacles that had to be overcome. In 1938 Major Waller had led a British party that reached 24,000 feet before storms and avalanches drove them back. Two of their climbers were badly frostbitten and lost all their toes and parts of their fingers. A New Zealand party made the next attempt in April, 1955, but it was too early in the season. They were plagued by deep snow, and one of their porters died of pneumonia. Then in 1957 the British returned, led by Walmsley. For nine weeks they struggled. One climber died of pneumonia at Camp Six, but they refused to quit. Two of their men, Joe Walmsley and Don Whillans, climbed to within 300 feet of the summit before being driven back by the difficulties of the rock and the oncoming darkness.

We felt we had a reasonable chance to crack that last unclimbed 300 feet. Masherbrum has twin summits; the one on the east is the higher by fifty feet. A snow *couloir*—a narrow gully—runs up between these peaks and gives access to the final ridge. If we could only climb that gully—but in 1957 the British had found the snow too treacherous and were forced to try the adjoining rocks.

In order to be prepared for the worst, we felt we had to obtain the very latest in climbing equipment—aluminum ladders, snowshoes, expansion bolts, ice screws, reindeer boots, down clothing, butane stoves, oxygen masks, anything that might provide us a little more security and safety.

We appealed to our friends in England, France and Switzerland for help with the equipment. They responded nobly, especially the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, which supervised the purchasing and packaging of our European gear. By mid-March four and a half tons of supplies had been shipped from the United States and Switzerland to Pakistan.



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On May eighteenth when we assembled with our equipment in Rawalpindi after a 950-mile train ride from Karachi, only our climbing pants were missing. A local tailor increased his staff by 500 per cent and made substitute trousers overnight.

From Rawalpindi heavily laden DC-3's carried us through the Himalaya to Skardu. There we spent several days repacking our gear into sixty-pound loads and met our six high-altitude porters, whom we called HAP's. Four of these men, including the leader, Ghulam Rasul, had been on Hidden Peak; the other two were with Akhter at Malubiting in 1959. We considered these porters to be the finest in Baltistan and had requested them by name through the political agent, Faizrullah Khan.

Masherbrum may be an uncivilized mountain, but its approaches are being tamed. Last year the sixty-mile track from Skardu to Khapalu was widened for jeeps. However, as there were not enough vehicles to carry our baggage, our porters had to walk. We needed the conditioning, so we accompanied them.

Eighteen miles to Gol, twenty-two miles to Gwari—sun, sand and blisters. Some of us began to think we would never live to see the mountain. On the third day the harmless delusion that we were heroic pioneers was rudely shattered when a white jeep containing a United Nations inspection team came around a bend toward us. They took many pictures of us and our army of 137 coolies and eleven horses, undoubtedly to convince their skeptical families that they really were stationed in wild country.

For one day we enjoyed the hospitality of the rajah of Khapalu while our supplies were shuttled across the Shyok River on goatskin rafts. Then we began the final leg of our march, thirty miles up the narrow Hushe valley. Granite spires rose above the dark green, irrigated fields that punctuated the sandy waste. For two days we followed the trail along the Hushe River, crossing and recrossing rickety log bridges before reaching the last village. Coolies who had been faltering were replaced with local men, and we started up the rock-covered moraine of the Masherbrum glacier. It was a twelve-mile hike, a long, hard day. The upper part of the glacier was still covered by the winter's snows, but at five P.M. on May thirtieth the expedition reached its base campsite, 13,500 feet high.

We spent May thirty-first getting our equipment reorganized for the climb. While Hornbein cheerfully bled everyone in the interests of science, McCormack and I checked the oxygen apparatus. Some of the thirty oxygen bottles we had brought were low in pressure, and half of the valves leaked when we turned them on. It was disappointing, but we were able to muster up around a dozen good bottles—enough for a couple of summit assaults.

That evening we gathered in our big white tent for a council of war. We knew where we had to go. The descriptions of the route from our predecessors were depressingly specific. First we had to wend our way among the tall ice pinnacles, watching carefully for crevasses, as we crossed the Serac Glacier to a snow basin that nestled beneath the hanging ice cliffs of Serac Peak. From there the route went up steep slopes that culminated in a dome; from the dome we would go to a plateau under the final southeast face. We decided that Camp One should be pitched at about 15,500 feet on the glacier. Camp Two would be established somewhere in the basin. Our advance base for the upper part of the mountain would be Camp Three, at 21,000 feet, on top of the dome. Despite the information we had, we would still have to locate and prepare the trail as well as determine the safest sites for the camps. While this reconnaissance was going on, the rest of the expedition would carry loads of supplies up the mountain.

It had been overcast, but now there was an unprecedented ten-day spell of good weather. We didn't waste it. On June first McGowan, Emerson, Hornbein and Akhter found the way to Camp One. The key was an avalanche chute on the right side of the glacier which the British had named Scaly Alley because of the numerous falling rocks. In 1957 one of their climbers had been struck on the arm. It made us nervous at first, but we climbed early in the morning, when there was less danger of avalanches. There were no accidents, and our morale improved. Furthermore, deep snow covered the crevasses. This made it possible for porters, who had no special climbing equipment, to make the ascent, provided they were escorted along safe routes. Azim and Qureshi doubled our carrying capacity by persuading fifteen tough Baltis from the nearest village that hauling loads to Camp One would be the easiest rupees they would ever earn in their lives.

We put Dick McGowan in charge of this exercise in mass mountaineering on the theory that his experience in dragging tourists up Mount Rainier left him uniquely qualified for the task. Five days later we had carried 3000 pounds of supplies up to Camp One and had abandoned base camp, except for occasional forays to discharge porters and collect the mail.

Meanwhile, Willi Unsoeld and Tom McCormack located Camp Two at 19,500 feet on the slopes leading to the dome. No one liked the place because of the potential danger from snow slides, but there wasn't much choice. In 1955 the New Zealanders' food dump down in the basin had been buried by a gigantic ice avalanche. We avoided staying in that camp as much as possible.

On top of Doomsday Mountain: Jawed Akhter of the U.S.-Pakistani expedition that conquered Masherbrum. K2, the world's second-highest mountain, looms at left.

To establish the expedition's base camp 13,500 feet up Masherbrum's steep slopes, 137 Pakistani coolies lugged four tons of supplies over 90 miles of Himalayan trails.

On June eighth, McGowan, Akhter, and Unsoeld, starting from Camp Two, climbed to the top of the dome, putting in fixed ropes as they went. The HAP's, spurred on by Ghulam Rasul, brought up load after load of food and equipment, and Camp Three, our advance base, was firmly established. Then the weather changed.

It snowed every day for twenty-four days. Although we were pinned to our tents occasionally, we were able to keep going. Bell, Emerson and McCormack pioneered the way to Camp Four at 22,000 feet. McGowan and Unsoeld put in Camp Five at the base of the southeast face, and the endless job of relaying supplies continued. Every night the snow covered our tracks; every day we rebroke the trail. Bamboo wands topped with small triangular flags were placed 100 feet apart to mark the route. On some days the snow and fog were so bad we could see only two wands ahead.

Behind us the soft snow on the Serac Glacier was melting, and crevasses were opening up. When Qureshi and I took five porters along a much-traveled route down to Base Camp, a weakened snow br[illegible] collapsed, and I sank chin-deep [illegible] crevasse. Ahead of us the southeast face swept 3000 feet upward at an average angle of forty-five degrees to the twin peaks. On it were many overhanging ice cliffs; the largest was more than 200 feet high. If that cliff broke off, it would annihilate anything in its path. However, there was little sign of activity; and as George Bell said reassuringly, "If that thing comes down, it will be an act of God."

We had thought that the Serac Glacier and the dome were a bit dangerous in places, but after we had been on the southeast face, they seemed flat, easy and safe. Camp Five was the dividing line. Below it we felt we would have been unlucky to get killed; above it we would be lucky to escape. We lived in a tilted world of wind, snow and avalanches that rumbled past after every storm. Base Camp seemed as remote as New York City.

We pushed on. A good day was due soon, and we wanted to be in positi[illegible] Willi Unsoeld and Dick McGowan, first assault team, led up and across face. I followed, escorting five HAP's. We were under the gun of the large ice cliff and could not find a safe place for Camp Six. Finally Unsoeld spotted a sheltered area behind a thirty-foot ice pinnacle that would hold two tents. The next day George Bell and Tom Hornbein, the second summit team, also occupied the camp while Akhter and the indomitable HAP's brought up loads.

On June twenty-fourth Unsoeld and McGowan started for the summit, each man carrying two bottles of oxygen. They had trouble with their oxygen sets, however, and abandoned the bottles. The climbing became more difficult; in many places the snow lay just a few inches over the ice. One traverse above the ice cliffs was especially delicate. The fragile steps they were kicking in the snow were in danger of collapsing, and they could only get a "psychological belay," a weak stance that would not hold a fall. After forty minutes of work, they were able to put in an ice screw to protect this section. George Bell and Tom Hornbein follow[illegible] attaching fixed ropes.

At noon, when they had climbed [illegible] 25,000 feet, Unsoeld and McGowan reached a bergschrund—a big crevasse formed at the head of a glacier by the moving ice pulling away from the mountain. It cut across the snow face underneath the twin summits. But then the weather turned bad again, and they decided another camp was needed before they could try for the top. They left a cache of *pitons* and descended through the storm. Small slides of powder snow started coming down. Suddenly McGowan was swept from his steps, but Unsoeld had a good stance and was able to hold him. It was a warning of things to come.

The first attempt had failed, but at least they knew what they were up against, and the route was prepared to Camp Seven. The four men waited for a break in the weather. It never came. When they looked out of their tents on the morning of June twenty-seventh, they saw a new storm bearing down on them. They decided to retreat. Descending cautio[illegible] through a wicked mixture of snow [illegible] mist, they followed the bamboo wa[illegible] Unsoeld was leading; roped behind him in order were (*Continued on Page 94*)

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(*Continued from Page 92*) McGowan, Bell and Hornbein. They were slowly groping their way forward when the avalanche hit.

First the powder snow was around their ankles; a split second later it was over their heads. Desperately they tried to drive in their axes, but one by one, inexorably, they were swept downhill, first Hornbein, then Bell, then McGowan. Unsoeld, now the highest man, almost held; then he, too, was flipped backward. He came right side up again as the avalanche was slowing down. He redrove his ax, and this time it held. The four men came to a stop just short of an ice cliff after a 200-foot slide. Bell had tumbled upside down, but quickly recovered. McGowan, while struggling to his feet, lost his pack. Luckily Hornbein was able to intercept it before it disappeared down the mountain.

Their shouts after they got free of the deep snow left by the avalanche were the ones Akhter and I had heard in our tent at Camp Five. McGowan was the climber I could not see when I started struggling uphill. His arms had been pinned by the climbing rope, and he had been dragged under the snow. After he recovered, he had to lie down and rest for a few minutes. Although he was badly shaken, he managed to stumble into Camp Five unaided.

We regrouped. Tom Hornbein and Dick McGowan went to Camp Three to recuperate. Six of us, Emerson, Akhter, McCormack, Bell, Unsoeld and I occupied the two tents at Camp Five, ready to take advantage of any change in the weather. Snow and wind, wind and snow—avalanches constantly thundered down the face. The supplies which had seemed so enormous four weeks before began to appear insignificant. On July third Emerson, McCormack, Akhter and I descended to Camp Four, where there was still a fair amount of food. The next day Bell and Unsoeld, our new assault team, would have to follow. But the next day it cleared.

The mountain came alive with climbers and HAP's. Bell and Unsoeld returned to Camp Six, which they found completely buried in snow. Emerson and Akhter, who climbed all the way from Camp Four, joined them and helped to dig out the tents. Hornbein, McGowan and I returned to Camp Five while the HAP's hauled provisions from Camp Three to Camp Five. Down below, Qureshi, Azim and McCormack kept the supply line open.

On July fifth Bell, Unsoeld, Emerson and Akhter climbed up to the bergschrund. The cache containing our rock *pitons* had been swept away. There was very little space for a tent, but they managed to pitch one at an angle, partly on the lip of the bergschrund itself, partly on the snow inside the crevasse. After Akhter descended, Bell and Unsoeld settled in. During the night ice pellets struck the side of the tent. For a few bad moments Bell and Unsoeld thought an ice avalanche was coming and they were going to be pushed over the edge. They shifted themselves toward the back of the tent platform. Neither man slept that night.

They left Camp Seven at five A.M. on July sixth, following the bergschrund laterally until they were directly below the steep *couloir* that led to the summit ridge. The weather was perfect—too perfect; the sun beat upon them unmercifully. Stifling in the heat, they climbed upward. Cautiously picking their way across a band of rock, they entered the gully. On the right the ice was exposed, on the left it was covered with treacherous fluffy snow. Between the ice and the fluff they kicked a fragile ladder of steps.

Six hours later they reached the razor-sharp ridge between the twin peaks and turned toward the East Peak. They were blocked on the ridge by a gendarme, a large rock tower. Unsoeld hammered an ice screw into a crack of the rock, clipped a rope in for protection and inched his way over loose, snow-covered rocks. Again they balanced along the thin snow edge until they reached a vertical rock wall forty feet high. A short smooth chimney—a crack wide enough to enable a person to get inside—was the only possible route. In the Rockies it would have been a minor problem; at 25,500 feet it was absolutely exhausting. Unsoeld and Bell heaved themselves upward. Now there was only a gentle slope ahead. Rhythmically, mechanically, they plodded through the soft snow. Then the ridge slanted downward. They were on top. It was 3:15 in the afternoon.

The giants of the upper Baltoro Glacier rose before them—Hidden Peak, Gasherbrum IV, Broad Peak and, above all, K2, second highest mountain in the world. The view brought back old memories, especially for George Bell. Seven years ago he had almost been killed on K2 and had been carried out of the mountains on a litter, his feet badly frostbitten. Two toes were amputated, and many people thought he would never climb again. Viewing K2 from the summit of Masherbrum, he thought it looked magnificent. Unsoeld and Bell took photographs for one hour before starting down. Attaching their ropes to four-foot aluminum pickets, they rappelled down the 50-degree slope of the gully and got back to their tent by eight P.M.

They were not the only climbers who had an exciting afternoon. The second assault party, Captain Akhter, Tom Hornbein and Dick McGowan, was starting up the fixed ropes toward Camp Seven when McGowan, who had never completely recovered from the avalanche, doubled over with violent cramps. Hornbein yelled, "We've got to go back!" Akhter, in the lead, turned around. His delicate snow step broke, and he came toppling down the slope. There was no time for the other two men to get a good belay. In desperation Hornbein grabbed the fixed rope with his left hand and the climbing rope with his right. If he didn't hold, all three climbers would go over the ice cliff below. Tom held. Akhter tumbled down the slope and then plunged deep into the snow when the rope went taut. It was 160 feet from drop to stop. Akhter was all right, but McGowan was out of action now, so they all returned to Camp Six, and Hornbein escorted McGowan down to Camp Five through the gathering dusk.

The following day, July seventh, Dick Emerson, Captain Akhter and I climbed to Camp Seven to make the next attempt. On the way we met Unsoeld and Bell coming down. They had plenty of good advice, the essence of which was "be careful." After reaching the bergschrund, we tried to widen the snow platform and repitch the tent, but it still tilted downward and hung out over the slope. During the night Emerson began suffering from an attack of dysentery, but he wouldn't think of quitting.

As a rope of three climbers moves more slowly than a rope of two, we wanted to get a very early start for the summit. At one A.M. on July eighth, Akhter and I lighted a stove and began melting snow for breakfast. We punctured a can of butane to prepare the second stove. The valve was defective. The escaping stream of gas hit the flame of the first stove and exploded. Instantly a fountain of fire shot to the top of the tent and set the inner lining ablaze. I threw the pot of water on it, but it did no good, as the flaming gas was still under pressure. Gingerly I went for the entrance of the tent farthest from the flames—we had to be careful or we would knock ourselves off the mountain. There were two zippers. I unzipped the one on the left, which opened into space. I started to unzip the right. It jammed. Emerson waked up to find his head surrounded by flames. He tried to get out, but I was in his way, so he fumbled for his pocket knife to cut a hole in the side of the tent. Meanwhile, Akhter, his retreat blocked, picked up a pair of down pants and beat out the fire.

After this attempt to cook ourselves for breakfast, we felt somewhat disorganized. Furthermore, Emerson was now too sick to go for the summit, but he gallantly insisted that Akhter and I make the attempt while he cleaned up the mess. The two of us left at 7:30 in the morning.

I tried to use oxygen, but the rig was troublesome and eventually I gave it up. Jawed and I, rotating the lead, slowly climbed up the gully. The steps were filled with frozen snow; we had to rekick every one. We reached the ridge and headed east. I tiptoed across the gendarme while Jawed struggled up the chimney. Then there were no more tracks to follow. We were on the summit of Masherbrum.

Masherbrum was the highest mountain ever climbed by a Pakistani, but we didn't have time to think about that. It was 6:15 P.M., and the mountains were putting on their robes of purple for the night. We quickly took some pictures and started back.

"I'm afraid he's through as a retriever!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our troubles weren't over. As we rappelled down the vertical rock wall, one of Jawed's down overmitts became untied and disappeared into the closing darkness. The thin air blurred our minds. I foolishly clipped my ice ax to my belt to free my hands. As I started off an overhang on the rope, the ax twisted and jammed on a ledge, leaving me suspended in mid-air. On the third frantic try I freed it.

What happened on the next rappel was even more critical. We were using two ropes tied together so we could slide 120 feet at a time. It was still dark, for the moon had not risen. Standing in the *couloir*, we pulled on the ropes. The first one came. The second one cleared the sling and started to drop, but suddenly it stuck. We put all our weight on it, but it refused to budge. We had to rappel because the gully was too dangerous to climb down, but now, with just one rope, we could not possibly reach the aluminum pickets put in by Unsoeld and Bell. We would have to cut a deep channel into the snow to use as an anchor for our remaining rope. In the cold at 25,300 feet, this took ages. Fortunately there was a full moon by now and no wind. We worked all night and reached our scorched tent at 7:30 in the morning, twenty-four hours after we had left it.

Both of us were exhausted, and Akhter's fingers and toes were frostbitten—later he lost the tip of one finger. Time was precious now. At three P.M., July ninth, we packed Camp Seven and began the retreat. Dick Emerson, who had partially recovered from his attack of dysentery, kept Akhter and me on a tight rope, and we stumbled down the fixed lines to Camp Six.

The next day a storm broke. We knew we had only a few hours to get to Camp Five before the powder-snow avalanches started. We were desperately tired. Fifty yards out of camp, when my snow step collapsed, all I could do was yell, "Fall!" and hope that Emerson could hold me. The situation was becoming serious. Then we saw two figures in the mist and heard the strains of *Tom Dooley* being played on a harmonica. Willi Unsoeld and Tom Hornbein had come up from Camp Five to inquire if we wanted assistance. We did. They took our packs and guided us down through the swirling snow. Measuring distances with the rope, Unsoeld and Hornbein did a brilliant job of blind navigation. An hour later we reached Camp Five. Behind us, the newly fallen snow began to avalanche.

The HAP's were waiting. They picked up the camp, and everyone continued the descent. We didn't stop until we reached Camp Three at nine o'clock that night.

Wet and cold, we huddled over the stove in the cook tent. There was mail for all of us. Unsoeld's wife, Jolene, had ended her letter by quoting their youngest son, "When is daddy coming home?" All of us were grateful that "daddy" and his companions were on their way.

The worst was over. The basin and Scaly Alley seemed mild. On July twelfth, Unsoeld, Emerson and I climbed down the last icefall and stumbled into base camp behind the beams of our headlamps. We were off the mountain.

After resting several days, we packed our gear and started the march out. The Hushe valley was lovely as we came hiking down the trail. Because of his frostbitten toes, Akhter was riding a pony, his dangling feet almost touching the ground. Suddenly he waved his bandaged hand toward a group of spectacular granite towers and said enthusiastically, "Next that's what we should climb the next time you come to Pakistan." THE END

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Unfortunately I Was Rich

(Continued from Page 29)

I was a gossip-column item while I was still learning to read. I was a national celebrity, surrounded by celebrities, before I was old enough to get a driver's license. In one sense, I suppose, I had no childhood at all.

During a night-club act which I tried briefly twelve years ago, I'd mention that people often asked me at what age I started work. "At three," I'd say. "Until then I just lay around the house." Actually this was an exaggeration. I didn't start work until I was almost three and a half.

As an infant I "lay around" many houses—too many. My father, John Cooper Sr., a talented musician who was apparently an inept businessman, had run a small music store in downtown Los Angeles. Early one evening, when I was about two, my father walked out of the house, and that was the last time any of us saw him. "Didn't even take an extra handkerchief," I was told. My mother, Mabel Leonard Cooper, a pianist, embarked on a vaudeville tour to support me and a sizable collection of relatives.

While mother was touring, I was left to others. At first mother boarded me with a woman who looked after me for fifty dollars a month. Then she moved me into my grandmother's—a house overrun with cousins, uncles and aunts, none of whom seemed to have any money. This, then, was the unpromising beginning of Jackie Cooper, boy millionaire: a father fled; a mother on the road; a teeming, impoverished household for a home.

Then all at once everything changed. One day in 1926 my grandmother, who sometimes played in movies as an extra, took me along on her arm. This obscure role in a silent comedy was my film debut. Soon afterward success struck with the swift violence of a tornado. At five, I was picked to play bit parts and sing in some of the first talking pictures. At six, I made it with *Our Gang*. At seven, I sang in a primitive spectacular called *The Fox Movietone Follies of 1929*. Then, at eight, the gold rush started. I played the starring role in *Skippy*, one of the most successful movies ever made about a child.

What was it like, being a juvenile trouper? Often it was funny. Often it was wild. I have some memories of the greats and near greats that still make me laugh.

My mother came off the road when I was five and, when Fox was making the *Follies*, she grew friendly with a girl who sang in the picture, a pretty teen-ager named Dixie Lee. This was the Jazz Age in Hollywood, and a single girl, living alone, lived dangerously. On my mother's invitation, Dixie moved into our big, crowded house.

At that time Paul Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys were playing in Los Angeles, and Dixie had started going out with the No. 1 Rhythm Boy, a sandy-haired singer, who also played cymbals in the band. He was Bing Crosby. Each Saturday night Bing called on Dixie after work, and each Sunday morning, when I started wandering about the house, I'd find him asleep, still wearing his tuxedo, on the hammock on the porch. I'd give Bing my blanket and help him off with his shoes and black tie. He'd mutter thanks and go right back to sleep.

I liked Bing, but the ladies of the house had reservations. My grandmother didn't care for his voice; she didn't think he'd make it as a singer. My mother didn't like the way he lived; she thought Dixie ought to look for someone else. "Find a man who doesn't work nights," she said. As you surely know, Dixie ignored my mother's advice. Her marriage to Bing lasted until she died in 1952.

One day, while I was making *Skippy*, I met Gary Cooper at a studio commissary. He had just finished making *The Virginian*, a classic Western movie and, when I handed him the autograph book my mother insisted that I carry, he wrote a note I still remember—although the book has long since been lost. "Dear Jackie," it read, "please try to find a part for me in *Skippy*—anything but another Western." I was tempted to remind him of this more than twenty years later, when *High Noon* was so popular everywhere.

About the time of *Skippy*, too, I had a date with Tallulah Bankhead. Joan Crawford, who was throwing a party for Tallulah, told my mother that she could not think of a suitable male escort for her guest. They decided to tell Tallulah only that her date would be a "Mr. Cooper." Then, at partytime, I arrived in my best short pants. I'm not sure how I handled myself that night. I've heard that I got rattled during dinner and dropped a lamb chop into my lap. (No excuses. Tallulah has rattled more sophisticated dates.)

All these things, as I say, were fun—fun as they happened, fun as I remember them. But they were only one fragment of my life. The major portion was making pictures and this, stripped of glamour and illusion, was hard, demanding work.

To me, a child actor is primarily a reflection of the talents of his director. I look at myself in *Skippy* and think, *Good. Norman Taurog did a fine job of directing me.* I see myself in *Treasure Island* and think, *Not so good. Victor Fleming couldn't handle me as well.*

Of course, a child is conscious that he's "on," but he cannot be conscious of much else. Directors who work well with children make the child respond directly to them, rather than to the story line of a movie or to the motivating forces behind a scene. Must the child actor laugh? Don't ask him to laugh. Make him happy. Must he weep? Don't tell him to cry. Make him miserable. A child, handled in this manner, can give a convincing, if mechanical, performance. A puppet can give a convincing, mechanical performance too.

Let me show you what I mean. Working with an adult professional, a director has only to say, "Now, look, fellas, I've got to have tears here." Then, give the actor some soft music and, if he is a good actor, he will be able to cry. But with a child, particularly with a happy child, which I was, the situation is quite different. Sometimes directors must resort to extraordinary devices.

Once, when I was eight or nine and starring in a picture, there was a call for tears. Coaxed by the director, I tried to cry, but nothing happened. A dog appeared with me in this picture, and I was especially cheerful with the pooch around all the time. After I'd been working to sob for a few minutes, an actor, dressed in a policeman's costume, came and took away the dog. "The policeman's got your dog," the director told me. "He's taken your dog, and he's going to keep it."

"Why?" I said. "What did I do wrong?"

"You won't cry," the director said.

I tried harder, but still I could not summon tears.

Suddenly the crack of a pistol echoed through the set. "The policeman just shot your dog, Jackie," the director said. "He shot him because the dog distracts you. You're more interested in the dog than you are in your work."

I burst into tears. Finally, when the scene was over, they brought back the dog and explained that he was all right, that they hadn't really shot him. I think they threw me an ice-cream cone as a bonus for my "realistic" job of crying.

Does a child get angry at such treatment? Perhaps, but only briefly. Praise and the ice-cream cone soon cheer him, and he forgets, or thinks he does. But what about the man the child is someday to become? This sort of treatment, and it was fairly common, created deep hurts that I only became aware of years later when I was an adult trying to take stock. It was then that I had black thoughts about the director. It was then that I wanted to seek him out, preferably with a good left hook. It was as an adult, not as a child, that rage burned inside me.

This is one of the paradoxes that traps a child actor before he knows what the word "paradox" means. His boyhood days are wonderfully exciting. He enjoys

"Mother, you're taking sides again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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them, relishes them as a child. But he does not know—because he cannot know—that this golden boyhood is no training for the difficult, challenging business of being a man.

As I moved from *Skippy* to *Donovan's Kid* to *Treasure Island*, as I rode in large, expensive cars, as I toured the country promoting my pictures, only one aspect of my life disturbed me. Where was my father? It was a reasonable question, and my mother offered me reasonable answers. "Your father," she told me again and again," has gone away."

I did what I imagine most children do under these conditions. I looked around for someone else whom I could call "dad." Since I made four pictures with Wallace Beery, people have assumed that he and I were very close. As a rule, I played a child who needed love, and he played a big, gruff man, soft as putty under the outer shell. We were buddies in our movies, but we were never buddies in life.

Off camera, as on, Beery was a big, blustering man, strong and tough and rugged. But he could never have any children of his own, and this seemed to hurt him deeply. When he and his wife finally decided to adopt a child, they were given a little girl. Although he loved the girl, I suspect this troubled him too. Rugged Wallace Beery wanted a son.

These are the two background points in a personal relationship that was, at best, unfortunate. I had troubles of my own and wanted a father. Beery had troubles of his own and wanted a son.

You may be able to anticipate what happened. I tried to attach myself to Beery, but Beery, for whatever reasons, did his best to keep me at arm's length. Once, when I tried to kiss him good-by, he growled, "Cut that stuff out, kid." Another time, when I tried to give him a hug, he said, "For God's sake, stop acting like a baby." (I was nine.)

After we'd made the four movies together, Beery had had enough. My own guess is that he didn't want any part of a substitute son. If he couldn't have his own boy, he didn't want to have anyone else's boy around him. As I look back on those early days now I feel a little sorry for Beery. I would have liked it better then if he hadn't been afraid that he might grow fond of me.

The one actor whom I did call "dad" was Richard Dix. He was a warm, compassionate man, who gave me a great deal of understanding and affection. But even with Dix I ran into trouble. In *Donovan's Kid* he played a gangster whose wife had died, and I, of course, was the "kid." I had such a fine time playing Dix's son in the movie that calling him "dad" came naturally. But unfortunately I didn't know when to stop.

People who did not know the circumstances of my home life were forever making small talk with me; the sort of small talk everyone makes with children. "How are you? Who's your mommy? Who's your daddy?"

I handled the first two questions with ease. I'd say that I was fine and that my mother was Mabel Cooper. Then I'd add, proudly, that my father was Richard Dix. There'd be a pause in the small talk and then, perhaps, a few adult chuckles. Dix was famous. People knew he wasn't married to Mabel Cooper. He had a wife and son of his own.

If my fantasy had embarrassed only a few adults, I might have been permitted to continue it. But, remember, I was a celebrity. After I'd told a few hundred people that Dix was my father, unpleasant little notes appeared in a few Hollywood columns. None of them was actually libelous, but innuendo was there to be read. This was something less than good journalism, but it went on then in certain publications, just as it goes on now. After some painful discussions with studio executives, my mother made the only decision she could. Neither she nor I was to see Dix socially at any time. This stopped the column items and, incidentally, cost me a friend.

All through my untypical boyhood—to understate it—my mother did everything she could to make me a typical boy. She insisted that I make friends with children who were not professional actors. She saw to it that I was given boxing lessons. She considered my schooling carefully and then decided to have me tutored privately. Obviously I could not attend public school while I was making movies, and my mother felt that private tutoring was preferable to the schools for professional children maintained by the studios. In such schools, classroom work always seemed secondary to the business of making motion pictures.

My mother tried, but she was powerless to stop the curiously unfolding pattern of my professional development. I was getting older, but I was not becoming a better actor. I was mechanical, and I honestly believe I didn't become anything more than a mechanical actor until after World War II, when I had to learn show business all over again. A lot of child actors *never* get this far; they stay mechanical for all their lives. That's why so many of them drop out of sight at twenty. You can't fall for the shot-dog routine all your life. Moreover, I wasn't encountering the sort of competition most boys find in almost everything they do. Boys compete in sports, in school and for dates. As a child star, I don't think I lorded it over others often, but I could have if I had wanted to.

I did once. At fourteen, during a lull in my career, I entered Beverly Hills High School. Almost everyone else in my class was fifteen, and, in early adolescence, one year can be a considerable gap. Famous as I was, the older boys often snubbed me as a "kid." I'm sure some of the fifteen-year-old girls were eager to date a movie star, but again the age gap presented a problem. At fourteen I had no status.

When a school dance came up in October, I decided to square matters then and there. Instead of asking one of the fifteen-year-old girls from school, I invited Lana Turner to go with me. Lana, just about coming into her own as "The Sweater Girl," was a bit past fifteen herself, but when I explained my situation, she agreed as a favor to be my date.

It was a rather dramatic favor. When I walked into the school gym with Lana on my arm, nobody noticed that I was only fourteen. After that, for the rest of my brief stay at Beverly Hills High, I was famous as the boy who brought Lana Turner to the dance. Status? So great was my status that I might have been twenty.

Essentially this is how things were for me right up until 1941. I was not quite so prosperous as a teen-ager as I had been as a child, but I still was something less than hungry. From the time *Skippy* was completed in 1930 until the day in 1941 when I enlisted in the Navy, I never earned less than $50,000 in any year.

For a while I dated Judy Garland. After I lost her to Mickey Rooney—he was older and got his driver's license first—I started taking out Bonita Granville. I was a famous boy, dating famous girls, assuming that everyone had money because I did. The year 1941 was the beginning of my undoing.

In quick succession, then, my mother died and I went into service. Although, as a fatherless child, I had been particularly

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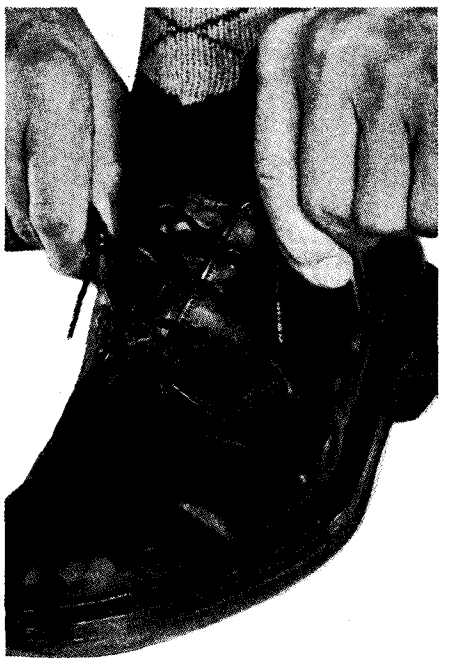

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close to my mother, her death, at the age of thirty-nine, did not shake me too severely when it happened. She had been sick for a time, and suffering. I remember feeling a vague relief that her pain had ended.

I went off to the University of Notre Dame, in a naval officer's training program, wondering what might lie ahead, but assuming it had to be pleasant, because until then that's how most things had been for me. Suddenly, at Notre Dame, I found myself in the middle of a situation more competitive than anything I'd known. Studying calculus, it didn't matter that I was Jackie Cooper of the movies. I had to learn the formulas and the concepts. Charitably I'd say my study habits were casual. (Despite my mother's efforts, I'd never taken schoolwork very seriously.) What happens when you approach calculus casually? I know what happened to me. I flunked out.

With that, I was thrown completely. For the first time in my life I'd failed at something important. Fortunately Claude Thornhill, the pianist, came along to remove some of the sting. He was then a Navy band leader. He found a place for me as a drummer with his group of musicians.

Thornhill's band was to entertain overseas, not in the front lines, but still close enough so that there would be an element of danger. A few weeks before we embarked I married June Horne, a girl I had known in Hollywood for some time, the daughter of a movie director. I had drifted away from my family, and my mother was gone. In retrospect I feel I might have married June just so someone would care that I was going overseas, someone would really care whether I came back.

During the war our band toured the South Pacific, playing on twenty-eight islands in all. When peace came, I was a musician, second class—that's a rank, not an appraisal. Before many months had passed after my discharge, I found myself wondering what I was as a civilian.

June and I set up house in Beverly Hills, and I waited for movie people to knock or call. I'd been offered good jobs at the age of five. Now, almost twenty-five, I was offered nothing worth the taking. One studio wanted me to appear in a series of ten Western movies. These days TV Westerns can earn a man a great deal. Movie Westerns in 1946 were something else again.

Each movie in the package was to be shot in exactly ten days. I'd get $1000 a day or, for all ten pictures, $100,000. I'm sure this sounds like just the thing to fix up the family finances, but show business is a strange field, and the package was much less attractive than it may appear to the layman. For one thing, there was the question of income tax. All the movies were to be made in a single year, so I'd actually keep far less than $100,000. Then I'd be typecast. I'd spent enough of my life being famous as Skippy. If I made ten Westerns, I'd stop being Skippy soon enough. I'd be "Tex" Cooper.

Then, when the series ended—and all series end—it would be either more Western parts or nothing. There's a slightly bitter trade gag about what happens to actors who are typecast. "They end up selling milk shakes in the San Fernando Valley." No, I decided, I didn't want to be "Tex" Cooper, not even for $100,000. I'd wait for something better to come along. Nothing did.

Adult responsibilities were arising for the first time in my life. My son John Anthony was born in 1946. I had no more idea of how to handle these responsibilities than I did of how to handle my stalled career. I remember asking myself once, when I was wondering if I'd ever work again: *Am I really an actor? I don't have a license that says so. Doctors, lawyers, barbers—they have licenses hanging on the wall telling them that they know how to do something. All I have hanging on my walls are autographed pictures of Wallace Beery.*

It was difficult to admit to myself that I might be finished at the ripe old age of twenty-five, but it was more difficult for me to admit this possibility to anyone else. Lest anyone suspect, I put up façades. I grabbed checks as though I owned half the oil in Oklahoma. I drove expensive cars and had our house decorated lavishly. In 1946 I didn't earn a cent, but I spent $70,000.

My mother had guarded my childhood earnings well, but there had been expenses, and now, with the war over, inflation came. At the rate I lived in 1946, for all my childhood fortune, I might have gone broke before John Anthony was old enough to enter school.

Problems, it seems to me, often breed problems, and mine were breeding like rabbits. My career was on the rocks, going the way careers of other child stars had gone. My bankbooks looked bloody from all the withdrawal listings. My marriage to June was going sour. What else was there? After a few years as a young Hollywood has-been, I headed for New York. Television was gaining momentum and, although TV actors were not paid much in those days, at least there was some hiring. My confidence was vanishing, and I needed work.

In New York I found plenty of jobs. The rates on television were about one sixth of what I'd been paid as a boy, but, playing a wide variety of roles, from psychopathic killer on up, slowly I began to learn to act. The lessons did not come easily. I applied to the famous Actors' Studio—"you don't play a part, you live it"—which has produced Marlon Brando and many other actors who are successful now. I was willing, but the Actors' Studio people weren't. They turned me down.

My problems multiplied. On jobs I argued angrily with directors and producers. After work I drank more than I should have. I bought the fastest cars I could, and raced them whenever I had a chance. June and I were divorced in 1949. I had grown to love our son, John Anthony, then three, and it bothered me no end that he might grow up, as I had, without a father in the house. I tried a second marriage, to Hildy Parks, an actress. That lasted eight months, and when it failed, I began unconsciously to tear myself apart.

Then one day in 1951 I picked up a book called *The Will To Live*, written by a doctor named Arnold Hutschnecker. Doctor Hutschnecker is not a psychiatrist, but he has made a specialty of psychosomatic medicine—the treatment of physical disorders which are caused or influenced by emotional disturbances. He also has studied self-destruction, and in the pages of his book devoted to people who tear themselves apart, I saw an uncomfortably accurate description of someone I knew—myself. Doctor Hutschnecker lives in New York. I found his name in the telephone book, called him and for the next two and a half years we talked regularly.

I talked about everything and about nothing. Sometimes I sat facing him while we spoke; other times I'd pace back and forth. Doctor Hutschnecker rarely talked. Most of the time he simply listened and made notes. Then, the next time we talked, he might say, for example, "I get the feeling you've been worried about competition."

"No," I'd say. "No more than anyone else." But I'd get talking and talking until I discovered that competition had been a real problem; that, without knowing it, I'd felt I always had to be first. I'd been first as a boy at home and at the studio. Then, when I was no longer first, or even close to it, I blamed myself. I thought I must have done something wrong. That was one reason why I'd been tearing myself apart.

Doctor Hutschnecker provided guidance, impartiality and scientific detachment. Through these I was able to acquire genuine awareness of what I was doing. After a time I began to understand that I was troubled because of the guidance I'd missed receiving from a father; the guidance I'd missed receiving from my mother in the years after her death; and, finally, the attention I'd missed receiving from my mother when she was alive and my long working hours kept me from her side.

As I confronted these things, I began to put my life in order. I drank less compulsively and talked less angrily. I worked with, instead of against, directors and producers. In 1954 I married Barbara Kraus, the most understanding person I have ever known.

The one wild diversion that was hardest for me to curtail was auto racing. There was a valid reason for this. Acting was something people had been trying to teach me all my life. Auto racing was the single skill I had learned entirely by myself. I was good at it, and proud that I was good. But one day at Sebring, Florida, the car I'd been assigned, a Ferrari, went into a spin. The tires were worn and the Ferrari, going through a corner at about ninety, got away from me, spun, snapped around and skidded backward for fully an eighth of a mile. I didn't hit anything, but for days afterward the memory of that skid bothered me.

Later, during a race at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1955, I noticed that Barbara, watching me speed by, was crying. That did it. I quit the race, and I haven't raced since. Nor will I.

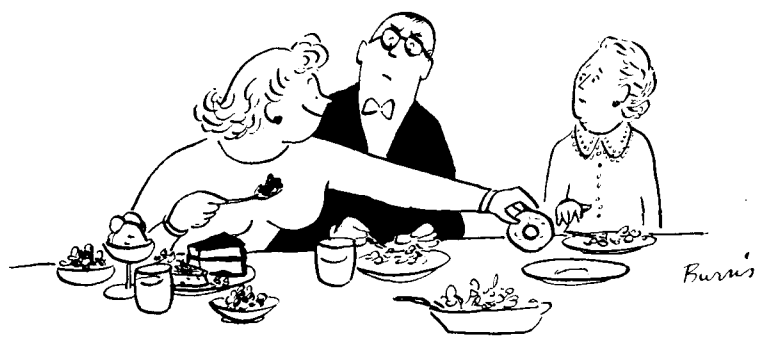
By the time Barbara and I were married, I'd gone through most of my childhood earnings. Two divorces and the jobless years burned almost all the money that had been saved for me. Together, Barbara and I set out to build a new life and a new fortune.

I starred in *The People's Choice*, the TV series with a talking dog, and I owned a substantial interest in it. *The People's Choice* ran for three years on NBC and is still going well in reruns.

But *Hennesey* is the most gratifying milestone of my new career. For one thing, there's no dog in *Hennesey*. After all these years, it's a pleasure to get away from acting animals. Then, too, *Hennesey* is a Navy doctor, an officer who presumably passed calculus somewhere along the way to medical school. I own half of *Hennesey* and now, in its second year, the series has become a valuable property. We're on the air every Monday night in what the television industry calls prime time. Just one show—*Gunsmoke*—is in that same time slot during the week has a higher rating.

With these new-found successes, Barbara and I have developed a most pleasant life. We own a house in Beverly Hills, and another in Palm Springs. We've had three children—two girls and one boy—and, we hope, there's not a child actor in the lot. The children may make their own mistakes, but I'll do all that I can to see that they do not repeat mine. In this regard, I now see John Anthony as often as possible. We go to football games or hunting and fishing, and do other things that appeal to a boy of fifteen.

Only over these recent years, so far removed from my own childhood, have I acquired the understanding that many people acquire through the natural process of growing up. I've overcome my background now, but I wonder whether anyone is ever perfectly adjusted. The problems each day brings require continuing adjustment. To me, at least, this awareness represents maturity. Because of my own chaotic, golden childhood, maturity was the hardest thing I ever achieved. THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Mary Lou had a female version of the original boardinghouse reach. For an obviously well-nourished young woman, she was always recklessly eager to eat more, and her table manners could best be described as grasping.

At a church supper at which everyone pooled dishes and delicacies, Mary Lou sat near the middle of the table and went on a rampage of gobbling. At one point she snatched the last doughnut from under the nose of a trim little gray-haired lady.

Sensing the lady's disapproval, Mary Lou remarked blandly, "I know I shouldn't have it, but it doesn't matter. I always gain weight in winter."

"And," said the lady, giving the grabber an appraising look, "it's been a long winter."

Marjorie A. Sammis

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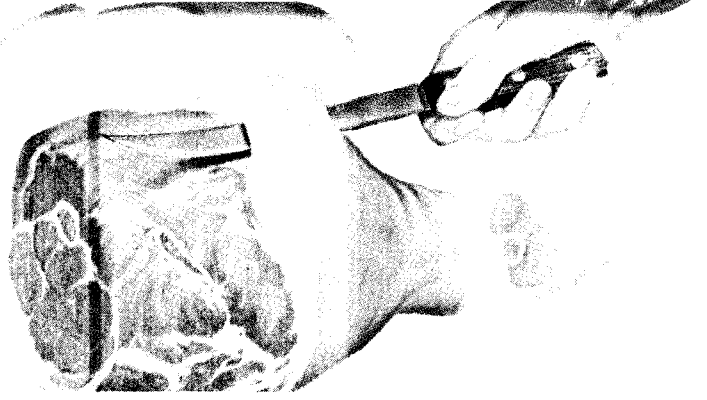

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The Happiest Heavyweight

(Continued from Page 36)

getting around in. Then someday I'll own a pretty Cassius Clay Hotel in Louisville and, if business is good, I'll branch out into New York and California."

There is another dream, even more remote, that runs time and again through his mind. "I dream I'm running down Broadway," he explains. "That's the main street in Louisville, and all of a sudden there's a truck coming at me. I run at the truck and I wave my arms, and then I take off and I'm flying. I go right up over the truck, and all the people are standing around and cheering and waving at me. And I wave back and I keep on flying. I dream that all the time."

Clay's dream is not so unusual as it sounds. Thoughts of flying run through the subconscious of many athletes. Alex Olmedo, the professional tennis player, dreams of flying over mountains. José Torres, a middleweight fighter, has visions of flying over skyscrapers. Clay's target happens to be trucks.

Although Cassius Clay, the friendly fighter, intends to become Cassius Clay, the friendly champion, he hasn't decided exactly what manner he will adopt. Sometimes he thinks he'll act like Joe Louis, humble and reserved. "You know," he says, jabbing with clichés, "I'll be a credit to my race, and I'll let my fists do my talking." Other times, he feels he would rather be sage and sprightly like Archie Moore, under whom he recently did some training. "I'll say funny things, and I'll be kind and gentle, and everybody'll like me."

But most of the time Clay admits that he wants to be like Sugar Ray Robinson, flamboyant and extravagant. "Now there's a man, that Sugar Ray. He's something. He walks down the street, and everybody goes o-oh and a-ah, and he's got a big, flashy car, and he owns a lot of buildings and all that stuff. He's something, that man."

Two days before he flew from New York to the Olympics last summer, Clay went up to Harlem and visited Sugar Ray's café to meet Robinson for the first time. The young fighter sat in the restaurant, fidgety and anxious, waiting for Robinson to appear. When a sleek, purple Lincoln Continental pulled up in front and double-parked, Clay began jumping up and down. "Here he comes," he shouted. "Here comes the great man. Here comes Robinson."

Robinson came in, regal and aloof, chatted only briefly with Clay and wished him luck in the Olympics. Afterward Clay, clutching an autographed photograph, was exuberant. "I'm gonna be like him," he said. "Sugar Ray's something. Everybody know who he is."

If Clay himself has one absorbing goal, aside from winning the heavyweight title, it is to have everyone know who he is. In Rome last August he seemed to be running for mayor of the Olympic Village. He roamed from one national area to the next, pausing long enough to exchange greetings and snap pictures with his box camera. He took hundreds of photos of Russians, Americans, Chinese, Italians, Ethiopians—everyone he got within camera range. Once, when he was talking with an American reporter, a group of Indians walked by. "Excuse me," Clay said. "I gotta get some shots of those cats with the beards."

When he won his Olympic gold medal, Clay accepted it as eagerly as if it had been a million-dollar purse. For forty-eight hours, awake and asleep, he kept the medal around his neck. "First time in my life I ever slept on my back," Clay said later. "Had to, or that medal would have cut my chest."

When he arrived back in New York, Clay, accompanied by this reporter, promptly set off on a tour of the city. He wore his blue Olympic blazer, with U.S.A. embroidered upon it, and his gold medal, with PUGILATO engraved in it. This was only two days after his final fight, and his face was still fresh in the minds of millions who had viewed the Olympic telecasts.

As Clay strolled through Times Square, a passer-by did a double take and asked, "Aren't you Cassius Clay?"

"Yeah, man," Clay said. "That's me. How'd you know who I was?"

The stranger slapped Clay on the back. "I saw you on TV," he said. "So did lots of people. They all know who you are."

Clay hung his head, feigning modesty. "Really?" he said. "You really know who I am? That's wonderful."

Dozens of people stopped him on the street, and for each Clay had a grin and a fresh air of amazement. "I guess everybody do know who I am," he conceded.

Clay entered a penny arcade and had a newspaper headline printed: CASSIUS SIGNS FOR PATTERSON FIGHT. "Back home," he said, "they'll think it's real. They won't know the difference."

From the penny arcade, with three copies of the bogus paper jammed into his pocket, Clay went to Jack Dempsey's restaurant, hoping to meet the former champion. "The champ around?" he asked a headwaiter.

"No, Mr. Dempsey's out of town," the waiter replied.

Clay barely heard the answer. He was too busy gazing at a glass case filled with cheesecakes, large and small. "What are them?" Clay asked.

"Cheesecakes," the waiter said.

Clay gulped. "Do you have to eat the whole thing," he said, "or can you just get a little piece?"

Clay got a little piece of cheesecake, then moved on to Birdland, the jazz spot. As soon as he entered and stood near the bar, listening to the cool rhythms, someone recognized him. "You're Cassius Clay, aren't you?" a customer said.

"*You* know who I am too?" Clay answered.

Later, in a car heading toward Greenwich Village, Clay talked about the recognition he had found. "It's great," he said. "Real great. All those people know who I am." He tapped the cab driver on the shoulder. "Why," he said, "I bet even you know that I'm Cassius Clay, the great fighter."

In Greenwich Village, with the go medal adorning his neck, Clay was again a focus of attention. He stopped in front of a coffeehouse and turned to a young man who had a goatee and long hair. "Man," said Clay, "where do all them beatniks hang out?"

Early in the morning, after a triumphant tour of Harlem, Clay and I finally wound up at the fighter's hotel room. I had missed the last bus home. "Cassius,"

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I said, "you're going to have to come out to New Jersey tomorrow and explain to my wife why I didn't get home."

"You mean," he said drowsily, "your wife know who I am too?" Then Cassius Clay fell asleep.

Clay exaggerates his naïveté and amazement. Once, standing on a corner in Louisville, he said, "Watch. Everybody waves to me." Clay was right. Everyone did wave at him. Just to keep the record clear, though, it must be pointed out that whenever it seemed that someone wasn't going to wave, Clay waved first, forcing a return greeting.

The same day, a sports writer asked Clay if he had dreamed the night before his Olympic championship bout against Zbigniew Pietrzykowski.

"Sure," Clay said. "I dreamed the Pole knocked me out."

"How?"

"Seven straight hooks." Then Clay laughed. "I didn't dream anything at all," he admitted. "I was too tired."

Says his younger brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay, "You have to look out for Cassius. He's joking ninety per cent of the time."

Cassius was born January 18, 1942, in Louisville. His father, Cassius Clay Sr., a commercial artist specializing in sign painting, once dreamed of becoming an entertainer. "I could act and sing and whistle and everything," he recalls. "People said I sounded just like Bing Crosby."

The Clays' family history—and their name—can be traced directly back to slavery. Young Cassius's great-great-grandfather was owned by Cassius Marcellus Clay, the American ambassador to Russia in the 1860's, a distant relative of Henry Clay. The diplomat was an avowed abolitionist who freed his own slaves long before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and more than once fired his rifle to defend his policies against Kentucky neighbors. He was a tough, stern man, who in his eighties married a teen-aged country girl. He lived until the age of ninety-three. He no doubt would have been startled to know that his name would be carried on today by a fighter descended from one of his slaves.

The fighter is called by a less fancy name at home. His mother, Odessa Clay, explained recently, "When Cassius Junior was a baby, he dragged himself up in his crib before he could crawl, started jumping up and down and said, 'Gee-gee, gee-gee.' Those were his first sounds. So we all still call him Gee-Gee."

"I knew what I was doing," Cassius declared. "Gee-Gee stood for Golden Gloves."

The father recalled that Cassius was "a large baby with a real big head. I used to look at him and say, 'That's gonna be nothing but another Joe Louis.'"

Mrs. Clay put in, "Gee-Gee should have been a baseball player. He was always throwing rocks in the streets."

Cassius laughed. "That's how I learned to bob and weave. Ducking rocks."

When Cassius was twelve years old, he attended a meeting one night at the junior high school. While he was inside, someone stole his bicycle. Afterward he went to the Columbia Gym, where a Louisville policeman, Joe Martin, trained young fighters. He told Martin about the bicycle theft. "I'd like to get the boy who did it," Clay snapped.

"Do you know how to box?" Martin asked.

"No," Clay said.

"Why don't you come down here? We'll teach you."

Clay never did get his bicycle back, but he did learn how to box. At the age of five, weighing eighty-nine pounds, he made his amateur debut. His first fight was the featured bout on a Louisville TV program called *Champions of Tomorrow*. Clay won a split decision.

"I saw it," Cassius Sr. says, "and I said, 'Oh, he's a real Joe Louis.' He was fast even then."

At thirteen, when he was attending DuValle Junior High School, Clay scored his first knockout. It wasn't official. It came in a mechanical-drawing class. "This boy had a T square in his hand," Clay remembers, "and he said he was going to whip me. I hit him two left hooks and knocked him unconscious."

Clay duly progressed to Central High School. Edward Adams, the Central basketball coach, recalls, "He used to throw snowballs at the men teachers, and now and then he'd bop a boy playfully."

However, the principal, Atwood Wilson, testifies, "Cassius changed a great deal after he came to our school. At first he was always in skirmishes around the building. But Cassius continually improved in schoolwork, attendance and citizenship.

"He was an average student, and we planned his program to help him in his career. He took courses like income tax and accounting. We don't want him to make financial mistakes like some other fighters, understand."

Between the ages of twelve and eighteen, Clay fought 108 amateur bouts and won an even 100. In 1959, after gaining a number of local titles, he won the national Golden Gloves and Amateur Athletic Union light-heavyweight championships. In 1960 he was Golden Gloves heavyweight champion and A.A.U. light-heavyweight champion.

During his last two years as an amateur he lost only once, on a split decision to a left-handed marine named Amos Johnson in the final round of the 1959 Pan-American Games trials. The dozens of trophies, cups and plaques which Clay earned during his amateur career now crowd every room except the kitchen in his family's one-story, four-room, white wooden house on a quiet, shaded street in the west end of Louisville.

How good a pro prospect is Cassius Clay? He is almost as good as he says he is. His main asset is speed of hand and foot that enables him to dart in, hit an opponent and dart away before he himself gets hit. He punches in furious combinations, favoring a left-left-right-cross sequence designed to cut and tire his opponents.

"He's a better prospect right now than Floyd Patterson was at the same time," insisted Maj. Bob Surkin of the U.S. Army, an Olympic boxing official. "He has the quickest hands I've ever seen for a light heavyweight."

Clay's punches currently stress quantity over quality. He can fire blow after blow, but he does not yet have the big knockout punch that can explode with decisive force at any moment. However, he is still growing and still learning to harness the energy within him.

Clay is six feet two inches tall. When he fought in the Olympics, he was a lean 178 pounds. Now he is over 190, and in another year he could fill out to 200 pounds. Inevitably the punches of a 200-pounder will carry more sting than those of a 180-pounder.

His skills, Clay maintains, are innate. "Taught myself ninety-eight per cent of what I do," he says. "I just luck through with my own natural ability."

His faults, too, are innate, but fortunately they seem curable. He is not adept at in-fighting, partially because much of his more recent training was under Olympic rules, which discourage in-fighting. He has a tendency to lower his hands that could be disastrous against a knockout puncher. But slowly he is learning not to drop his guard.

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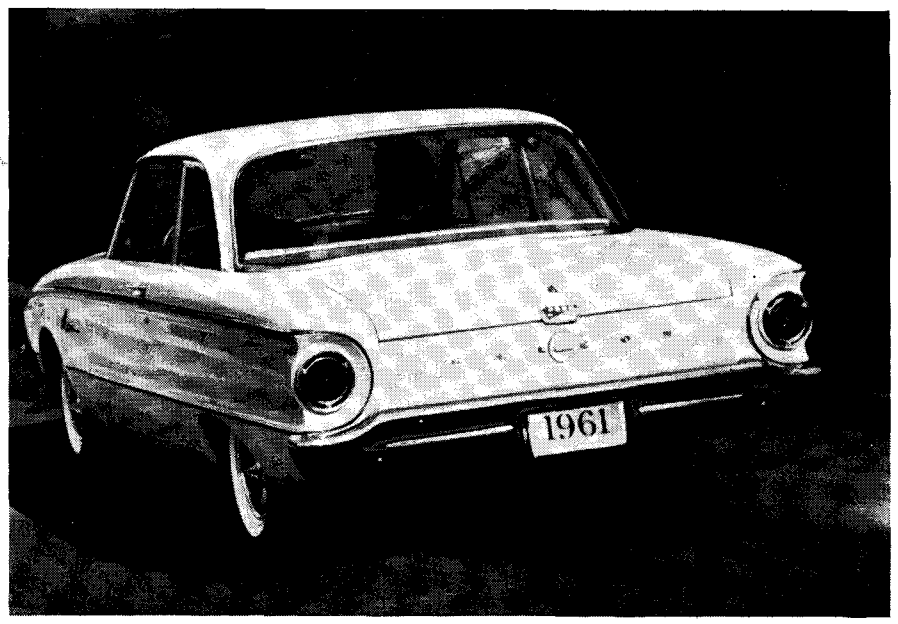

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Among his assets, Clay has courage, and a grimness within the ring that he completely hides outside. In the Olympic quarter-finals, facing a strong Muscovite named Gennardi Shatkov, Clay was hit hard on the head and staggered in the second round. "I didn't even know where I was at," he admitted later. But he fought back, peppered the Russian with jabs and hooks and scored a unanimous victory.

"I know Cassius has heart," says Fred Stoner, a Louisville recreation director who probably did more than anyone else to polish Clay's natural fighting ability, "and everybody knows he's got confidence. The question is—does he have determination? Is he willing to make the sacrifices he has to make to become a champion?"

No one knows the answers for certain, but it at least is clear that Clay has no objections to long, strenuous work. During the six weeks between his return from Rome and his professional debut in Louisville, he arose early each morning, walked a mile to Chickasaw Park, ran two to six miles around the park, then walked home. "Running's good for me," said Clay, who was an under-five-minute miler in high school. "I like to run."

Clay accepts gymwork, too, without complaints. He lacks self-discipline, however. During preparations for his first pro fight last fall he had no manager, so he set his own pace. He trained hard, often putting in fifteen rounds of sparring, shadow-boxing and rope-skipping in a day, but he did a few things that were foolish and others that were dangerous.

His only sparring partner was his brother, Rudy, a seventeen-year-old amateur who weighs some twenty pounds less than Cassius. After a dispute with the owner of Louisville's sole professional gym—Cassius objected to the rates and to the fact that he wasn't allowed to use his own rubdown man—he switched his training quarters to the basement of the Grace Community Center. There he worked on a sagging heavy bag and a rickety light bag. There were only cold showers. There was no ring. Cassius did his sparring on a cement floor without a head guard and without tape to protect his hands.

All in all, the conditions for training were unsatisfactory, and Clay's attitude was even worse. He was certain that his opponent, a West Virginia small-town police chief named Tunney Hunsaker, was no challenge, and no one could convince him otherwise.

"Look, Cassius," a friend advised. "This guy's been around. He's had twenty pro fights, and he's won fifteen of them. He's fought some tough guys. He's not a great fighter, but he's twenty-nine years old and he's got experience. You'll have to be sharp."

"I know, I know," Clay answered. Then he winked. "But he's a bum. I'll lick him easy."

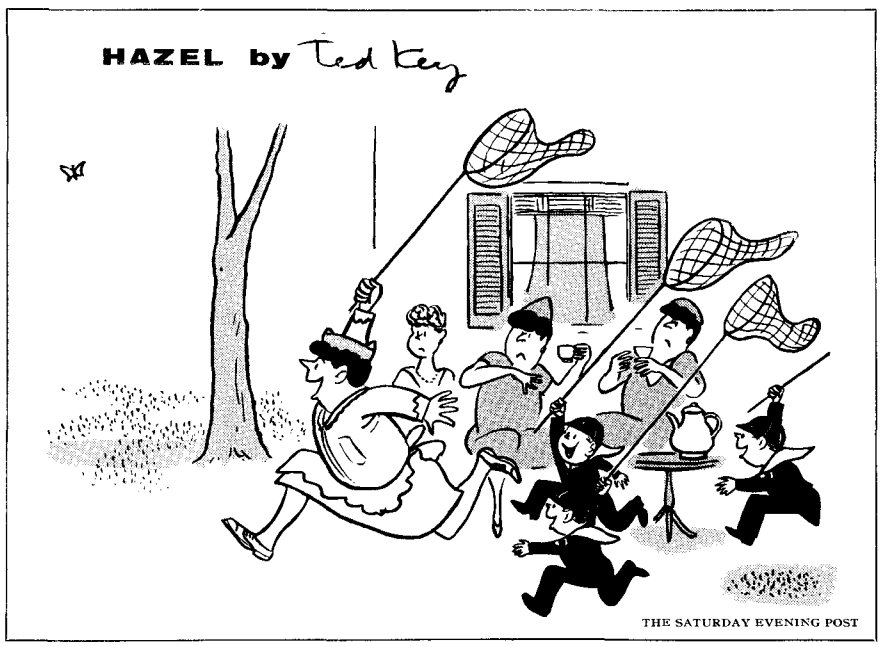
In the gym, sparring with his brother, Clay pulled his punches and defended carelessly. "You're holding your left too low," trainer Fred Stoner yelled. "Just because he's your brother, don't let him hit you." Cassius, shuffling lazily, simply winked.

Away from the gym Clay never found time to relax. Invitation after invitation poured in on him, and he couldn't say no. He went to the Virginia Avenue elementary school, spoke to the children and showed them his Olympic photographs. "Dear Cassius," one student wrote, thanking him. "I enjoyed your visit so much I decided right then and there I love you. If I was old enough, I would marry you."

Clay visited often at the Kosair Crippled Children Hospital, the beneficiary of the net receipts from his pro debut. "Hi, buddy," he would say to each boy, and, "Hello, honey," to each girl. In the wards he smiled at the children and patted their heads understandingly. Each child thanked him and wished him luck, and one went even further. "Cassius," suggested a teen-age boy bred on boxing stories, "if you get in trouble, put some rosin dust on your gloves."

In a politically split state, Clay played politics impartially. When the Democrats asked him to serve on a youth committee backing former Gov. Keen Johnson for the United States Senate, Clay agreed When the Republicans asked him to appear at a rally endorsing Sen. John Sherman Cooper, Cassius said yes again. Cooper won.

On the day of the fight, Saturday, October twenty-ninth, he arose at six A.M. and ran a mile in Chickasaw Park. Then he returned home and went to sleep. At four P.M. he ate dinner—two steaks, which is about par for him. The fight was scheduled for 10:30, and Clay reported to Louisville's Freedom Hall a few hours early. At nine, thoroughly relaxed, he lay down in his dressing room and fell asleep.



Then came the fight. Clay had been right; Hunsaker was easy for him. In the third round Clay cut his opponent and seemed on the verge of scoring a knockout. But, lowering his hands and shuffling his feet, Clay didn't press his advantage. He breezed to a six-round decision.

"I didn't want to take no chances," he said afterward. "He only hurt me once all the fight—he got me a good left hook in the gut. I'm not tired. I could go ten without no trouble."

Since then Clay has had four more fights, none of them against high-ranking opponents, and has continued to win handily, scoring a technical knockout each time. He stopped Herb Sieler in four rounds, Tony Esperti in three, Jim Robinson in one and Donnie Fleeman in seven. Along the way, he also put in a brief stint as a sparring partner for Ingemar Johansson, then in the early stages of preparing for his third fight with Floyd Patterson. Cassius afterward professed considerable respect for Ingo.

Clay's last victim, Donnie Fleeman, was the nearest thing to a "name" opponent Cassius has faced—a rugged trial horse who has absorbed the punches of some of the leading heavyweights of the day. In subduing Fleeman on February twenty-first, Clay sustained a hand injury that was expected to keep him out of the ring for at least a month.

All of Clay's recent fighting has been done in Miami Beach. He came there in December after a special course of instruction with Archie Moore in San Diego, and it has been his base of operations ever since. He has been training there under the supervision of Angelo Dundee, and appearing on fight shows staged by Angelo's promoter brother, Chris.

However, Clay's roots are still in Louisville, where he returned for a rest after injuring his hand. On a more subdued plane than Sugar Ray Robinson, whose large retinue has included a personal barber and a dwarf, Clay has his own court in Louisville.

Alberta Jones, an amiable, intelligent graduate of Howard University, is Clay's attorney. Fred Stoner and George King, both experienced trainers, offer technical boxing suggestions, and Curtis West, an ex-fighter who is now a concrete contractor, sometimes runs with Clay in Chickasaw Park. Randolph Reid, a junior-high-school teacher, acts as Clay's personal rubdown man. Each of the all-Negro group seems genuinely interested in Clay's welfare, and each offers advice.

Like Robinson, who changed managers almost as often as he changed sport shirts, Clay has been involved with dozens of men who wanted to handle him. At first, when Cassius returned from the Olympics, Billy Reynolds, vice president of Reynolds Metals Company, had the inside track. During Clay's brief sojourn in New York, he stayed in the Reynolds suite at the lavish Waldorf Towers. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor lived next door. General MacArthur and ex-President Hoover lived a few floors up. "Man," said Clay, "this is the life."

A representative from Reynolds took Clay to a New York jewelry store and said, "Go ahead, Cassius. Pick out whatever three watches you want for your mother, your father and your brother." Clay went ahead. He chose a diamond watch for his mother and gold watches for his brother and father. The bill came to more than $400. The Reynolds man paid it.

But Reynolds, a sports buff who owns race horses, planned to exercise absentee management over Clay. His idea was to have Joe Martin, who first coached Clay as an amateur, serve as trainer. Clay opposed the plan because he wanted a "name" trainer. Eventually Reynolds lost interest in sponsoring Cassius.

Cus D'Amato, the Machiavellian manager of Floyd Patterson, offered to take Clay under his tutelage, install him in training camp with Patterson and teach him the champion's "peek-a-boo" style. Clay declined the offer. "I'd just be a punching bag for the champ," he said.

Then Pete Rademacher, the 1956 Olympic heavyweight champion who was knocked out by Patterson in his professional debut, asked if he could manage Clay. Again Clay said no. Archie Moore wired Clay:

IF YOU DESIRE TO HAVE EXCELLENT MANAGER CALL ME COLLECT TONIGHT.

The bids mounted, some promising much as $20,000 as an immediate bonus for signing. Miss Jones, the attorney, sifted all the offers and discussed them with Clay and his father. Finally, three days before his first professional fight, Cassius came to terms. He signed with a syndicate of ten white businessmen, nine from Louisville and one from New York, including the chairmen of the boards of the American Commercial Barge Line, Brown-Forman Distillers and the Vertner Smith Company; the president of the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, and executives from Louisville radio station WAVE and The Louisville *Times*. William Faversham Jr., vice president of Brown-Forman, was named chairman of the syndicate's executive board.

The terms were almost certainly the most lucrative ever given to an unproved fighter. To begin with, Clay received a $10,000 bonus. He was guaranteed $4000 annually, above and beyond his boxing earnings, plus a fifty-fifty split of purses, with the sponsors paying ev cent of Clay's expenses out of their sha In addition, Clay kept the entire $2000 purse from his fight with Hunsaker.

The syndicate has an option to renew after two years, with the guarantee then becoming $6000 annually, and another option two years later, with the split shifting to forty-sixty in Clay's favor.

As soon as he had signed and collected his $10,000 bonus, Clay made a gesture in the Sugar Ray style. He went out and bought a pink 1959 Cadillac. "It's sort of a rosy pink," Clay apologized. "But don't worry, man. I didn't spend all my money. I just made a down payment, and I'll pay it off in monthly installments."

He is confident that there are more Cadillacs in his future. "I've got a lot of respect for Floyd Patterson," he observed during the interval between the second and third Patterson-Johansson fights. "I think he's one of the well-knownest heavyweights we ever had. When he beat Ingemar Johansson, I wrote a poem about him. It started like this:

'You can talk about Sweden, you
can talk about Rome,
But Rockville Centre's Floyd
Patterson's home.
A lot of people said that Floyd
couldn't fight,
But they should've seen him on
that comeback night. . . .'"

Clay stood up, shadow-boxing as he spoke. "But Floyd don't fight often enough," he said. "When I get to be champ, I'd love to fight once every three months, and I'll fight anybody who comes along—long as the price is right. The champion owes it to his public. He should be able to whip everyone in the world."

The young fighter smiled, envisioning his future public. "Newspapermen'll be my greatest friends," he said. "Any time they're ready, I'll be ready. The public wants to know what the champ's doing. I'll let 'em know."

Clay walked across the small living room and picked up his Olympic gold medal. "When I'm champ," he said, rubbing the medal, "I'm really gonna enjoy myself. I'm gonna meet everybody, talk to everybody and see everything." He grinned contentedly and pounded air with a fast left-right-left combinat "Man," said Cassius Clay, "it's gonna great to be great." THE END

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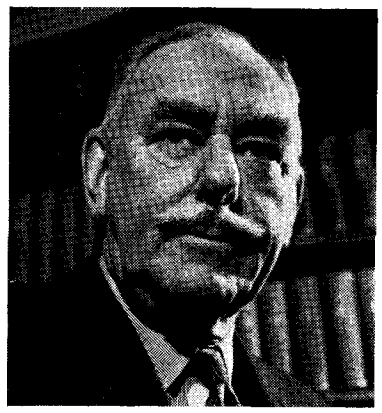

We Visit Dean Acheson

or

Cabinet Member Becomes Cabinetmaker

Dean Gooderham Acheson's formidable public image is legendary. His bristling eyebrows and mustache, his imposing stature and bearing, his elegance of dress and speech—these are his trade-marks, and often they either frighten or annoy men of less polish or of opposite political leanings. His current *Post* articles, the second of which appears on page 31, are, predictably, both elegant and bristling. Yet these writings also reflect two of the former Secretary of State's less publicized characteristics—his great sense of fun and his talent as a storyteller. Our articles were excerpted from a book, *Sketches From Life: Of Men I Have Known*, which Harper's will publish on May twenty-fourth, and we commend them to all who have a one-dimensional image of Mr. Acheson.

"Come In, Mr. Ambassador."

KEEPING POSTED had ample evidence of the Acheson sense of fun on a recent Sunday-evening visit to his spacious town house on P Street in the Georgetown section of Washington. Our man was ushered by Mr. Acheson down a long hallway to a comfortable drawing room. He accepted a drink and got down to the business at hand. "What," he asked, "does a retired Secretary of State do? Where do you go from up?"

Mr. Acheson laughed. "It's wonderful fun," he said, "being a former ambassador or Secretary of State, having someone open the door and say, 'Yes, your Excellency,' or 'Please come in, Mr. Ambassador. The President is waiting for you.' But this is merely an external stimulus, to make you feel you're pretty hot stuff. Well, now, you've got some internal stimuli, too, and the thing to do is to exercise them. I like to get my hands in the dirt and get the feel of weeds coming up and see the blossoming of things that I've planted and tended carefully. I like to write and to feel that this is done with skill and feeling and excellence."

Since leaving the Government service, Mr. Acheson has written *A Democrat Looks at His Party*, *A Citizen Looks at Congress* and *Power and Diplomacy*, of which the first and last were best sellers. "I have a lovely Eighteenth-century farmhouse in Sandy Spring, Maryland," he said, "and on the property is a building which was an engraver's shop just after the Revolutionary War. I go off there by myself, and I write—in longhand. I started writing last summer about people I've worked with. I hadn't any idea whether these were going to be articles or merely something to entertain my grandchildren. I would come in to town four days a week"—he is senior partner in the law firm of Covington and Burling; his son David is a junior partner—"and the other three days I would write. Then one month I didn't come in at all, and by the end of the month I suddenly discovered that I had quite a respectable book. The last thing, of course, is to have it gone over."

The going-over process is the chore of Mr. Acheson's "absolutely invaluable" secretary, Barbara Evans. "My memory is perfectly atrocious," author Acheson confesses. "I can remember things that *didn't* happen with the greatest possible ease, and they're far better than the things that did happen. They're much more amusing and much more colorful. I have a wonderful time writing these businesses. Then Barbara Evans has to go over everything, and her doctrine is that nothing I say is true unless she can prove it's true. Finally, I have to rewrite, coming down to the facts which she has discovered either from my papers or from published sources."

An Absolute Whiz

Fortunately Miss Evans was not present to edit her boss's delightful recollections of John C. Bell. Mr. Acheson was showing our man one of the fruitwood tables he had fashioned in his shop at Sandy Spring. "This kept me sane when I was Secretary," he said. "Once you start working on a piece of furniture, you can't remember whether there's a State Department or a war going on or anything. You're completely absorbed in this task—and if you're not, you're going to lose a finger." Jack Bell and Secretary Acheson met during the Korean War, when Acheson still was a novice with a buzz saw. The Secretary had admired some showcases in the State Department building and asked Miss Evans to summon the person whose work they were. That afternoon John C. Bell reported to Mr. Acheson. He wore a mustache even fuller than the Secretary's. The men became friends and spent many hours together at the Sandy Spring workshop. "After a while," Acheson recalls, "I said, 'Jack, you really know a lot more than some of our Foreign Service officers. How would you and your wife like to go to South America?' 'To do what?' he asked. I said, 'You're going to be in this Point Four Program. I'm going to put you as head of a small mission to teach people how to run a carpenter's shop.' So he went, and he turned out to be an absolute whiz."

KEEPING POSTED tracked down Jack Bell in Washington, learned that he went to Pakistan and Afghanistan, not South America, that he went as an architectu engineering adviser. But he did design those display cases which Secretary Acheson admired.

Policymaking vs. Tablemaking

Our host's fondness for embellishment carries over into his cabinetmaking. He is charmed by the legacy of Biedermeier, a nineteenth-century German cartoon character who inspired an ornamental style of furniture and furnishings. "Biedermeier was a fraud, and the artifacts named after him are gadgetry and pretense," says the ex-Secretary. Mrs. Acheson keeps her sewing in a chintz-lined Biedermeier sewing box with a three-foot-long handle and a mock-ebony border. Her husband reproduced it for her from an original Biedermeier he saw in the home of Yale President Whitney Griswo

Mr. Acheson was reluctan shift the conversation from cabi making to affairs of state. When asked about President Kennedy's appointing him to head an advisory group on United States policy toward NATO (of which he was the principal architect), he would only say, "I go down every day or so to read and to meet with certain Government officers, to see what we can do that will strengthen NATO and make it more effective. I'm just a helper."

Our man left the Acheson home without any profound observations on the course of world affairs, but he did carry away an interesting reflection on the compensations of retirement after a challenging career in the public service: "My wife likes to say that Dean gets more fun out of tables than he does out of policies, because a table will either star or fall down, and you don't whether a policy is any good until about twenty years afterward."

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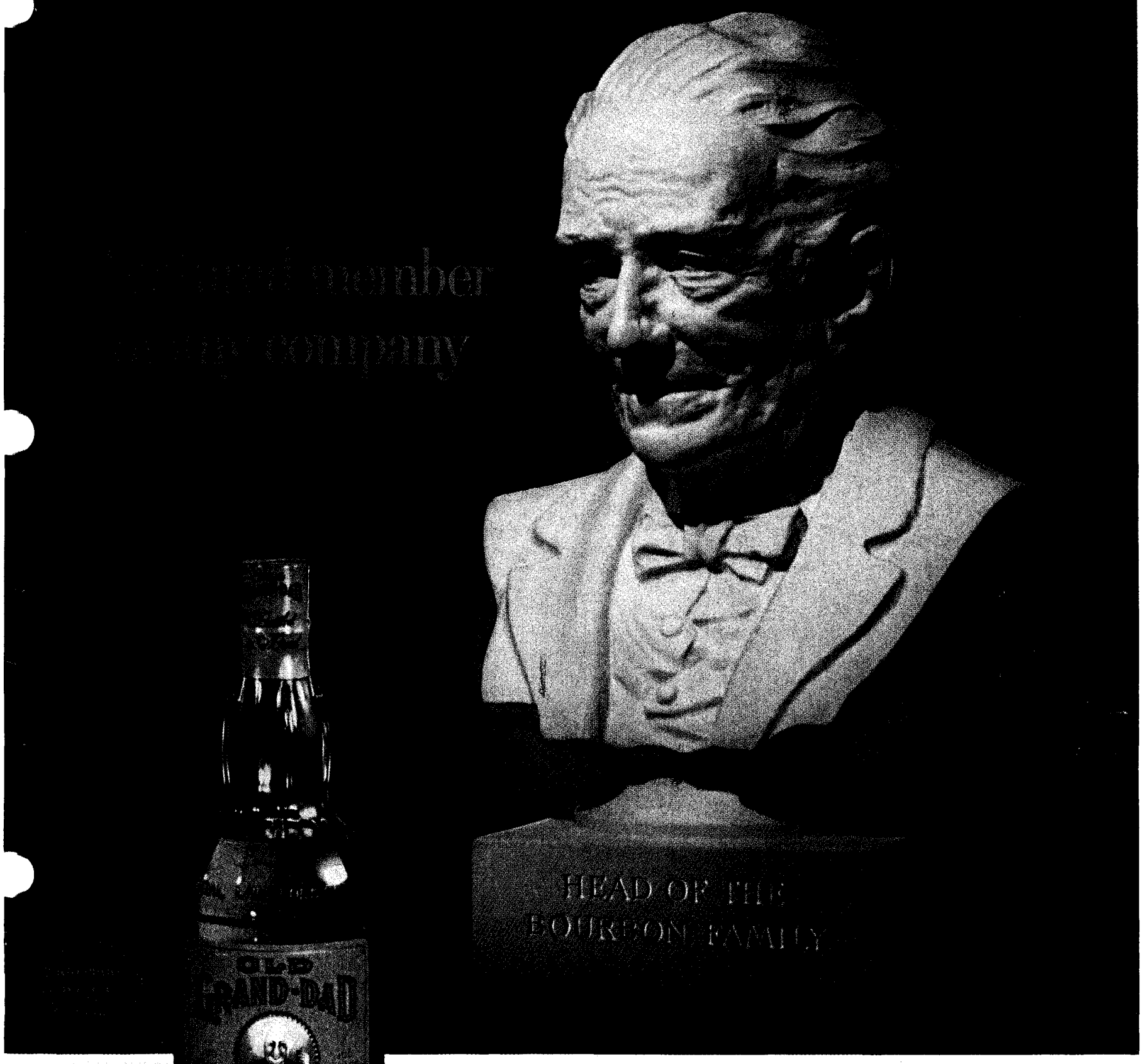

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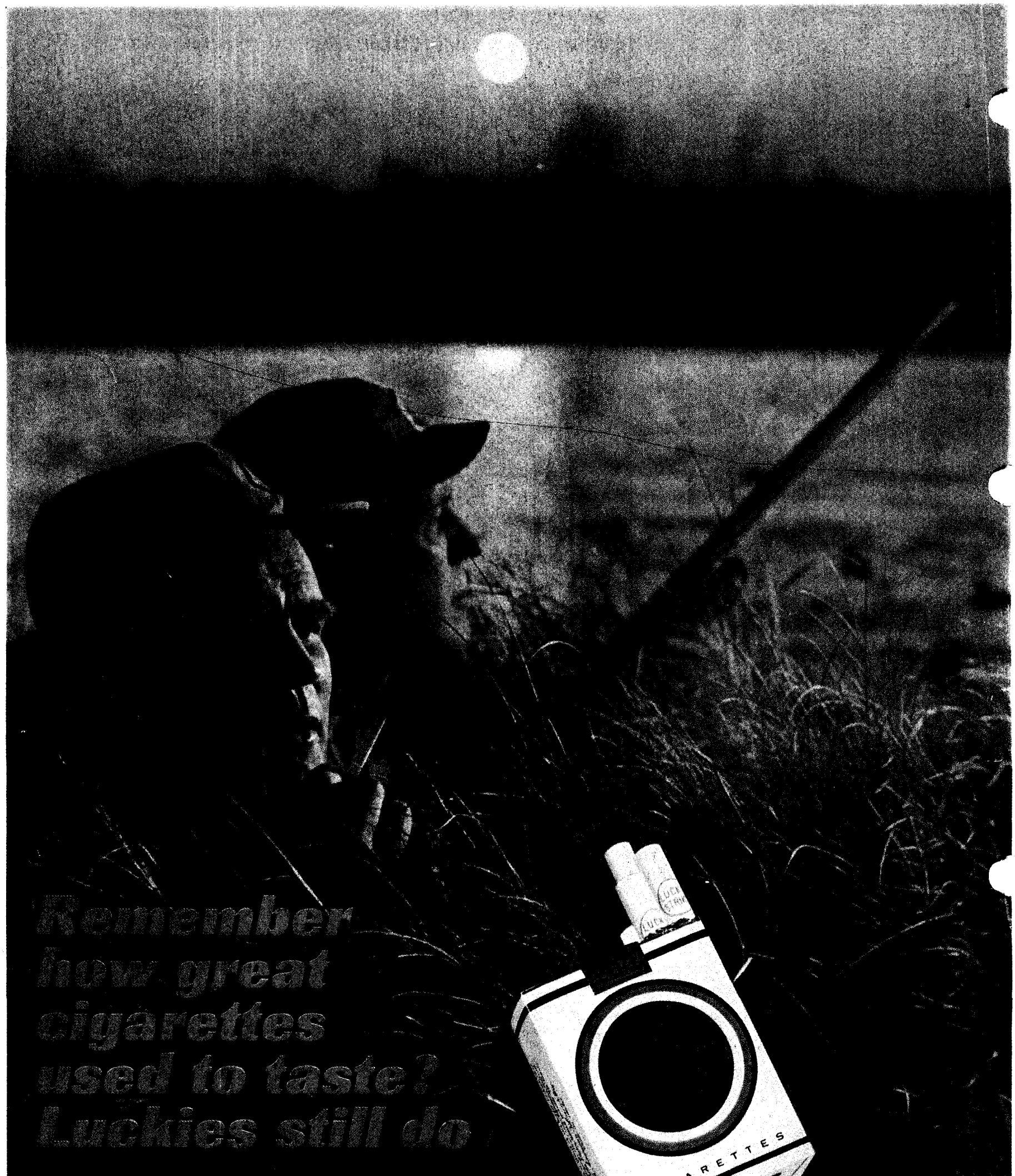

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